



DESIGNED FOR THE DEFENCE AND PROMOTION OF
BIBLICAL TRUTH,
AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION IN
THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

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CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED GOLDSMITH



THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

INTRODUCTION.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD is a great English classic, in the largest sense of the word. Like the wonderful masterpiece of De Foe, it is a life-like fiction so true to man's nature, in its strength and its weakness, its virtues and its errors, its trials and its triumphs, its sorrows and its joys, that it attracts every human sympathy, and has become a part of our literature, as permanent as it is widely diffused. We may not predicate a time when it shall cease to be read, or a class or an age which it shall not instruct and delight.

[Specimen of the Illustrations.]

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON.

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AT BREAKFAST.

EDWARD soon became a great favourite with all the inmates of the Clock House.

On the next morning after his first reception by Philip Turvey, Mr. Newbolt asked his daughters for their opinions about the young man, putting the inquiry in a manner which indicated that, whatever other people might say or do, he—John Harrison Newbolt, M.P. for Harling—was resolved to think well and act generously to his *protégé*.

"I like him very much," said Ida, with her musical sub-masculine voice. "He is a gentleman; and as I am mistress of the Clock House, I have decided that, when he is within 'our bounds,' he is not to be treated as though he were a mere teacher of drawing and painting, and just nothing more."

"I wonder," rejoined the lady's father, "what is the difference between your notions of treatment suitable for a gentleman, and treatment suitable for a mere master of accomplishments. Women draw such delicate distinctions, that it is difficult for a plain, simple man like myself to appreciate them."

"You shall be enlightened," answered Ida, with a smile. "When Signor Giardini comes to give Flo her singing lesson, I bow, but don't shake hands with him; when he has bowed in return, and observed that it is a wet day, or a lovely day, I look at Flo and say, 'You are ready, I suppose, dear?' On which signal the lesson commences. When it has come to an end, I bow again, hope that Signor Gardini will enjoy his walk, and won't get wet on his way back to London. Whereupon the professor bows himself out of the drawing-room into the hall, where Mr. Turvey encounters him, and presses him to take luncheon. I am very particular about that, for Muswell Hill is a long way from town, and singing makes people hungry. There, sir, now you have my manner to *ordinary* accomplishment-masters."

"And now, let's have a specimen of the kind of reception you mean to accord to Mr. Smith, when he comes to give his first lesson to our troublesome child."

"Oh, I shall jump up from my chair, hobble across the room, and shake hands with him. Very likely, while Flo is 'getting her things out' (she is a terribly naughty child in the slowness with which she sets to work), I shall take him off with me to the library to show him Gainsborough's portrait of grandpapa. During the lesson I shall talk to him as much as possible—of course taking care not to disturb Flo; and when it is over, I shall observe, 'What say you to a walk for twenty minutes in the garden, or a visit to the green-houses? Flo and I lunch at one o'clock, and, of course, you will stay and take luncheon with us.' Have you any objection to that sample of what I mean to do?"

"By no means," answered Mr. Newbolt; "since I have asked him to dine with my daughter, surely she may invite him to take a biscuit and a glass of sherry."

"And if I am going to drive towards London, I shall sometimes offer him a seat in my carriage, for so far as we have arranged to journey in the same direction, May I do that?"

"By all means; drop him at Furnival's Inn, if you like. But you *are* going to make a difference between him and Giardini. The Italian will be for shooting the boy, or putting a razor to his own throat."

"I suppose we may select our friends, according to our personal inclinations, so long as we don't give countenance to mischievous people. I don't wish to pay Mr. Smith attention because he is coming here to give Flo lessons, but because I like him. There is nothing so ignoble in a teacher's office, that ladies may not venture to associate with a paid instructor on terms of equality."

"And does Mr. Smith stand as well in your good graces, Flo, as he does in Ida's?" inquired the father.

"I like him very much, and I am sure we shall get on well together. I am sure he's very clever, because he is so modest in what he says, and so firm in the way he says it; and I like him for being so honest."

"Honest!—how so?"

"Didn't you notice, he did not give me a single word of praise—no, not the faintest whisper of a compliment, for those false, sketchy, untrue things I did under Mr. Lightfoot's eyes?" answered Flo. "You sat glowering at him, and twisting about in your chair, looking as if you would say, 'If you don't praise my wonderful daughter, young man, I'll turn you out of the house; if you don't declare that she's a genius, I'll never buy another picture of you.' But you couldn't screw a single syllable of flattery out of him. He wouldn't even say they were promising, and showed that 'I had an eye for the more salient features of picturesque scenery' (that was one of Mr. Lightfoot's set phrases); he wouldn't even let me down mercifully, by saying that they 'exhibited signs of care and pains.' It was a very different sort of thing with Mr. Lightfoot, wasn't it, papa dear? He poured into your ears plenty of polite things about 'Miss Flo's great powers and intuitive knowledge of the true principles of art.' You should have heard him as soon as your back was turned, sneering at my excess of detail, and with his cold, snaky, impertinent voice, making hundreds of cutting speeches about 'Miss Florence's microscopic eyes.' Microscopic eyes, indeed! Oh, the man sometimes made me so mad, I should thoroughly have enjoyed jobbing the point of one of my hardest H.H. pencils into *his* eyes."

Whereat Mr. Newbolt evinced great delight; whilst Ida, assuming that mockery of sternness with which she administered scoldings to the high-spirited girl, observed, "As I am responsible for my sister Flo's general good taste, her 'appropriateness of demeanour,' as my dear governess used to call it—I must confess myself delighted with this admission that she would have liked to *job* a pencil in her drawing-master's eyes. You'll do me credit, Flo."

"I do enjoy being scolded by you, Ida; you are so handsome, dear, when you do it. Moreover, you are the



only person who dares to call me to order. As for papa there, whatever I do he thinks admirable."

"Or unaccountable," put in Mr. Newbolt. "And amongst your unaccountable freaks, I must put your readiness to like Mr. Smith because he would *not* say half a dozen civil words about your drawings, which, whatever may be their failings, must have some good points. If there's no detail to praise in them, he might have made some remark about the freedom of their outlines."

"I tell you, papa," said the girl, warmly, elevating her voice as she again rose from her seat at the breakfast-table, "I positively *honoured* him for not praising me, when *he* knew, and *I* knew, that I didn't deserve praise."

"Bravo! I wonder what you'll think of him a month hence, if he persists in not paying you a compliment."

"Ah, but he *did* praise me, he *did* pay me a compliment!" cried the girl with increasing emphasis—the colour of her face, and the light of her steady eyes, becoming momentarily brighter as she spoke. "You remember what he said when he looked at my other portfolio. I think he said something then, that you liked hearing, as well as I. That praise *was* sweet! I shall always value his approval, because I shall be sure of his honesty."

"You've made out a good case for yourself," laughed Mr. Newbolt. "So you liked him—*honoured* him, for *not* praising you without good cause; and you are grateful to him for acknowledging your merits, as soon as he saw them? Well, they're not bad reasons for taking Mr. Smith into favour. And now, honey, get me a bright flower for my button-hole, for I must be off to the City."

Whereupon Flo hastened to the conservatory, and according to her daily wont, selected a few bright blossoms and a sprig of green for the adornment of her father's coat.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TEACHER AND PUPIL.

HAVING made so favourable an impression on his new friends at the outset of their acquaintance, it is needless to say that Edward daily grew in their good opinion. Before many days had passed, he was quite at home in the Clock House, being regarded by its inmates, from high to low, as a member of the family circle rather than as a professor engaged to give lessons to the youngest of the two ladies.

Perhaps Ida, for a week or two, watched the young artist's manner to Flo somewhat narrowly and jealously. Standing to the young lady almost in the relation of a mother (for from early childhood Flo had been confided to the care of her elder sister), Ida would not have been pleased to see Edward adopt to his pupil the tone of careless gallantry and playful homage, by which young men sometimes seek to ingratiate themselves with girls mid-way between the nursery and the drawing-room; and she would have experienced great uneasiness had she detected in his manner a desire to make Flo regard him in any other character than that of a courteous and intelligent tutor. If any one had suggested the possibility that Flo and her teacher would become attached to each other, she would have scouted the bare thought

of such a state of things as an insult to every member of the Newbolt family. But she had firm confidence that Edward could be trusted not to overlook the wide difference between her social position and his own. He was a gentleman, and gentlemen preserve their own self-respect by always remembering the respect due to others, and paying it with liberal measure.

So Ida reasoned: and what she observed of Edward's demeanour to herself and Flo, and of his conduct to every member of her household, soon convinced her that in so reasoning she was not at fault. Towards Flo he displayed neither stiffness nor undue freedom. Whilst giving his lessons he was attentive, eager to explain difficulties, anxious to impart his views on art; but, though he talked frankly and without reserve on all points that rose within the limits of his appointed work, he strictly confined himself to the discharge of his duty. And when lessons were over, Edward—though in all things, and at all times, he exhibited to his pupil the courtesy due from a gentleman to a lady—manifested no alarming fondness for her society. It was to the elder sister that he chiefly addressed himself in casual conversations. This also Ida remarked. And the result was that she speedily dismissed the vague apprehension that her father was trying a dangerous experiment in bringing the two young people into familiar intercourse.

As for herself, the elder sister bore herself to Edward much as a married lady of advanced years might towards a mere lad for whom she had conceived kindness. True, she was but thirty years of age, and Edward was approaching the close of his twenty-third year—the difference of their ages being therefore less than what often exists between husband and wife. But that Edward might become attached to her was a fancy too outrageous to cross her mind, even for an instant. She both looked and was much older than her years.

From an early age she had, under Mrs. Buddle's guidance, been the mistress of her father's house. When the member for Harling, not a little to the dissatisfaction of his four eldest daughters, married his second wife—a pretty orphan girl, without friends or a penny of fortune—Ida had won a large share of her father's affection by "taking kindly" to her step-mother. She was then a mere child; her years rendering her less apprehensive than her elder sisters that domestic discomfort would ensue from her father's marriage. In this respect she was fortunate: for John Newbolt (who, though he had small sympathy with weakness, was tenderly attached to his crippled child) to the last remembered with gratitude the filial respect and love she showed to Flo's mother, up to the time of the lady's death, which occurred when Flo was in her fourth year. Between his second marriage and the death of his second wife, Mr. Newbolt's four eldest daughters married wealthy business men, and became great ladies in their respective "sets" of acquaintance. Thus well placed, with domestic cares and social ambitions to occupy their minds, Ida's elder sisters rarely came to the old home, except to play their parts at family dinner parties. Of course they were affectionate and cordial enough to Ida and Flo, whenever they met; but, without quarrelling or bickering, the Newbolt family had sepa-

rated into two sets—the married sisters being one clique, and the occupants of the Clock House another. Ida, therefore, had long sustained the responsibility and importance that necessarily fall upon the lady who rules a large household; and in consequence of her position she was much more accustomed to extend patronage and exercise control than most unmarried women of her age. Readers, therefore, can see how it came to pass that the lady, from the commencement of her acquaintance with Edward, felt herself justified in offering him countenance and protection, and in course of time exhibited towards him regard savouring of maternal care, rather than mere approval, or ordinary friendship.

Flo's feelings towards the young artist, at this period of their lives, require brief notice.

The girl soon perceived that her new teacher was no ordinary man—at least, was very unlike the young men to whom she had previously been introduced. Reared in an atmosphere of flattery, the child-woman did not underrate her own importance; and it had been her custom to amuse herself with the professors who came to Muswell Hill to give her lessons—taking them into favour, and putting them into disgrace; charming them with affability one day, and keeping them at a distance the next; in short, worrying them with a thousand innocent coquetries and waywardnesses, which, however reprehensible they might appear to grave observers, were excusable in a girl so petted and indulged. She had made herself merry about Mr. Lightfoot's harshness; but, in truth, the high-spirited child had repaid the drawing-master's satirical snubs with liberal interest. Edward, however, she soon regarded as proof against her powers to tease or delight. During lessons she found it impossible to resist his will. The calmness of his manner and clearness of his directions gave her no room for idleness or childish levity. His patience was wonderful; on one or two occasions the mischievous girl tried to measure its extent, but her attempts were futile, and with a trifling sense of humiliation she determined not to renew them. When she did well, he praised her—not in the language of compliment, but with deliberate and well-weighed expressions of critical approval; when she failed to carry out his directions, it never seemed to strike him that the failure could be intentional, or even through want of attention to his words. Her mistakes he always attributed to his own weakness, and inexperience as a teacher. "I could not have made myself understood, Miss Flo," he often said, when correcting the faults of her work; "you must excuse my want of power to make myself intelligible. I am a very inexperienced instructor." His utter truthfulness and rare simplicity did more to make Flo an obedient pupil, than any sneers and sarcasms could have done. When he commended her, his praise was delicious; for the girl knew that every word of it was sincere, and consequently felt that every word of it was deserved. His praise and his silence—which so strongly affected her on the first evening of their acquaintance—continued to exercise a great power over her—a power of which Edward was almost entirely unconscious.

Flo felt that he was a good man; felt it long before she put the thought in words; long, long before the knowledge of a great work of self-sacrifice, which will

be set forth in after pages of this story, caused her to bow down before him in all the humility of loving admiration, and bless him, as a man supremely good amongst the good.

When they were not working together, Flo noticed that he never talked much to her; that he seldom evinced any desire for her opinions on any topic of discussion; that while he exerted himself to draw Ida into conversation, he treated her (Flo) as though she were an unformed child—a promising child, but still only a child. He was at all times polite, attentive, courteous; but he always kept a distance between her and himself. Whereat Flo was piqued. "Ida is his friend," she thought. "I am but a pretty school-girl. I wonder whether he will ever think as highly of me as he does of Ida." And her pique, instead of rousing antagonism in her breast towards the young artist, spurred her to do all that lay in her power to gain his approval. How far was the simple girl from imagining that every careless note of her musical voice, every glance of her clear, sunny eyes, stirred in his heart emotions which he had resolved to conceal from her!

At an early period of their acquaintance, a trivial incident (connected with another trivial incident, which has been already mentioned) contributed to heighten Flo's admiration of her young teacher.

On a slip of ground behind the Clock House stables stood a nest of old, but snug and tidy cottages. The tenements belonged to Mr. Newbolt, but in the neighbourhood of Muswell Hill they were known as "Miss Ida Newbolt's Cottages," for they were inhabited by certain aged and poor persons, to whom the lady of the Clock House extended charitable bounty. Of the six occupants of these cottages, three were entirely, and the other three mainly, dependent on Miss Newbolt for support. Ida's almshouses were not the only spot of the earth where, with unostentatious benevolence, she tried to alleviate human suffering, and prepare the minds of her fellow-creatures for a world where suffering is not. To call on the tenants of these dwellings, and entertain them with friendly chat and readings from religious books, was the custom of Flo, as well as of her sister; for the girl—blithe, and careless, and light-hearted though she was, and inexperienced in the sterner duties of life—abounded in generous sympathy for the weak, and in her best moments had visions of being a charitable woman, at convenient seasons and on fit occasions.

Soon after Edward's first visit to the Clock House, Flo entered one of the cottages, and had a chat with its occupant—a crusty, rough old Scotchwoman, named Ann Burn. Possibly readers have already made the right conjecture that Ann Burn was the same aged body to whom Edward gave half-a-crown on a certain Sunday afternoon.

"Ah! Miss Flo," said Ann Burn, when her young patroness rose to depart, "I was poking about the yard yesterday, and speering into the corner of your brave garden, which, on a fine day, a'most minds me of what heaven must be, and you passed right nigh me, but ye didna see me."

"Indeed! when was that?"

"Miss Ida w'r with ye, and the bonny young gentle-

man who's teaching ye to paint the picters. Ah! honey, he's a bra' lad, he's a true bra' lad, and he's the futur' of a gran' man, albeit he's a chiel as live by picter-painting and such liken fashes."

"Why, Nanny," rejoined Flo, "what can you know about him, that you praise him in that way?"

Whereupon Nanny's eyes glowed brightly, and her tongue became eloquent; and she told how she had met Mr. Smith some weeks since "doon at Highgate;" how, because Mr. Smith had just speered at her whilst she was making a "puir bit of gift" to her granddaughter, she had let out at him in one of those crusty tempers, which she (Nanny) knew it was right wicked to give way to; how, instead of returning evil for evil, Mr. Smith had shook her hand, begged her pardon, as though he had really been in the wrong, and left in her palm a new half-crown; and finally, how she, on accepting the gift, was almost choked by her own heart, but still managed to say to him before he strode away, "Your money is siller, but the grip of y'r hand is *puir goud*."

Thus had Edward cast away his substance, and ere many days had passed, it had produced a grateful song of praise—sung to the ear of the girl whom he loved.

Some readers may think this incident so trivial as to be scarcely worthy of mention. But they will not estimate it so lightly, if they remember the effect which must have been often produced on their minds by a casually told and essentially unimportant anecdote, redounding in any way to the credit of a new acquaintance. A slight testimony to character has great weight, when it is manifestly genuine and sincere, so far as it goes; and when it relates to those about whom we know a little, but only a very little, from personal observation, and wish to know more.

Upon Flo the incident was not without result.

It gave her an insight into the generous nature of the young man, who was brought close to her just at a time when the romance of life was taking hold of her imagination.

"It's just what I should have fancied of him," thought the girl, as she left Nanny's threshold, and walked along the paths of the shrubberies towards her own home. "Most young men would have soothed the poor old creature's feelings by giving her a present of money; but he shook hands with her, as he begged her pardon! I am sure he is as good as he is truthful. I wish he cared more for me. He shall like me; for I'll do everything I can to please him, and make him see that I want his good opinion."

From which it may be seen that Edward's conscientious care to keep Flo in ignorance of his love for her had in a very few weeks done more to win her affections to himself, than months of open wooing would, in all probability, have effected.

His determination that she should not love him had already made her anxious to please him, and gain his approval.

What more could any lover have desired?

(To be continued.)

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UNITARIANISM NOT "THE TRUTH."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN SULLIVAN."

VI.—THE TESTIMONY OF THE EPISTLES.

OWEN. Shall you conclude the examination of the New Testament this evening?

WHITE. I hope so, if we select only the most prominent passages. We begin, of course, with St. Paul, to whose testimony we ought to listen with profound attention. Called by Christ himself, by a special calling; then left for three days without sight and without food; during which period, we may reasonably suppose, he was "caught up to the third heaven, and heard unspeakable words" (2 Cor. xii.), if there ever was a man entitled to speak with authority, it was surely this great apostle. To suppose him ignorant or mistaken as to the real rank and character of his Master, would be a most unnatural supposition.

OWEN. Yes, I am satisfied of that.

WHITE. Then let us look, at once, at some of his descriptions of his Lord. I will merely read them one after another, without comment.

Of whom (the Jews) Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever.—Rom. ix. 5.

We shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. For it is written, As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God.—Rom. xiv. 10, 11.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.—Phil. ii. 5-8.

Christ, who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature: for by Him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth: and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist.—Col. i. 15, 17.

In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.—Col. ii. 9.

After that the kindness and love of God our Saviour towards man appeared.—Titus iii. 4.

Looking for the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for us.—Titus ii. 13, 14.

God hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds; who being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.—Heb. i. 2, 3.

So speaks St. Paul, than whom there can be no more competent witness. Of St. John's views of Christ, we perhaps said enough when we examined his gospel. I will merely now point to two or three passages in his book of Revelation.

In the very introduction, he cites some words of the Lord Jesus, which imply much, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty" (chap. i. 8). Again, in the second chapter, Christ says, "I am he which searcheth the reins and hearts; and I will give unto every one of you according to your works" (ver. 23).

And at the end of the book we are more than once told of "the throne of God and the Lamb," and that "the city had no need of the sun, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof" (chap. xxi. 23). To this I will

only add the close of St. John's first epistle: "We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding that we may know Him that is true, and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life." And here I will stop. I know, indeed, that there are in the gospels and epistles nearly a hundred other passages which might be cited, and which often are cited, in proof of the Godhead of Christ. But I do not feel it necessary to add to those I have already produced. I dislike resting any argument upon too narrow a basis—upon a single text, or even upon two or three. But if ten or a dozen passages, from the pens of different inspired writers, will not establish a fact or a doctrine, I do not think that a hundred will.

OWEN. No, I agree with you; but you know, I dare say, that many of those which you have cited are differently read by Unitarian commentators. Thus, that striking passage which you just now quoted from St. Paul—

"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus; who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

I saw a Socinian exposition of this, which argued that there was nothing, Paul conceived, to have prevented Christ from realising the splendid anticipations of the Hebrews, seizing the royal sceptre of the Jews, and making himself the Lord of all below; but then, how should he be the Saviour of the Gentiles? Therefore, "he humbled himself," laid aside all these splendid prospects, threw off, by death, the personal characteristics of the Hebrew, and by the cross, the resurrection, and the ascension, became the Saviour of the human race. All this, however, the writer said, was quite consistent with his notion of Christ's character, as the first of created beings, the great manifestor of the character of God.

WHITE. Oh, yes! I know all this; and it only shows how impossible it is, by any form of words, to coerce or compel a wilful human soul. I remember the saying of a popular demagogue, many years ago, that he defied all the lawyers in the legislature to frame any statute through which he would not drive a coach and six. But when I take up a controversial writer, I always strive first to learn who he is, and in what spirit he goes about his work. As to most of the Unitarian writers, I perceive in them, generally, men who have been brought up in the belief that Christ was a mere man, though of a very exalted character. Having established themselves in this belief, you next find them, not taking a large and comprehensive view of the testimony of Scripture, but exercising their ingenuity upon each several text which appears to ascribe Godhead to Christ, so as to show of each that it may be made to bear a different meaning. Thus, refer such a one to St. Paul's animated description of Christ as "the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature; for by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth;" he replies that "this language is very like that in which the apostle describes the regeneration of the world by the faith of Christ." He goes on to urge that "Christ's advent, introducing the future age, or

world to come, would be attended by a revolution which could be called no less than a new creation." Thus, no matter how plain and express the language, the man whose mind is made up will always find it possible to suggest "that a word here might be better translated," or that "a word there may be read in another sense;" and thus, if he cannot wholly get rid of the pressure of the passage, he will, at least, throw doubt upon it. And so he can go on for hours, cavilling or raising questions or doubts about every passage which can be advanced. Nor, if all the apostles could be assembled for the express purpose of declaring Christ's Godhead in some terms admitting of no doubt, would they find it possible to baffle the skill of a practised controversialist.

OWEN. What, then, is to be done?

WHITE. We can only, for the benefit of those who are really seekers after truth, bring together a variety of proofs from various parts of Holy Scripture, and appeal to their collective strength and meaning. This is the only legitimate way of studying any subject so as to arrive at the truth. If I want to ascertain any point in the history of former times, my only safe course is—first, to collect all the evidence; and then, cautiously, and in the spirit of one desiring to know the truth, to study and weigh their united value and bearing. So, too, the Deity of Christ, or the doctrine of the Trinity, is not to be rested upon this or that text, but upon the whole testimony of Scripture bearing upon that point.

OWEN. Will you try now to give me a rapid sketch of this testimony?

WHITE. I will attempt to do so. Let us suppose, then, an inquirer—perhaps a heathen—opening the Bible, and approaching this subject for the first time, with his mind wholly undecided upon it. He is struck with the plural expressions at the outset, "Let us make man in our image." He remarks, too, that while God is said to do certain things, His Spirit is said to do certain other things. Soon, too, while the Father, the Eternal and Invisible God, is described as wholly out of human sight ("No man hath seen God at any time"), we perceive a great and powerful Being walking the earth in human shape. He reflects, "Why should God call himself 'the captain of the Lord's host?'" Yet this captain is himself God, for the place where he appears is holy ground. He looks still closer, and he finds near together two different classes of expressions—one, "Thou canst not see my face, for there shall no man see me and live;" and the other, "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved." He reflects that, if two beings, or persons, are thus spoken of, both may be true; but if only one, then there is an evident contradiction.

He finds in various places in the Old Testament Divine appearances, which can only be reconciled with the apostle's words, "No man hath seen God at any time," by the supposition of more persons in the Godhead than one. In Daniel he finds this visible appearance spoken of as "like unto the Son of God." In the Psalms this plurality appears quite manifest. "Jehovah said unto me, Thou art my Son: I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance." "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, till I make thine enemies thy footstool." He then opens Isaiah, and reads

of a heavenly vision, in which the prophet himself says, "Mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." He seeks further information touching this vision, and he finds it in St. John's gospel; for that evangelist, one of the nearest friends of the Saviour, says, "These things said Esaias, when he saw his (Christ's) glory, and spake of him."

He passes over a great number of passages in the prophets, and pauses only upon one. In Zech. xiii. we read: "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd; and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts." Who, he asks, can be "the fellow of the Lord of hosts?" Who but he who takes to himself the name of the Good Shepherd; and "who was slain, and redeemed us to God by his blood?" Search heaven and earth, there can be no other "fellow of the Lord of hosts" than this; but that he, indeed, may "think it no robbery to be equal with God," is expressly stated.

Thus, in the Old Testament, besides many allusions to "the Spirit of God," he finds also another Divine Being, called "the Son of God," "the Lord," &c., and who is both distinct from the Father and equal with Him.

He next turns to the New Testament, and there this Divine person, "the Son of God," is at once manifested in the son of the Virgin, born by the operation of "the power of the Holy Ghost." But a human birth—the descent from a human mother—might naturally lead to the question, whether this "Son of man" were indeed "the Son of God." Hence, the fullest testimony is given on this point. The voice of the Father is heard, the descent of the Holy Spirit is seen, and the most ample proof is thus given that any human being could claim of the Divine character of this "Son of God."

But might not the question still be raised, Whether this Divine person, who thus visited the earth in human form, had had any previous existence:—whether, in fact, he was not an exalted, superhuman creature, first called into existence in the days of Augustus? To meet this inquiry, two different kinds of evidence are given:—

1. That contained in his own declarations:—"Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad." "Before Abraham was, I AM." "And now, O Father, glorify thou me with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." "Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." "I am Alpha and Omega; the beginning and the ending; the first and the last; the Almighty." Surely it is hardly possible to imagine language more distinct, plain, or positive than this.

2. But his apostles, or those of them who had enjoyed the closest communion with him, were permitted to explain to his Church something of the nature of this wonderful fact. And these explanations are found chiefly in the writings of St. John and St. Paul. The "beloved disciple" tells us that "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us;" that "the only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared (or manifested) him." But he takes care to assure us, that this Word, or only-begotten Son, "was in the beginning with God, and was God;" and that "all things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made that was made." Especially he declares, in the plainest terms, that "the world was made by him."

Then follows St. Paul, in the most exact agreement, declaring that Christ is "the image of the invisible God," in whom "dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." He then asserts, that "by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth: all things were created by him, and for him; and he is before all things, and by him all things consist." In another epistle he repeats, that "God hath spoken unto us by his Son, by whom also he made the worlds." "And, Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the works of thine hands." If such language as this is not plain, and full, and explicit, it seems difficult to imagine how any language could have been made so.

OWEN. Well, then, supposing it conceded, first, that Christ was the living manifestation or exhibition of the perfections of God; and, next, that he existed "from the beginning," and was in fact the Creator of heaven and earth—is there not still a middle course, between Trinitarianism on the one side, and Unitarianism on the other? Allowing Him to be a most exalted Being, are there not several passages in the gospels which seem to admit, very explicitly, that he was not altogether equal with the Father? In fact, does he not plainly say, "My Father is greater than I?"

WHITE. Yes, and we must accept one of two interpretations of these passages: either we must hold with the Arians, that Christ was a secondary or created God, a very exalted and adorable being, but still inferior in rank and power and Godlike attributes to his Father; or else we must adhere to the explanation given in the Athanasian Creed, that "He was equal with the Father as touching his Godhead, and inferior to the Father as touching his manhood." Of these two views I certainly prefer and adopt the last.

OWEN. Will you explain to me why you prefer it?

WHITE. First, because the Arian view does, in fact, assert two Gods, a greater and a lesser: and I think that this belief, while it flatly contravenes several passages of Scripture, is also one which the human mind cannot easily rest in. The Arian, in most cases, goes on to Socinianism; and at this moment, few as the Unitarians are, they are far more numerous than the Arians. But, secondly, I prefer the Athanasian view, because it seems to me to agree with the whole tenor of Scripture, and to account for all the hard questions which belong to the case. The Bible tells me that "the Word was with God, and was God;" that Christ was "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person;" and that "it pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell." Therefore, I fear to adopt any low views of Christ's Godhead. But then we are also told that he "emptied himself," and "humbled himself;" and I believe that these words are also true. Now, any one who has "emptied himself," and "humbled himself," and "taken upon him the form of a servant," cannot be deemed to occupy the same rank which he occupied before his humiliation. He is, therefore, "inferior to the Father as touching his manhood." The facts, the language of the Gospels and Epistles, and the Creed entirely agree. I wholly accept all three; not imagining myself capable of fathoming the mode and manner of this double existence of the Lord Jesus; but finding

no contradiction, no solid difficulty, in the statements offered to my faith; and accepting them, therefore, as truth—living truth, offered to my faith in God's own Word.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO TRAIN THE MEMORY ARIGHT.

BY W. BOWEN ROWLANDS, ESQ., B.A.

No. V.

GREAT men have not been slow to recommend writing as an efficient aid to memory in other pursuits than those of mere scholarship or worldly learning. Thus, Dr. Gilbert Burnet, in his excellent treatise on the "Pastoral Care," bids the student of divinity have recourse to this assistance. Speaking of the theological learning necessary for a clergyman, he points out the best works to be consulted on the subject. "One or other of these," he writes, "must be well read and considered. But when I say read, I mean read and read over again, so oft that one is master of one of these books; he must write notes out of them, and make abridgements of them, and turn them so oft in his thoughts, that he must thoroughly understand and well remember them." And after further enlarging on the same topic, he concludes: "These books well read, digested into abstracts, and frequently reviewed, or talked over, by two companions in study, will give a man an entire view of the whole body of divinity." How well worthy our attention is the advice of such a man, may be in part gathered from an anecdote I have related of him in a previous paper. Indeed, the experience of multitudes confirms the fact that talking over what has been recently perused, is of immense assistance towards fixing it securely in the memory. Akin, in some measure, to this, is another rule for quickly mastering the contents of a book, and mastering so as to retain it firmly in the recollection, and that is what Lord Bacon has termed "anticipation." He observes, and with undoubted truth, that "what is expected and arouses attention is better fixed than what flits by." On this just observation he concludes that it is an excellent plan to look off the book ever and anon, endeavouring to repeat by heart the substance, or exact words which one is reading; and then recurring to the book where recollection fails. "So," he observes, "if you were to read a writing twenty times through, you would not learn it by heart so readily, as if you were to read it ten times, trying between each reading to say it off, and looking at the book where memory fails." With this I may perhaps join the advantages of recitation aloud to oneself; and this does not apply alone to such subjects as we may wish to recollect exactly, word for word, but may also be used, in a modified form, for the acquisition of the general matter rather than the precise expressions of an author. In the latter case we shall require only to repeat to ourselves the leading facts or ideas which the passage seeks to convey; and we shall find such recitation marvellously conducive towards imprinting it deeply on our minds. Reading aloud too, where practicable, will answer much the same end; as it is scarcely credible how much may be silently traversed over by the eye without exerting any sensible influence on our faculties of remembrance. Like the light shadows that sweep hastily over the

bosom of some inland sea, they tinge for a moment the surface, as it were, of the mind, and for ever vanish, to be replaced by others as fleeting and as transitory.

I would add here another rule which I believe to be serviceable towards mastering any given subject; and more particularly towards getting it by heart. And that is, learn it twice; once in the evening, and once again in the morning. The effect of this is as though one were to call two well-nigh different powers of the brain into play. The somewhat forced warmth of the faculties at night, and their more natural vigour and elasticity in the fresh morning, both unite together in grasping firmly hold of the required matter. It is like studying the features of a painting in various lights: this light bringing out more prominently some excellencies, and that some others, of the piece. A figure which had almost escaped notice in the one point of view becomes conspicuous in another; and so on, until general grouping and minute details are in succession clearly presented to our notice.

Sir Jonah Barrington, who was Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland, and has been termed the "Prince of Story-tellers," informs us in his "Personal Sketches of his own Times," of the extent of his own recollecting powers:—"I possess," he says, "a memory of the most wide-ranging powers; the marked occurrences of my life, from childhood to an advanced age, are at this moment fresh in my memory in all their natural tints, as at the instant of their occurrence." And he is inclined to attribute its continued strength in a great degree to a judicious change of studies. His words are worthy our attention:—"All my life," says Sir Jonah, "I perceived the advantage of breeding ideas; the brain can never be too populous, so long as you keep its inhabitants in that wholesome state of discipline that they are under your command, not you under theirs; and, above all things, never suffer a mob of them to come jostling each other in your head at the same time, keep them as distinct as possible, or it is a hundred to one they will make a blockhead of you at last. From this habit it has ensued that the longest day is always too short for me." How many fruitless complaints of weariness and *ennui* might be obviated by thus storing the mind with a variety of well-regulated knowledge, upon which we may lay our hands at pleasure! Thus it was that the vast amount of varied literature of which Milton was master, was so orderly arranged as that no one part should, in the words of Barrington, "jostle another." Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish were all familiar to him, with each he was well acquainted, and in some he composed with a grace and power of expression that has seldom been surpassed. The unequalled works of Homer he could almost repeat by heart, and the noted margin of his Greek "Euripides" testifies to the care with which he read, and the means he employed to fix passages in his memory.

There is a considerable amount of caution necessary to be exercised in admitting many of the wonderful accounts of strong or deficient memories that are preserved in books. To give but one instance of this. The celebrated English poet, Abraham Cowley, is said to have had so weak a memory, while a boy in Westminster School, as to

be unable to retain even the ordinary rules of grammar. This would, at first sight, appear little less than marvellous in one whose works display the fruits of deep study, and of a mind intensely vigorous and active. But the marvel admits of an easy explanation; and the fact would rather seem to be that the young poet *would* not put himself to the labour of learning the grammar rules exactly. This arose from two reasons; one being his hostility to restraint, and dislike for what he deemed to be irksome drudgery; the other his quickness of apprehension, which enabled him to grasp the general bearings and construction of the language, without any precise and verbal knowledge of rules. Such an example, however, would be most unsafe for us to follow. We might, and probably would, only succeed in rivalling his singularity without achieving his success. Nothing, indeed, can be worse than such imitation of great men. It is safer and better to pursue a certain course which cannot fail to lead us to the desired bourne, than rashly to start aside from the sure and beaten track, with the imminent chance of being speedily lost in the mazy windings of some entangled bye-path.

Nor is eccentricity any sort of test of genius or acquirements. The eminent Boerhaave was, in this very point of grammatical rules, the exact opposite of Cowley, being thoroughly master of them at the early age of eleven years. And yet few, if any, have excelled the physician of Leyden in learning and attainments.

The constant revolving of ideas in the mind, and exercising our memories with little or no intermission, does not merely contribute to our advancement in prosperity, but softens the rugged horrors of distress, and illumines the dark prison cell. We are most of us familiar with the story of Baron Frederick Trenck, the state prisoner of Magdeburg. Let us see in what stead these faculties stood him while heavily ironed, and treated with every indignity for some ten or eleven years. "The former transactions of my life," says Trenck, in his narrative, "what had happened, and the remembrance of the persons I had known, I revolved so often in my mind, that they became as familiar and connected as if the events had each been written in the order they occurred. Habit made this mental exercise so perfect to me, that I could compose speeches, fables, odes, satires, *all which I repeated aloud*; and had so stored my memory with them, that I was enabled, after I had obtained my freedom, to commit to writing two volumes of these my prison labours." On this, Baron Trenck makes so just and beautiful a comment, that it is well deserving our admiration. "How wisely has Providence ordered that the endowments of industry, learning, and science, given by ourselves, cannot be taken from us! while, on the contrary, what others bestow is a fantastical dream, from which any accident may awaken us. Young man, be industrious; for without industry, can none of the treasures I have described be purchased. Thy labour will reward itself; then, when assaulted by misfortune, or even misery, learn of me, and smile." Cheered by this mental effort, and drawing forth joy from wells that no tyrant could seal, the prisoner saw days, weeks, and months glide swiftly by. Time rapidly winged its flight, borrowing a golden lustre, as he flew, from the wealth of

the captive's memory. While looking on some gliding stream, we lose all sensible impression of its motion if it be clothed with a robe of sedge or flowering reeds, or sometimes if it does but reflect the bright hues of day, and the foliage of the willows that line its banks. Still for all that, its current flows unnoticed on. So it is with our thoughts and time: we cannot stay, indeed, the hurrying stride of days and years; but we can lend them bright and gorgeous hues, from the resources of our minds, that shall make them glad some to behold. And we can sanctify these resources, and this knowledge, by deep and earnest piety, so that in "labours, dangers, and sufferings," in cold oppression, and in fiery persecution, we can ever remember the mercies of our God, and ever "praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

(To be continued.)

HYMN.

BLEST God, whom we both fear and love,
Thyself the greatest and the best,
Direct us to thy heaven above,
And give our souls thy promised rest.
Travellers below in straitened ways,
Seeking a city yet to come,
To Thee we lift our fervent praise,
For guidance to our heavenly home.

By the blest grace that thou hast given,
By the atonement of thy Son,
We find the way to that high heaven,
That by his precious blood is won.

What need of care, or useless woe,
As onward in the appointed path
We press where thou hast bid us go,
Fearless of death or threatened wrath?

Thy law its best obedience owes
To the submission of thy Son;
'Tis this assuages all our woes,
Assures us when thy grace is won.

Yes, and adorable it is,
That by no merits of our own,
We are partakers of thy bliss,
And joint possessors of thy throne.

Blest truth! though scornors may deride,
Because they comprehend it not,
The day of judgment will decide
Whose is the sure and blissful lot.

They who scorn Thee, deny thy Son,
And on themselves securely rest,
Will find the reed they rest upon
Pierce painfully their troubled breast.

Great God! forbid it should be so;
Reveal thyself, in all thy power;
Save them from this impending woe,
And on their souls thy blessings pour:

Blessings so far beyond our view,
No eye hath seen, no heart conceived,
But which will guide us safely through,
Till in thy heavenly home received.

Yes, owned and blest by Thee, our God,
Our refuge and our sure defence;
Our rest secured in thy abode,
Beholding thy Omnipotence.

VERITAS.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

THERE was once a great general, who had often faced boldly the cannon's mouth, and led his troops into the very jaws of death; but on being told, in time of peace, that the disease under which he laboured was very rapid and fatal, he dropped to the ground in terror and dismay. The courage that supports a man in the excitement of the battlefield fails miserably in the calmness of the bed-chamber. The presence and sympathy of so many thousand fellow-creatures; the noise, and hurry, and energy; the shouting of the troops, the rolling of the drums, the crack of the rifles, the booming of the cannon—these all tend to make a soldier forget the near approach of death. But in the loneliness and silence of the sick room there is little or nothing to draw the mind from the contemplation of the coming change. Then a man is compelled to feel, in all its bitterness, his own helpless and forlorn condition. Then he can recall in despair his past unholy life. Then he finds himself face to face with the last enemy, and forced to conquer or be conquered.

The terror of death affects different men in different ways. Some who during their life have been careless and thoughtless, on becoming aware of their danger, assume an indifferent, jesting spirit; and even if they feel their hearts sink at the thought of meeting the God they have so long rejected, they disdain to betray their emotion, lest they should lose at last their reputation as scoffers and infidels. Others—and these chiefly men of remarkable vigour of mind—are so absorbed in their duties and pursuits, in the execution of which death has overtaken them, that, to judge from their behaviour at the last moment, one would imagine they were not aware that they were on the point of being hurried into eternity. "Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to an anchor," were the last words of Nelson. Others, who all their life long have been in constant fear and terror of their death, have found, when the fatal hour arrived, that their imagination had robbed the king of terrors in almost undue horror; and, leaning on the staff of God, they have passed through the dark valley with a firm and hopeful step.

It was not uncommon, in former times, for men condemned to death to leave behind them some *bon mot*, or sharp and witty saying, immediately before their execution. Sir Thomas More, on mounting the scaffold and perceiving the weakness of the construction, said, "I pray you, see me up safe; and for my coming down, let me shift for myself." Sir Walter Raleigh, for many hours before his death, indulged in a variety of light and witty remarks. On the morning fixed for his execution, he smoked his favourite tobacco, and drank a cup of sack; and on being asked how he liked it, "It is good drink," said he, "if a man might tarry by it." To his friend, who had failed to get a place to witness the execution, he cried out, on passing, "Farewell, Beeston. I know not what shift you will make, but I am sure to have a place." When he had taken off his gown, he asked the headsmen to let him feel the axe, and running his finger lightly over the edge, "Dost think I fear it?" he said. "A sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases."

To show how curiously and differently the same

event will move men of different temperaments, it is known that while some have used every artifice to preserve the idea of death constantly before them, others have exhibited terror, and even rage, if the very name of death was mentioned in their presence. Dr. Johnson was painfully moved at any reference to death; and on one occasion he sharply rebuked Boswell for introducing the subject into conversation. "Let it alone, sir. It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives. The art of dying is not of importance; it lasts too short a time."

We think many a Christian of the present day would subscribe to this opinion. However beneficial it may be to the careless and worldly-minded to have the certainty and possible closeness of death brought frequently before them, still a Christian, who has felt his need of a Saviour, and obtained mercy and pardon, must know that he was not placed in this world only to prepare for death, but to do his Master's will, and advance his kingdom. We are told to "work while it is day," because "the night cometh, in which no man can work." Whatever work we mean to do for God we must do now, thinking more in what way we can live holy lives than how we may ward off the terrors of death.

After all, faith will cause us to triumph. God has promised salvation to all who seek acceptance through Jesus Christ. If we have faith in this promise, salvation will be ours. God has promised to support his people through the valley of the shadow of death, and to give them his staff and rod to lean upon. If we have faith, this support will be ours. In the hour of death and in the day of judgment the good Lord will deliver us.

Department for Young People.

REPORT OF THE JUVENILE LECTURES ON ELECTRICITY AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

LECTURE I.

ALTHOUGH Professor Faraday has well nigh retired from the Royal Institution, the juvenile members of that celebrated institution seem by no means inclined to dispense with the Christmas recreation of lectures on some branch of science, to which Professor Faraday had, during so many years, accustomed them. Professor Tyndall is the lecturer this year, and the proven ability of this gentleman in bringing profound subjects down to the level of youthful comprehension has determined us to present our readers with an abstract of his lectures; a *working abstract*, we may observe, seeing that by following our instructions most, if not all, the experiments performed by the lecturer may be repeated at home by our readers; and that at almost a nominal expense.

In the course of this, the first lecture in the series, Professor Tyndall made a point of using apparatus of only the most simple kind, with the avowed object of enabling his juvenile hearers to repeat the experiments at home.

We do not profess to give a verbatim report of the lecture. We have always regarded verbatim

reports of experimental lectures as so much time thrown away, and this, we are sure, is the opinion of every lecturer on experimental subjects. Our readers may rely, nevertheless, upon having a complete general view of the whole; omitting no one experiment or important point of the subject matter.

"I remember," said Professor Tyndall, opening his discourse, "I remember once upon a time, when I was a juvenile, being very much interested and delighted by the perusal of a book which may have come also under the notice of certain juveniles whom I now address. That book contained a record of the life and adventures of a certain Prince Lee Boo. I particularly call to mind one anecdote narrated in that book, and it was the following:—Previous to his arrival in England, Prince Lee Boo had never seen a looking-glass; he was therefore, naturally enough, surprised when on looking at one he beheld his own likeness. The narrative expresses his surprise; but what I especially recollect is the description of the restless and inquisitive manner in which, after having seen his likeness, Prince Lee Boo walked round the glass, examining it on all sides. Now," remarked the Professor, "mere animals—dogs and cats, for example—might have been surprised to see, for the first time, their several likenesses in a looking-glass, but they would not, like the South Sea prince, have attempted to reason about it; they would not have gone round the mirror, and looked at it on the other side. It is a necessity for human beings to reason about appearances that they do not understand, to try to learn the reason of appearances; we cannot help it; our very nature constrains us so to do. Well, now, of whom do we seek information? It all depends on the sort of information to be sought. If the question be one of every-day life, we naturally turn to our elders—our parents, relatives, or friends; or we turn to books, and from the records of these we learn the knowledge we are in quest of. It may be, however, that the knowledge which we seek is of such sort that neither friends nor books can convey the instruction sought for; it may be that some mysterious operation of Nature is what has awakened our curiosity. When we see, for example, the sky overcast by darkly gathering clouds, we may be stimulated to inquire the reason of the gathering, the nature of the clouds; and when, in the tranquillity of evening, we see a flash pass along the gathered clouds—that flash like a bar of fire; when we hear the thunder follow crash upon crash, until all Nature is in commotion; the spirit of human intelligence within us—that certain something by virtue of the operations of which we differ from dogs and cats—prompts us to learn the meaning of such things; we are prompted to ask questions. But of whom shall we ask the question? Of Nature! Now," continued the lecturer, "we do not question Nature as we would question our elders: by words. We question her by signs, and by signs she replies to us; these signs are called experiments. The cause of this lightning flash and thunder is the agency called *electricity*," said the lecturer; "an agency of a most mysterious sort, that awakens our wonder, and provokes our curiosity. Electricity belongs to the mysteries of Nature, and Nature, if we question her properly by experiment, is ready to gratify much of our

curiosity." The lecturer then proceeded to explain the origin of the term "*electricity*." "I have here," said he, "a lump of the material now called *amber*, but which the Greeks called *elektron*. I rub this lump of amber upon flannel, and this being done, I bring it near to any particles of light substance, such as feathers, bits of paper, and the like. You see what happens: the light substances are immediately attracted. Nor need the bodies be so particularly light. Here, for instance, is an egg-shell, covered with tin-foil, and suspended by a silken thread in such a manner that it is free to move in any direction. On bringing the rubbed amber near to the egg-shell, the latter, you perceive, is immediately attracted, and comes close to the amber. This fact was known to the ancients two thousand years ago; but it was the *only fact* known to them of what has now become a long series. How is this? How happens it that the ancients failed to discover the other facts? Simply because they had not learned the language in which we moderns converse with Nature; they had not learned our code of signs; in other words, they had not learned how to question Nature by experiments.

"Having shown you the effect that rubbed amber has upon light bodies—or bodies not so very light if only they be free to move—we will lay the lump of amber aside, and not use it again; this, firstly, because amber is not so very cheap—it would cost you some shillings; and, secondly, because we have several materials which answer much better than amber; for example, here is one—sealing-wax. The stick of sealing-wax I have here certainly did not cost more than twopence. I rub it upon the flannel, just as I rubbed the amber upon the same, and now, causing the rubbed sealing-wax to approach our suspended egg-shell, you observe that the latter is attracted far more powerfully than it was by the amber. I shall next show you that a stick of rubbed sealing-wax is capable of attracting an unrubbed stick of the same; and to perform this experiment I shall suspend the second stick of sealing-wax from a narrow length of white silken riband, to the lower end of which a sort of wire cradle is attached. You remark," then said he, performing the experiment, "that, on bringing the rubbed stick of sealing-wax near to the unrubbed stick, I cause the latter to turn, hanging as it does suspended, quite round. I shall next prove to you," observed the lecturer, "that glass by rubbing may also be rendered capable of attracting bodies sufficiently light and free to move;" and here he called attention to the practical facts that silk answered better than flannel when the electrical friction of glass had to be accomplished, and that the electrical power of the silk was much enhanced by smearing it with an amalgam of tin, zinc, and quicksilver (it can be purchased under the name of "*electrical amalgam*"), mingled with grease.

Having rubbed, or electrically excited, a rod of glass, the lecturer proved that it could effect all the attractions that had already been effected by the use of a stick of sealing-wax.

Amongst the light bodies that the lecturer caused to be attracted by the electrified glass rod, was one that we had never before seen used for this purpose—a soap-bubble filled, as we imagine, with coal gas to make it buoyant (although the lecturer did

not state this). No person who has not tried the experiment can imagine the docility of such a soap-bubble under the influence of an excited glass wand; which it can be made to follow about in any direction at the will of the operator.

Arrived at this point, the lecturer told his audience impressively that he was about to make a very important statement, on behalf of which he solicited their complete attention. "Having shown you," remarked he, "the effect produced by bringing rubbed amber, or rubbed sealing-wax, near to unrubbed bodies free to move—having shown you the curious attraction which ensues—I will now proceed to explain and account for that attraction. What change do you think I effected on a stick of sealing-wax by the simple operation of rubbing it with a piece of flannel? Evidently there must have been some change, or else there would be no attraction." Then the lecturer went on to explain that through the effects of rubbing the stick of sealing-wax the latter might be supposed to be covered all over its surface by a layer of invisible fluid. He requested his juvenile audience to picture to their mind's eye the existence of such a fluid, and to denominate it the "*electric fluid*," if they so pleased.

Our readers will have the goodness to remark that Professor Tyndall did not speak of the electric fluid as certainly existing; he only spoke of it as something that might be *assumed* to exist—in other words, he spoke of it hypothetically. Indeed, we should not be surprised if the Professor, in a subsequent lecture, should see fit to disavow his belief in the existence of any such thing as an *electric fluid*, explaining to his audience, at the same time, that he adopted the supposition of an electric fluid just as a builder uses scaffolding when raising a new edifice.

In illustrating the phenomenon of electric attraction, Professor Tyndall showed his young pupils how they might use, instead of suspended bars of materials free to move, pivoted bars of the same; and with the object still of accommodating the experimental course to the wants of juveniles having no great command of apparatus, the lecturer proved that the extremity of an egg, standing in an egg-cup, might be turned to account as a pivot for a balanced lath to be operated upon electrically with excellent effect.

Our readers will be good enough to remember that provisionally, and for the needs of illustration, we have recognised the existence of an electric fluid. Professor Tyndall—as is evident from a glance at the materials spread over his lecture table—soon means to lead his hearers up to the conclusion that there should be recognised *two* electric fluids. Mark how neatly he effects his demonstration. The Professor bade his audience, as we bid our readers, to call to mind the circumstance that rubbed sealing-wax has been demonstrated capable of attracting unrubbed sealing-wax, and rubbed glass similarly unrubbed glass. A very important question now arises—a question that can only be answered by Nature herself, and that Nature will answer if we question her by proper experiment. The question is this—Will one piece of rubbed sealing-wax attract another piece of rubbed sealing-wax? Similarly, will one piece of rubbed glass attract another piece of the same material? If our readers question Nature on these points, Nature will respond by a negation.

Questioning Nature again, as to whether a piece of rubbed sealing-wax attracts a piece of rubbed glass, and *vice versa*, Nature answers, "Yes." Mark, then, the deductions to which we arrive by giving heed to these revelations.

Conclusions arrived at:—

1. There are two electric fluids—one developed from glass and glass-like things, another from resin and resin-like things. Hence the first variety was formerly called "*vitreous*," or "*glassy*" electricity, but now more frequently "*positive*" electricity. Hence, too, the latter acquired the designation of "*resinous*" electricity, now more frequently called "*negative*" electricity.

2. Opposite electricities attract, and similar electricities repel each other.

Having established this deduction, the lecturer proceeded to illustrate it by the performance of several elegant experiments. First having suspended some light feathers at one end of a silken filament, he brought near to those feathers an electrically-excited body (whether a resinous or a vitreous body matters not). This being done, the feathers rapidly approached, and came into contact with, the electrically-excited body, being attracted. Soon, however, they flew away repelled, because they had acquired a state of electricity similar to that of the excited body; and, moreover, they manifested repulsion amongst themselves.

The experiment just described is remarkably elegant, but not new; those to be described, however, are novel as well as elegant.

The lecturer laid a sheet of brown paper, carefully dried, upon a thin, flat board, also carefully dried; and he showed that between the board and the paper there was no adhesion. He then rubbed the brown paper with a piece of dry flannel, and proved that now the paper and the board stuck—not without some degree of force—together. Next, sliding the paper away from the board, the lecturer brought it in contact with the black wooden slate used for the purpose of lecture diagram illustration. This was curious, though not nearly so curious as what the lecturer did next. He took another piece of brown paper, and laying it on the dried board, he rubbed it with flannel as before. It became electrified, and, of course, stuck to the board. Whilst thus attached, the lecturer took a penknife, and dextrously cut the paper into narrow slips. A bundle of these slips he grasped by one end, allowing the other ends to dispose of themselves as they might be impelled to do by the operation of electric force. They did—these ends—as they should have done to be in accordance with what we have already made out—they separated as far as possible from each other, because of their all being similarly electrified.

The lecturer next varied the experiment by employing writing-paper instead of brown paper—in this case, however, using a piece of vulcanised india-rubber for friction.

Let us pause to impress our readers, as the lecturer impressed his audience, with the value of certain deductions to which our questions addressed to Nature—our experiments—have brought us. There are two sorts of electricity, as we have already made out; and frequently the question has to be solved, Whether some particular electricity developed be positive or negative electricity? Well, the answer is most easily arrived at. If positive, it should repel

a body already known to be positive; if negative, a body already known to be negative, and *vice versa*. At this point arrived, the lecturer first brought under the notice of his young people that very pretty instrument, the gold leaf electrometer, taking care to explain that this instrument taught nothing new to his audience, demonstrated nothing that simpler aids had not already been made to demonstrate. It was a convenient instrument, nevertheless, for those who possessed it, and readily showed the repulsion subsisting between two gold leaves, when similarly electrified.

The twofold nature of electricity was the theme that next occupied the lecturer's attention. He proved by experiments, to indicate which would be rather disparaging to the apprehension of our readers, seeing they *ought* to know, and we are assured *do* know by this time—as Professor Tyndall's audience *did* know (for he took care to question them)—he proved, we say, the experiment that so surely as one sort of electricity was excited on a body rubbed, the opposite sort would be found upon the rubber.

He next established the existence of certain bodies through which electricity would not pass, and others through which it would pass. For example: it was demonstrated that although electricity would not pass along a dry silken thread, it would pass along the same if wetted by water; that it passed readily through metals, the human body, wood, not to mention others; but would not pass through gutta-percha, resin, sealing-wax, and others: hence the division of bodies into electrical conductors and electrical non-conductors.

Formerly, non-conductors were also called non-electrics, because of the assumption that electricity could not be developed from them by friction. How completely erroneous that assumption was, the lecturer proved by developing electricity from a brass candlestick rubbed with a piece of flannel. He however took the precaution of holding the brass candlestick through the intervention of a sheet of india-rubber, a material which our readers will be good enough to remember is a non-conductor of electricity.

Finally, the lecturer amused his audience by showing how electricity was developed in cases where little suspected: by combing the hair, for instance, or *flogging a boy*. The instrument of excitation used by the Professor was a force-brush; but we would wager our best editorial pen, that a schoolmaster's cane, similarly applied, would be found to develop electrical manifestations.

Biblical Expositions.

A FEW NOTES ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW—(continued).

CHAPTER II.

Verse 1.

"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa, in the days of Herod the king."

The birth of the Saviour in the village of Bethlehem was announced to mankind by the writings of Micah the prophet (v. 2) 710 years before the Christian era; and the promise that referred to Herod, a foreigner invested with the regal authority wrested from the hands of the

native princes, has formed a portion of the Moslem record for upwards of 2,300 years: thus does the kingdom of Providence prepare the way for the kingdom of Grace. What pen can express, or what mind can conceive the mighty influence that has gone forth from this little spot, affecting, for weal or for woe, the human race for time and for eternity! How vast and unutterable the condescension of Almighty God! Two lines of history express more than men or angels can adequately estimate. Jesus was

"Born."—Immortality itself was made mortal man.

"In Bethlehem."—Immortality was confined within a manger.

"In the days."—Eternity measured by time.

"In the days of Herod the king."—Power made subject to tyranny.

"What," says St. Austin, "can cure our pride, if it be not the humility of the Son of God?" We expect the Messiah in a palace, and he is found in a stable. Men look for him on a throne, and he is seen in a manger. They look for splendour, and he comes in simplicity and lowliness. The expectants enumerate wealth among the evidences of their King's presence, and behold poverty. For a life of ease, they perceive days and nights of toil; for rank, no higher lot is chosen than that of a carpenter's son; and when the same illustrious personage selected objects from Nature to be emblems of himself, in place of the oak he chose the vine; instead of the lion he appointed a lamb; in lieu of the eagle he nominated the dove; and where the thunder of his majesty might have prevailed, men heard "the small still voice."

He who was cradled in a manger—he who slept upon the mountain side—he who was supported by the ministering hands of others, says to each of us, Judge not of this world's happiness by external appearances, for He who is to redeem you begins to suffer as soon as he begins to live.

"Behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem."

These "wise men" were held in high esteem by the Jews, who regarded Solomon as a member of that privileged order. The appearance of the magi at Bethlehem is as supernatural as the appearance of the star. Gentiles recognise the King of the Jews, but the Jews themselves know him not. Gentiles acknowledge the Founder of the law: the children of the law repudiate his presence. Chaldea announces his coming: Jewry is silent. Jerusalem shrinks from him: Syria pursues him. The king of the Jews seeks to slay him: the princes of the Gentiles render the infant Saviour homage and service.

Verse 2.

"We have seen his star."

Men need not forsake their lawful avocations to enjoy the Divine favour.

David was rendering obedience to his father; Gideon was threshing in his barn; Zacharias was discharging his duties in the Temple; Mary was occupied in her domestic affairs; the shepherds were tending their flocks; the astronomers were watching the stars; Matthew was receiving the customs; and Peter, James, and John were pursuing their wonted calling as fish-

men when the Divine instructions were communicated to them. God comes to those who honour him by a right discharge of the duties of that state in life in which his providence places them.

"We have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

When in the east we first saw the star which we now follow in order that we may discover the new-born king; for to us a star hitherto unseen is a token that proclaims his coming. Thus, philosophy seeks truth, sincerity finds it, and devotion enjoys it. The wise men are led in such a way as to teach them their dependence upon wisdom greater than their own. God teaches by progressive lessons. First the star, then the word, then the hope realised, then the mind is influenced by a dream that their persons may in safety be preserved.

"We have seen his star."

Mark the adaptation displayed in the guide appointed.

1. The light of a star guides the inquiring minds to Christ.

2. The light that thus guides is heavenly in its origin.

3. It is pure in its nature, and when casting its rays over that which is unclean it contracts no defilement.

4. It moves above the world while moving in it—a fit emblem of Christ and his followers.

5. This light was vouchsafed at a period of general darkness.

6. It pointed to Him who was to be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of his people Israel.

7. The light of the star, though bright and clear, could only be seen by those who raised their eyes to heaven.

8. It was light from heaven that was appointed to guide men upon the earth, and this light was to lead them to Him who was to be the light of the world.

9. The light thus appointed reflects a beauty, not only on the things of earth, but also things that are heavenly.

10. The star could only be seen by its own light, and the Saviour is only to be known by the light which emanates from himself.

11. As the light is discerned most clearly in the darkest night, so the consolations that flow from Christ are best seen in the hours of deep affliction.

12. This light from heaven is occasionally obscured, but this obscurity is never in itself, but always arises from earthly objects, or is connected with some earthly cause.

13. The influence of this Divine light is powerful, but silent, guiding men that are far off to the heavenly city, bringing them on through surrounding darkness and difficulties, and never leading them astray.

14. This light brings men who were strangers to Christ willingly to worship him; and

15. The men thus brought by a Divine light to the Saviour, are led first to present themselves to Christ, and then to offer their gifts.

Wisdom therefore says: "Behold the light that reveals the Saviour; render thanks for the light; rejoice in the light; and henceforth walk in the light."

(To be continued.)

THE WORLD OF SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR,

AUTHOR OF "ERIC; OR, LITTLE BY LITTLE."

CHAPTER THE FOURTH—(continued).

WALTER cared very little for this adventure. It certainly annoyed him a little, and it showed him that some of the others in his dormitory must be more or less brutes, if they could find it amusing to break the sleep and play on the fears of a new boy the very night of his arrival among them. But he thought no more about it, and was quite determined that it should not happen often.

Far different was the case with poor little Arthur Eden, another new boy, who, as Walter had observed, occupied the bed next to him. He had been roused from his first sweet sleep in the same way, about the same time as Walter. But no one had prepared him for this annoyance, and as he was a very timid child, it filled him with terror; he was even so terrified that he did not know what it was. He lay quite still, not daring to speak, or make a sound, only clinging to his mattress with both hands in an agony of dread. He was already worn and bewildered with the events of the day. He had fallen among the worst of enemies; at the very moment of his arrival he had got into bad hands, the hands of boys who made sport of his weakness, corrupted his feelings, and lacerated his heart. He was very young—a mere child of twelve—and in the innocence of his simplicity, he had unreservedly answered all their questions, and prattled to them about his home, about his twin sister, about nearly all his cherished secrets. In that short space of time he had afforded materials enough for the coarse jeers of the brutal, and the poignant ridicule of the cruel for many a long day. Something of this derision had begun already, and he had found no secret place to hide his tears. That they would call him a milksop, a molly coddle, and all kinds of horrid names he knew, and he had tried manfully to bear up under persecution. It was not until after many hot and silent drops had relieved the fever of his over-wrought brain, that sleep had come to him; and now it was broken thus.

Oh! parents and guardians—anxious, yet unwise class—why, knowing all that you must know, do you send such children as this to school? Eden's mother, indeed, had opposed the step; but his guardian (for the boy's father was dead), seeing that he was being spoilt at home, and that he was naturally a shrinking and timid lad, had urged that he should be sent to St. Winifred's, with some vague notion of making a man of him. He might as well have thrown a piece of Brussels lace into the fire with the intention of changing it into open iron-work. The proper place for little Eden would have been some country parsonage, where care and kindness might have gradually helped him, as he grew older, to acquire the faculties which he had not; whereas, in this case, a public school only impaired for a time in that tender frame the bright, yet delicate, qualities which he had.

The big, clumsy, ne'er-do-well of a boy, Cradock by name, who was choking with secret laughter as he tilted little Eden's bed—leaving a pause of frightful suspense now and then, to let him recover

breath and realise his situation—was as raw and ill-trained a fellow as you like, but he had nothing in him wilfully or diabolically wicked. If he had been similarly treated he would have broken into a great guffaw, and emptied his water-jug over the intruder. And yet if he could have seen the new boy at that moment, he would have seen that pretty little face—only meant as yet for the smiles of childhood—white with an almost idiotic terror, and he would have caught a staring and meaningless look in the glassy eyes which were naturally so bright and blue. But he really did not know—being merely an overgrown, stupid fellow—the mischief he was doing, and the absolute horrible torment that his jest (?) was inflicting.

Finding that his joltings produced no apparent effect, and thinking that Eden might, by some strange somnolence peculiar to new boys, sleep through it all, he tilted the bed a little too high, and then indeed a wild shriek rang through the room, as the mattress and clothes tumbled right over the foot of the bed, and flung the child violently on the floor. Fortunately the heap of bed-clothes prevented him from being much hurt, and Cradock had just time to pick him up, and huddle him into bed again, and jump back into his own bed, when the lamp of one of the masters, who had been attracted by Eden's cry, appeared through the door. The master, finding all quiet, and having come from a distant room, supposed that his ears had deceived him, or that the cry was some accidental noise outside the building. He merely walked round the room, and seeing Eden's bed-clothes rather tumbled, kindly helped the trembling child to replace them in a more comfortable order, and left the room.

"I say, that's quite enough for one night," said the voice of one of the boys, when the master had disappeared. "You new fellows can go to sleep. Nobody 'll touch you again to-night." The speaker was Franklin, rather a scapegrace in some respects, but a boy of no unkindly nature.

The light and the noise had revealed to Walter something of what must have taken place. In his own case, he cared very little for the assurance that he would not be molested again that night, feeling quite sure that he could hold his own against any one, and that his former enemy at any rate would not be likely to assault him again. But he was very, very glad for poor little Eden's sake, having caught a momentary glimpse of his scared and pitiable look.

Walter could not sleep for a long time; not till long after he heard from the regular breathings of the others that they were all in deep slumber. For there were sounds which came from Eden's bed which disturbed his heart with pity. His feelings bled for the poor little fellow, so young and fresh from home, a new comer like himself, but evidently so little accustomed to this roughness, and so little able to protect his own interests. For a long time into the night he heard the poor child crying and sobbing to himself, though he was clearly trying to stifle the sound. At last Walter could stand it no longer, and feeling sure that the rest were sound asleep, he whispered in his kindest tone, for he didn't know his neighbour's name—

"I say, you little new fellow."

The sound of sobbing was hushed for a moment, but the boy seemed afraid to answer; so Walter said again—

"Are you awake?"

"Yes," said a weak, childish voice.

"Don't be afraid; I'm a new fellow, too. Tell me your name."

"Eden," he whispered, tremulously, though reassured by the kindly tone of voice. "Hush! hush! you'll awake some one."

"No, I won't," said Walter; "here, I'll come and speak to you." And stepping noiselessly out of bed, he whispered in Eden's ear, "Never mind, my poor little fellow; don't be frightened; the boy didn't mean to hurt you; he was only shoving your bed up and down for a joke. Some one did the same to me, so I jumped up and licked him with a slipper."

"But I got so frightened. Oh! do you think they'll do it again to-night?"

"No, certainly not again to-night," said Walter; "they're all asleep; and if any one does it again another night, you must just slip out of bed and not mind it. It doesn't hurt."

"Thank you," whispered Eden; "you're very kind, and nobody else has been kind to me here. Will you tell me your name?"

"My name's Walter Eyson. Do you know, your voice and look remind me of my little brother. There," he said, tucking him up in bed, "now, good night, and go to sleep."

The little fellow pressed Walter's hand hard, said good night, and soon forgot his misery in a sleep of pure weariness. I do not think that he would have slept at all that night, but for the comforting sense that he had found to lean upon a stronger nature and a stronger character than his own. Walter heard him breathing peacefully, and then he too fell asleep, and neither woke nor dreamt (that he was aware of), until half-past seven the next morning, when a servant roused the boys by ringing a large hand-bell in their ears.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

SCHOOL TROUBLES.

The sorrows of thy youthful day
Shall make thee wise in coming years;
The brightest rainbows ever play
Above the fountains of our tears.—MACKAY.

WALTER jumped up and began to dress at once: Eden, still looking pale and frightened, soon followed his example, and recognised him with a smile of gratitude. None of the other five boys who occupied the room thought of stirring until the chapel bell began to ring, which left them the ample space of a quarter of an hour for their orisons, ablutions, and all other necessary preparations!

Walter, who was now half-dressed, glanced at them as they got up, to discover the owner of the slipper, which he still kept in his possession. First Jones tumbled out of bed, not even deigning a surly recognition, but Jones had his right complement of slippers. Then two other fellows, named Anthony and Franklin, not quite so big as Jones; their slippers were all right. Then Cradock, who looked a little shyly at Eden, and, after a while, told him that he was only playing a joke the night before, and was sorry for having frightened him; and last Harpourt, the biggest of the lot. Harpourt was one of those fellows who are to be found in every school, and who are always dangerous characters: a huge boy, very low down in the forms, very strong, very

stupid in work, rather good-looking, generally cut by the better sort; unredeemed by any natural taste or accomplishment, wholly without influence except among little boys (whom he alternately bullied and spoilt), and only kept at school by his friends, because they were rather afraid of him, and did not quite know what to do with him. They called it "keeping him out of mischief," but the mischief he did at school was a thousandfold greater than any which he could have done elsewhere; for, except at school, he would have been comparatively powerless to do any positive harm.

By the exhaustive process of reasoning Walter had already concluded that Harpourt must have been his nocturnal disturber; and, accordingly, after thrusting a foot into a slipper, Harpourt began to exclaim, "Hallo! where's my other slipper? Confound it, I shall be late; I can't dress; where's my other slipper?"

Wishing to leave him without escape from the necessity of betraying himself to have been the author of last night's raid, Walter made no sign, until Harpourt, who had not any time to lose, said to him—

"Hi! you new chap, have you got my slipper?"

"I've got a slipper," said Walter, blandly.

"You have, have you! Then give it here, this minute."

"I captured it off some one's leg, who was under my bed last night," said Walter, giving it into Harpourt's hand.

"You did, did you?"

"Yes; and I smacked the fellow with it, as I will do again, if he comes again."

"You will, will you? Then take *that* for your impudence," said Harpourt, intending to bring down the slipper on his shoulder; but Walter dodged down, and parrying the blow with his arm, sent the slipper in a graceful curve across the washhand-stand into Jones' basin.

"So, so," said Harpourt, "you're a pretty cool hand, you are. Well, I've no time to settle accounts with you now, or I should be late for chapel. But—"

A significant pantomime explained the remainder of the sentence, and then Harpourt, standing in his one slipper, hastily adjourned to his toilet. Walter being dressed in good time, knelt down for a few moments of hearty prayer, helped poor Eden, who was as helpless as though he had been always dressed by a servant, to finish dressing, and ran across the court into the chapel just as the bell stopped. There were still two minutes before the door was shut, and he occupied them by watching the boys as they streamed in, many of them with their waistcoats only half buttoned, and others with the water-drops still dangling from their hastily combed hair. He saw Tracy saunter in very neat, but with a languid air of disapprobation, blushing withal as he entered; Eden, whose large eyes looked bewildered until he caught sight of Walter and sat down beside him; Kenrick, beaming as ever, who nodded to him as he passed by; Henderson, who, notwithstanding the time and place, found opportunity to whisper to him a hope that he had washed his desirable person in clear water; Plumber looking as if his credulity had been gorged beyond endurance; Daubeny with eyes immovably fixed in the determination to know his lessons that day; and lastly, Harpourt, who had just time to scuffle

in hot, breathless, and exceedingly untidy, as the chaplain began the opening sentence.

"Where am I to go now?" asked Eden, when chapel was over.

"Well, Eden, I know as little as you. You'd better ask your tutor. Here, Kenrick," said Walter, "which of those black gowns is Mr. Robertson?—this fellow's tutor and mine."

Kenrick pointed out one of the masters, to whom Eden went; and then Walter asked, "Where am I to go to Mr. Paton's form?"

"Here, let me lead the victim to the sacrifice," said Henderson. "Oh, for a wreath of cypress or funeral yew, or—"

"Nettles?" suggested Kenrick.

"Observe, new boy," said Henderson, "your eternal friend's delicate insinuation that you are a donkey. Here, come with me, and I'll take you to be patted on." Henderson's exuberant spirits prevented his ever speaking without giving vent to slang, bad puns, or sheer good-humoured nonsense.

"Aren't you in that form, Kenrick?" asked Walter, as he saw him diverging to the right.

"Oh, no! dear me, no!" said Henderson; "I am, but the eternal friend is at least two forms higher; he, let me tell you, is a star of no ordinary magnitude; he's in the Thickskides"—meaning the Thucydides' class. "You'll require no end of sky-climbing before you reach his altitude. And now, victim, behold your sacrificial priest," he said, placing Walter at the end of a table among some thirty boys who were seated in front of a master's desk in the large schoolroom, in various parts of which other forms were also beginning work under similar superintendence. When all the forms were saying lessons at the same time it may be imagined that the room was not very still, and that a master required good lungs who had to teach and talk there for hours.

Not that Mr. Paton's form contributed very much to the quota of general noise. Although Henderson had chaffed Daubeny on his virtuous stillness, yet all the boys sat very nearly as quiet as Dubbs himself during school hours. Even Henderson and such mercurial spirits were awed into silence and sobriety. You would hardly have known that in that quarter of the room there was a form at all. Quicksilver itself would have lost its volatility under Mr. Paton's manipulation.

It was hard at first sight to say why this was. Certainly Mr. Paton set many punishments, but so did other masters who had not half his success. The secret was, that Mr. Paton was something of a *rou-tinier*, and that was the word which, if he had known it, Kenrick would have used to describe him. If he set an imposition, the imposition must be done, and must be done at a certain time, without appeal, and without excuse. Mr. Paton was deaf to every form of self-justification, and utterly inexorable in his retributive dispensations. No possible consideration could ever have induced him to let off a punishment which had once been set, or to remit a lesson at its appointed hour.

Mr. Paton's rule was not like the leaden rule we sometimes read of; it could not be bent to suit the diversities of individual character, but was a rule iron and inflexible, which applied equally to all. His measure was unalterable; the cleverest boys could not stretch themselves beyond it; the dullest

were mechanically pulled within its dimensions. Hence some fared hardly under it; yet let me hasten to say that, on the whole, with the great number of average boys, it was a success. The discipline he established was perfect, and though many boys winced under it at the time, it was valuable to all of them, especially to those of an idle or sluggish tendency; and as it was rigidly just as well as severe, they often learned to look back upon it with gratitude and respect.

After a time the form went up to say a lesson. Each boy was put on in turn. When it came to Walter's turn, Mr. Paton first inquired his name, which he entered with extreme neatness in his class-book—a book in which there was not a single blot from the first page to the last. He then put him on as he had put on the rest.

"I had no book, sir, and didn't know what the lesson was," said Walter.

"Excuses, sir, excuses!" said Mr. Paton sternly; "you mean that you haven't learnt the lesson."

"Yes, sir."

"A bad beginning, Evson; bring me no excuses in future. You must write the lesson out." And an ominous entry implying this fact was written by Walter's freshly-entered name. Most men would have excused the first punishment, and contented themselves with a word of admonition; but this wasn't Mr. Paton's way. He held with Escalus that—

"Mercy is not itself that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe."*

Now it happened that Walter hated excuses, and had always looked on them as first cousins to lies, and he determined never again to render to Mr. Paton any reason which could by any possibility be construed into an excuse. He therefore had to undergo a large amount of punishment, which he flattered himself could not by any possibility have been avoided.

On this occasion Henderson was also turned, and with him a boy named Bliss. It was quite impossible for Henderson to be unemployed on some nonsense, and heedless of the fact that he was himself Bliss's companion in misfortune, he opened a poetry-book, and taking Lycidas as his model, sat unusually still, while he occupied himself in composing a "Lament for Blissidas," beginning pathetically—

"Poor Blissidas is turned; turned ere his prime
Young Blissidas, and hath not left his peer;
Who would not weep for Blissidas? He knew
Himself to say his keep—but give him time—
He must not quaff his glass of watery beer
Unchaffed, or write, his paper ruled and lined,
Without the meed of some melodious jeer."

"I'll lick you, Flip, after school," said the wrathful Bliss, shaking his fist, as Henderson began to whisper to him this monody.

"Why do they call you Flip?" asked Walter, laughing.

"Short for Flibbertygibbet," said Bliss.

"Bliss, Henderson, and Evson, do me two hundred lines each," said Mr. Paton; and so on this, his first morning in school, a second punishment was entered against Walter's name.

"Whew-w-w! What a horrid bore! Hush!" was Henderson's whispered comment. "I call that hard lines." But he continued his "Lament for

Blissidas" notwithstanding, introducing St. Winifred and other mourners over Bliss's fate, and ending with the admonition that in writing the lines he was—

"To touch the tender tops of various quills,
And mind and dot his quaint enamelled i's."

When Walter asked his tutor for the paper on which to write his punishment, Mr. Robertson said to him, "Already, Evson!" in a tone of deep displeasure and unconcealed sarcasm. "Two hundred lines and a lesson to write out *already*!" Bitter; with no sign of sympathy, without one word of inquiry, of encouragement for the future, or warning about the past—no advice given, no interest shown. No wonder that Walter never got on with his tutor.

The days that began for Walter from this time were days of darkness and disappointment. He was not deficient in natural ability, but he had undergone no special training for St. Winifred's school, and consequently many things were new to him in which other boys had been previously trained. The practice of learning grammar by means of Latin rules was particularly trying to him. He could have easily mastered the facts which the rules were intended to impress, but the empirical process suggested for arriving at the facts he could not remember, even if he could have construed the crabbed Latin in which it was conveyed. His father, too, had never greatly cultivated his powers of memory, and hence he felt serious difficulty at first with the long lessons that had to be learnt by heart.

Mr. Paton's system was this:—If a boy failed in a lesson from any mundane cause whatever, he had to write it out; if he failed to bring it written out, he had to write it twice; if he was turned in a second lesson, he was sent to detention, i.e., he was kept in during play hours; if this process was long continued, he was sent to the head-master in disgrace, and ran the chance of being flogged as an incorrigible idler. Mr. Paton, who was devoted to a system, made no allowance for difference of ability, or for idiosyncrasies of temperament; he was a truly good man—at bottom a really kind-hearted man, and a Christian; but the system which he had adopted was his hobby, and, as is the case with most men, he rode his hobby to death.

Now, the way the system worked on Walter was this:—He failed in lessons because they were so new to him that he found it impossible to master them. He was not accustomed to work in such a crowded and noisy place as the great school-room, and the early hour for going to bed left little time for evening work. Accordingly, he often failed, and whenever he did, the impositions or detentions, or both, took away from his available time for mastering his difficulties, and as this necessitated fresh failures, every single punishment became frightfully accumulative, and, alas! before three weeks were over, Walter was "sent up for bad" to the head-master. By this he felt degraded and discouraged to the last degree. Moreover, harm was done to him in many other ways. Conscious that all this disgrace had come upon him without any serious fault of his own, and even in spite of his direct and strenuous efforts, he became oppressed with a sense of injustice and undeserved persecution. The apparent uselessness of every attempt to shake

* "Measure for Measure," ii. 1.

himself free from these trammels of routine rendered him desperate and reckless, and the serious diminution of his hours for play and exercise made him dispirited and out of sorts. And all this brought on a bitter fit of home-sickness, during which he often thought of writing home and imploring to be removed from the school, or even of taking his deliverance into his own hands, and running away himself. But he knew that his father and mother were already distressed beyond measure to hear of the mill-round of punishment and discredit into which he had fallen, and about which he frankly informed them; so for their sakes he determined to bear up a little longer.

Walter was getting a bad name as an idler, and was fast losing his self-respect. And when that sheet-anchor is once lost, anything may happen to the ship; however gay its trim, however taut its sails, however delicate and beautiful the curve of its prow, it may drive before the gale, it may be dashed pitilessly among the iron rocks, or stranded hopelessly upon the harbour bar. A little more of this discipline, and a boy naturally noble-hearted and capable, might have been transformed into a mere mooncalf, like poor Plumber, or a cruel and vicious bully, like Harpourt or Jones.

Happily, our young Walter was saved by other influences from losing his self-respect. He was saved from it by one or two kindly and genial friendships by success, in other lines, and by the happy consciousness that his presence at St. Winifred's was a help and comfort to some who needed such assistance with sore need.

One afternoon he was sitting disconsolately on a bench which ran along a blank wall on one side of the court, doing absolutely nothing. He was too disgusted with the world and with himself even to take up a novel. It was three o'clock, and the court was deserted for the playground, as a match had been announced that afternoon between the sixth form and the school, at which all but a very few (who never did anything but loaf about) were either playing or looking on. To sit with his head bent down, on a bench in an empty court, doing nothing while a game was going on, was very unlike the Walter Evson of six weeks before; but at that moment Walter was weary of detention, which was just over; he was burdened with punishments, he was half sick for want of exercise, and he was too much out of spirits to do anything.

Kenrick and Henderson had noticed and lamented the change in him. Not exactly knowing the clauses of his ill success, they were astonished to find so apparently clever a boy taking his place among the sluggards and dunces. With this, however, they concerned themselves less than with the settled gloom which was falling over him, and which rendered him much less available when they wanted to refresh themselves by talking a little nonsense, or amusing themselves in any other way. On this day, guessing how it was likely to be, Kenrick had proposed not to join the game until detention was over, and then to make Evson come up and play; and Henderson had kindly offered to stay with him, and add his persuasions to his friend's.

As they came out ready dressed for football they caught sight of him.

"Come along, old fellow; you're surely going to fight for the school against the sixth?" said Kenrick.

"Isn't it too late?"

"No; any one is allowed a quarter of an hour's grace."

"Excuse number one bowled down," said Henderson.

"But I'm not dressed; I shan't have time to put on my jersey."

"Never mind; you'll only want your cap and belt, and can play in your shirt-sleeves."

"There goes excuse number two; so cut along," said Henderson, "and get your belt. We'll wait for you here. Why, the eternal friend's getting quite pale and miserable," said Henderson, as Walter ran off.

"Yes," said Kenrick; "I don't like to see that glum look instead of the merry face he came with. Never mind; the game'll do him good; I never saw such a player; he looks just like the British lion when he gets into the middle of the fray; plunges at everything, and shakes his mane. Here he is; come along."

They ran up and found a hotly contested game swaying to and fro between the goals; and Walter, who was very active and a first-rate runner, was soon in the thick of it. As the evenness of the match grew more apparent the players got more and more excited. It had been already played several times, and no base had been kicked, except once by each side, when the scale had been turned by a heavy wind. Hence they exhibited the greatest eagerness, as school and sixth alike held it a strong point of honour to win, and a shout of approval greeted any successful catch or vigorous kick.

Whenever the ball was driven beyond the bounds, it was kicked straight in, generally a short distance only, and the players on both sides struggled for it as it fell. During one of these momentary pauses Kenrick whispered to Walter, "I say, Evson, next time it's driven outside I'll try to get it, and if you stand just beyond the crowd I'll kick to you, and you can try a run."

"Thanks," said Walter, eagerly; "I'll do my best."

The opportunity soon occurred. Kenrick ran for the ball; a glance showed him where Walter was standing; he kicked it with precision, and not too high, so that there was no time for the rest to watch where it was likely to descend. Walter caught it, and before the others could recover from their surprise, was off like an arrow. Of course the whole of the opposite side were upon him in a moment, and he had to be as quick as a deer, and as wary as a cat. But now his splendid running came in, and he was besides rather fresher than the rest. He dodged, he made wide *détours*, he tripped some and sprang past others, he dived under arms and through legs, he shook off every touch, wrenched himself free from one capturer by leaving in his hands the whole shoulder of his shirt, and got nearer and nearer to the goal. At last he saw that there was one part of the field comparatively undefended; in this direction he darted like lightning—charged and spilt, by the vehemence of his impulse, two fellows who stood with outstretched arms to stop him—seized the favourable instant, and by a swift and clever drop-kick, sent the ball flying over the bar amid deafening cheers, just as half the other side flung him down and precipitated themselves over his body.

The run was so brilliant and so plucky, and the last burst so splendid, that even the defeated side could hardly forbear to cheer him. As for the conquerors, their enthusiasm knew no bounds; they shook Walter by the hand, patted him on the back, clapped him, and at last lifted him on their shoulders for general inspection. As yet he was known to very few, and "Who's that nice-looking little fellow who got the school a base?" was a question which was heard on every side.

"That's Evson; Evson; Evson, a new fellow," answered Kenrick, Henderson, and all who knew him, as fast as they could, in reply to the general queries. They were proud to know him just then, and this little triumph occurred in the nick of time to raise poor Walter in his own estimation.

"Thanks, Kenrick, thanks," he said, warmly grasping his friend's hand, as they left the field. "They ought to have cheered *you*, not me, for if it hadn't been for you I should not have got that base."

"Pooh!" was the answer; "I couldn't have got it myself under any circumstances; and even if I could, it is at least as much pleasure to me that you should have done it."

Of all earthly spectacles few are more beautiful, and in some aspects more touching, than a friendship between two boys, unalloyed by any taint of selfishness, indiscriminating in its genuine enthusiasm, delicate in its natural reserve. It is not always because the hearts of men are wiser, purer, or better than the hearts of boys, that "the warmest friendships of boys are often laid aside with the boyish dress."

(To be continued.)

ON AN ABBEY IN RUINS.

I LOVE ye, noble emblems of decay,
What time the moonbeams' soft and silvery play,
Fantastic, 'mid your shadows dim and grey—
Ye ruined walls, all hail!

I love ye when the sunbeams gaily dance
Upon your rugged forms, and silly glance
Through many a chink, as fearing to advance—
Ye ruined walls, all hail!

I love ye when the summer roses bloom
Beneath your shades, dispelling half their gloom,
Like life, a visitor in Death's dark room—
Ye ruined walls, all hail!

I love ye when the winter's glorious snows
Upon your hoary battlements repose,
Like childhood's innocence on aged brows—
Ye ruined walls, all hail!

I love ye when, in pensive mood, I trace
The forms that once within this hallowed place
Long years ago were seen, a living race—
Ye ruined walls, all hail!

I love ye when, in gayer frame of mind,
I wander 'midst the paths that round ye wind,
And beauties new and varied ever find—
Ye ruined walls, all hail!

I love ye all. May Time's destructive hand
Long spare ye thus to grace our native land,
And sacred relics of the past to stand—
Ye ruined walls, all hail!

Literary Notices.

Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile. By JOHN HANNING SPEKE, Captain H.M. Indian Army. Blackwood and Sons, 1863. 8vo., pp. 658.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE troubles and annoyances which our travellers had been forced to submit to up to the present time were now over. They found themselves in a country peopled by men of a different race from those who had pillaged them so mercilessly, and governed by an enlightened prince, whose generosity and intelligence, so different from the stupid thievishness of the tribes to the southward of his kingdom, held out no slight hopes of the future civilisation of this part of Africa.

They were scarcely over the border and fairly within the limits of Karagué, when they were met by an officer sent by King Rumanika to invite them to his palace, and to inform them that wherever they stopped the village officers were to feed them at the king's expense: "for there are no taxes gathered from strangers in the kingdom of Karagué. Presents may be exchanged, but the name of tax is ignored." This was no meaningless compliment. We read further on—

The farther we went in this country, the better we liked it, as the people were all kept in good order; and the village chiefs were so civil that we could do as we liked.

The country is described as being rich and beautiful. Lying as it does with the Nyanza lake to the east, and the Mountains of the Moon to the west, it is well watered by the streams which flow between the mountain-spurs to join the numerous lakes that fill the valleys, or to swell the Kitangulé river, which discharges the waters of the country into the Nyanza. It is a land of mountain spurs, "greened over with grass, and dotted here and there on the higher slopes with thick bush of acacias, the haunts of rhinoceros, both white and black; whilst in the flat of the valley herds of hartebeests and fine cattle roamed about, like the kiyang and tame yak of Thibet." Again, "on several occasions the rhinoceros were so numerous and impudent as to contest the right of the road with us." Then we are told of a rich valley, "bound in by steep hills hanging over us more than a thousand feet high, as prettily clothed as the mountains of Scotland; whilst in the valley there were not only magnificent trees of extraordinary height, but also a surprising amount of the richest cultivation, amongst which the banana may be said to prevail."

Presently after crossing a hill-spur, "the grassy tops of which were 5,500 feet above the sea," they saw below them "a beautiful sheet of water lying snugly within the folds of the hills." Captain Speke "christened it the Little Windermere, because Grant thought it so like our English lake of that name. It was one of many others which drain the moisture of the overhanging hills, and get drained into the Victoria Nyanza through the Kitangulé river."

On the banks of this charming lake resides King Rumanika, with whom our travellers stayed from November, 1861, to January, 1862. They were detained

chiefly by the necessity of sending a messenger to the King of Uganda, to ask for leave to enter his kingdom, and partly by Captain Grant's illness. But the information gained about this part of Africa, thanks to the hospitality and intelligence of Rumanika, amply compensated for the detention. Captain Speke thus describes their introduction to the royal presence:—

The first greetings of the king were warm and affecting, and in an instant we both felt and saw we were in the company of men who were as unlike as they could be to the common order of the natives of the surrounding districts. They had fine oval faces, large eyes, and high noses, denoting the best blood of Abyssinia. Having shaken hands in true English style, which is the peculiar custom of the men of this country, the ever-smiling Rumanika begged us to be seated on the ground opposite to him, and at once wished to know what we thought of Karagûé, for it had struck him his mountains were the finest in the world; and the lake, too, did we not admire it!—Page 204.

On this and on subsequent days they talked together for hours on all sorts of subjects—theology, history, geography, natural science—every topic, in short, on which a less educated man in England would seek to be instructed by a more educated one. Yet, intelligent as he was, and far in advance of any African prince they had hitherto met in point of generosity or indifference to gain, he was yet wholly without any idea of God or a future state—a firm believer in magic, and in the necessity of offering a propitiatory sacrifice yearly on his father's grave.

This is the place to say something about the inhabitants of this kingdom, and of those to the north of it, who call themselves Wahuma. Captain Speke, "founding his theory on the traditions of the several nations, and his own observations of what he saw when passing through them," determines "that they can be of no other race than the semi-Ham-Shemitic of Ethiopia." He considers that the Abyssinians, and the Gallas who dwell to the south of them, together with these Wahuma, are, in reality, the same people. This opinion he holds, in spite of the fact that the aboriginal Abyssinians in Abyssinia proper are more commonly agriculturists, while the Gallas are a pastoral people, and argues as follows:—

In these countries the government is in the hands of foreigners, who had invaded and taken possession of them, leaving the agricultural aborigines to till the ground, whilst the junior members of the usurping clans herded cattle; just as in Abyssinia, or wherever the Abyssinians or Gallas have shown themselves. Thus a pastoral clan from the Asiatic side took the government of Abyssinia from its people, and have ruled over them ever since; changing, by intermarriage with the Africans, the texture of their hair and colour to a certain extent, but still maintaining a high stamp of Asiatic feature, of which a marked characteristic is a bridged instead of a bridgeless nose.

It may be presumed that there once existed a foreign but compact government in Abyssinia, which, becoming great and powerful, sent out armies on all sides of it—especially to the south, south-east, and west—slave-hunting and devastating wherever they went, and in process of time becoming too great for one ruler to control. Junior members of the royal family then, pushing their fortunes, dismembered themselves from the parent stock, created separate governments, and, for reasons which cannot be traced, changed their names. In this manner we may suppose that the Gallas separated from the Abyssinians, and located themselves to the south of their native land.—Page 247.

Other divisions of this people, he proceeds to say—

Crossing the Nile close to its source (i.e., its exit from the Nyanza lake), discovered the rich pasture lands of Unyoro, and founded the great kingdom of Kittara, where they lost their religion, forgot their language, extracted their lower incisors like the natives, changed their national name to Wahuma, and no longer remembered the names of Hubshi or Galla; though even the present reigning kings retain a singular traditional account of their having once been half white and half black, with hair on the white side straight and on the black side frizzly. It was a curious indication of the prevailing idea still entertained by them of their foreign extraction, that it was surmised in Unyoro that the approach of us white men into their country from both sides at once, augured an intention on our part to take back the country from them. Believing, as they do, that Africa formerly belonged to Europeans, from whom it was taken by negroes with whom they had allied themselves, the Wahuma make themselves a small residue of the original European stock driven from the land—an idea which seems natural enough when we consider that the Wahuma are in numbers quite insignificant compared with the natives.—Page 248.

So much for the theory which accounts for the presence in Africa of a people so different from the native negro populations. Pursuing this theory farther, Captain Speke holds that disensions, similar to those which originally divided the Abyssinians, divided those of them who had founded the kingdom of Kittara, and created the separate principalities of Unyoro, Karagûé, and Uganda, which is the most powerful of all, and will afford us materials for a long description when we come to speak of our travellers' lengthy residence in it. Let us now return to Rumanika.

His sable majesty provided the travellers with residences near his own palace. There they dwelt, unmolested, in the position of guests; free to come or go as they pleased, with every disposition on the king's part to make them as happy as he could as long as they chose to stay. His sons and nephews, "models of the Abyssinian type of beauty, and as polite in their manner as thorough-bred gentlemen," were appointed to attend them. So the days passed pleasantly by in long talks with the king, or in excursions to hunt or see the country. Moreover, all those persons who had travelled far were sent for, and from them Captain Speke was enabled to extract information of a sufficiently reliable character to determine the distant topographical positions laid down on his map.

Of these, that which is the most interesting is the chain termed Mountains of the Moon, respecting which Ptolemy, the Alexandrian geographer, wrote the famous statement which has excited the attention of the world ever since his day:—"Around this gulf, that is, the Gulf of Zanzibar, dwell the man-eating Ethiopians, from the west of whom extend the Mountains of the Moon, from which the lakes of the Nile receive their snows."

Subsequent investigations of Captain Speke have shown that this venerable authority was not so wrong as people have supposed him to have been. The Nile does receive a vast supply of water from some mountains which Captain Speke terms "Mountains of the Moon," situated to the west of the Nyanza lake, though whether they are the only mountains which supply that lake with water remains yet a matter of mystery, in our ignorance of the configuration of its north-eastern shore. At the same time we are sorry to say that

Captain Speke's expedition does not contribute any positive information respecting this celebrated chain. One evening, he says—

Returning home to the tents as the evening sky was illumined with the red glare of the sun, my attention was attracted by observing in the distance some bold sky-scraping cones, situated in the country Ruanda, which at once brought back to recollection the ill-defined story I had heard from the Arabs, of a wonderful hill always covered with clouds, on which snow or hail was constantly falling.—Page 213.

He decided that one of these cones reached a height of 10,000 feet, and says that "at their base are both salt and copper-mines, as well as hot springs."

There are several parallel mountain ranges, separated by rivers, which fall into the Kitangulé. An excursion in this direction is so interesting in a geographical point of view, that we extract Captain Speke's account of it:—

At day-break Rumanika sent us word that he was off to a spur of a hill beyond the Little Windermere, overlooking the Ingezi Kagéra, or river which separates Kishakka from Karagué, to show me how the Kitangulé river was fed by small lakes and marshes, in accordance with my expressed wish to have a better comprehension of the drainage system of the Mountains of the Moon. . . . After pushing through the tall reeds with which the end of the lake is covered, we emerged in the clear open, and skirted the farther side of the water until a small strait was gained, which led us into another lake, drained at the northern end into a vast swampy plain, covered entirely with tall rushes, excepting only in a few places where bald patches expose the surface of the water, or where the main streams of the Ingezi and Luchuro valleys cut a clear drain for themselves.

The whole scenery was most beautiful. Green and fresh, the slopes of the hills were covered with grass, with small clumps of soft, cloudy-looking acacias growing a few feet only above the water, and above them, facing over the hills, five detached trees, and here and there the gigantic medicinal aloe. Arrived near the end of the hill in the second lake, the paddles splashed into shore, where a large concourse of people were drawn up to receive me.—Pages 218, 219.

They then were hospitably entertained at a picnic by Rumanika, who asked them many questions as to how they liked his country, and took them over the mountain spur to the Kagéra side, where they found, to their surprise, the canoes they had come up the lake in.

They had gone out of the lake at its northern end, paddled into and then up the Kagéra to where we stood, showing, by actual navigation, the connection of these highland lakes with the rivers which drain the various spurs of the Mountains of the Moon. The Kagéra was deep and dark, of itself a very fine stream, and, considering it was only one, and that too a minor one, of the various affluents which drain the mountain valleys into the Victoria Nyanza through the medium of the Kitangulé river, I saw at once there must be water sufficient to make the Kitangulé a very powerful tributary to the lake.—Page 219.

So that, if it can be determined that there is no larger affluent to the Nyanza than this river, it will be possible to say with accuracy that the Nile rises in the Mountains of the Moon.

We have given much space to the narrative of Captain Speke's sojourn at Karagué, because, by so doing, we felt we could tell, once for all, many things which would have to be told sooner or later about the people of this part of Africa. Before we leave these hospitable people, we must mention one extraordinary custom

prevalent among members of the royal house: they fatten their wives to such an extent that they cannot stand upright. On a visit to the king's eldest brother, Captain Speke says:—

On entering the hut I found the old man and his wife sitting side by side on a bench of earth strewn over with grass, whilst in front of them were placed numerous wooden pots of milk. I was struck with no small surprise at the way he received me, as well as with the extraordinary dimensions, yet pleasing beauty, of the immoderately fat fair one, his wife. She could not rise; and so large were her arms that, between the joints, the flesh hung down like large, loose-stuffed puddings.—Page 209.

On a visit to another royal personage we find "the daughter sucking at a milk-pot, on which her father kept her at work by holding a rod in his hand, for, as fattening is the first duty of fashionable female life, it must be duly enforced by the rod, if necessary. Her features were lovely, but her body was as round as a ball."—Page 231.

At last a message came from Mtesa, King of Uganda, bidding the travellers welcome to his kingdom. Captain Grant was still too ill to travel, so Captain Speke started alone, and on January 10th, 1862, bid adieu to King Rumanika.

The Tide of Even, and other Poems, with Tales and Songs. By J. SWAIN. London: Hall, Smart, and Allen.

THIS is a volume of graceful and unpretending verse, written, we believe, in the intervals of pressing business.

Answers to Correspondents.

N. H. V.—If you want information respecting the Baptists, you should write to the Superintendent of the Baptist College, Regent's Park. But while we cordially approve of your anxiety to raise and educate yourself, we would have you earnestly and prayerfully consider whether you are not serving God better by remaining in the state into which he has called you, than by trying to place yourself in a new one. It may be a hard and unsatisfactory task to set a good example to your fellow-workmen, but we think it very likely that you may be doing more good by living a steady life among them, than if you became a minister.

ENQUIRER.—We cannot enter into controversial subjects. In any of the numerous treatises on Baptism, the question you refer to is fully discussed.

The Editor begs to intimate that he is unable to avail himself of the following MSS.:—

A Journey to Paris. On Springs of Water. Thoughts about Heaven. The Swiss Courier. My Husband's Secret. The Wife at Home. Cardinal Wolsey. A Total Abstinence Disciple. The Farmer's Daughter. Hare Facts Enough. A Night in the Jewel Tower. Pilgrim Fathers—Poem. Eagle's Nest. Fisherman's Story. Valdictory Address to a Workhouse Nurse. Ulrich Zwingle. Little Mary's Birthday. Childhood's Prayer. Stories from Real Life. Gleanings from a Curate's Notebook. Autumn Rambling with Thomson. Female Education. Silent Prayer. Discontented Man. Notes on Scriptural Subjects. St. Patrick. Sabbath Poem. Visit to an English Monastery. My Picture Book. A Man of Sorrows and Acquainted with Grief.

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.
BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON.

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SCENE I: DISCUSSION.

THAT it may be seen how Edward was treated by the Muswell Hill family, let readers glance at two or three of a series of shifting pictures, which may enable them more or less perfectly to form some just conception of life at the Clock House in the year 1846.

It is July—a blazing hot day out in the sun; but pleasant enough under the clump of old English poplars that throws dark shade over the part of the Clock House lawn where Mr. Newbolt, Ida, Flo, and Edward are enjoying the warm, blossom-scented air. Flo is painting from Nature—doing Nature, by the way, grievous insult in her attempts to reproduce a certain magnificent elm which stands some twenty paces away from the party.

Ida, in an easy chair which has been wheeled to its present position by Edward, is netting a shawl with fine Berlin wool of snowy whiteness.

Mr. Newbolt is lying at full length on a water-proof oil-cloth, with his head propped by crimson cushions.

Edward is kneeling by the side of Flo's sketching stool, and is in the act of giving her a finer brush.

The hour is four o'clock, p.m.

Having to take the chair at a City dinner, Mr. Newbolt has returned to Muswell Hill at an earlier hour than usual, in order that he may not be deprived of his usual daily allowance of Flo's society by faithful discharge of public duty.

This is scene No. 1. Let the canvas be forthwith rolled away, now that it has been inspected. Readers are but required to bear in mind its principal feature—the sunny lawn flecked with islets of black shadow, the bright flower beds bordering the terrace walk, the solid mansion basking in the fierce light, the cool shrubberies, and tree clumps; the quiet valley at the foot of the hill, and London in the distance, beautified by haze of silvery blue. Having exhibited the picture, this history returns to the past tense, and records what the painter's art is powerless to tell.

"A precious fuss they're making about that painter!" observed Mr. Newbolt, lazily turning his head towards Ida.

"You mean poor Mr. Haydon, I suppose?" said Ida, with something of displeasure in her voice.

"Exactly. The man went on for ever so many years painting excessively bad pictures; and when he found out the other day that people didn't care for his absurd canvas libel on popular government—a libel based on some old classic story, of which, as a matter of course, we have only heard the side that tells most strongly against the lower orders—he went and made away with himself, in what they call a paroxysm of temporary insanity. He could have borne neglect—Heaven knows he had grown pretty well used to that—but he couldn't bear the thought that the Yankee dwarf had taken the

wind out of his sails. The ridicule of the contrast was too much for this man of genius. Temporary insanity, indeed! The case never existed which justified the verdict."

"Father, you are too severe, too hard on weakness," answered Ida, who had observed Edward's face glow and his eyes brighten with excitement as her father made his harsh, brutal speech; "too hard; I mean in word."

"That's just what the fellow said who came to me, touting for a subscription to the Haydon fund. 'Come,' he said, 'you've abused the dead to your heart's content; now write out a cheque for the widow and her orphans.'"

"And, of course, you complied?" said Ida, firmly, throwing an uneasy glance towards Edward, as she spoke—a glance which was intended to make him pass on to another topic.

"He gave fifty pounds," said Flo, keeping her eyes fixed on her elm, "I saw it in the *Times* this morning."

This was said quickly; for the speaker's womanly instinct told her how her father's words pained the young artist kneeling at her side. She had not, like Ida, seen his face and eyes fire with indignation, but she could hear his heart beat quick, and his breathings grow audible, like the pantings of a dog. She had, therefore, hastened to assure her teacher that, notwithstanding his words, her father had acted humanely and generously.

"What a fierce bark you have," laughed Ida, greatly relieved by Flo's timely speech, "and how terribly you show your teeth, for a dog who never bites."

"Do I never bite?" retorted the father. "Ask the dogs with whom this dog quarrels in the City, and at the other end of the town!"

"Anyhow, your bite was less cruel than your bark this time."

"I gave my money—without a doubt. Yes; I put down fifty pounds. But they are making an absurd row about the man. According to the *Thunderer*, we ought to have a revolution—because an unlucky painter has blown his brains out."

"I could believe you wrote the article yourself, it is so violent," replied Flo in her sauciest vein, turning her face backwards over her shoulder, and throwing her sire just such another uneasy glance as he had shortly before received from Ida.

But Flo's glance was not more effectual than her sister's had been.

"No, no, pet," returned the giant, interpreting Flo's impudent speech literally; "I do, and say, and write violently sometimes, but I am not quite such a hot-headed fool as you would make me out. Come, Edward, we have heard what Ida thinks, and Flo has given us her opinion; have you nothing to say?"

The inquiry cut into Ida's heart like a knife, and made Flo wish that she could sink under the green lawn; for the two ladies had already conversed with Edward about Haydon's history and mournful end. For many days the ill-starred painter's death had been the one chief topic of the studios, and amongst the most engrossing subjects of talk with the outer world; and though Mr.

Newbolt had not before alluded to the tragic event in Edward's presence, the sisters had seen the young artist's eyes fill with tears whilst he gave them an outline of Haydon's bright hopes, lofty aspirations, heroic struggles, and awful departure from the world.

"Come," urged the master of the Clock House, repeating his words, "have you nothing to say?"

Edward rose slowly from the spot where he had been kneeling by Flo's stool, and turned himself towards the questioner, before he made reply.

Flo was too frightened to follow him with her eyes, though, in the excitement of girlish curiosity, she would fain have satisfied herself as to how he looked. She feared an outburst of anger and contemptuous indignation from the young man, whose deepest and most generous feelings were, she knew, cruelly wounded by what had passed. True, he was usually calm and deliberate in his words; but the manner in which he had previously spoken in her hearing of Haydon's career had taught her that her patient tutor possessed a poet's heart and a tongue which could be very eloquent.

She dared not look at him, and the hand in which she held her brush trembled, so that it was powerless for artistic work, as she heard his answer, made in the hoarse, low voice of a man resolved to maintain his self-composure, although he was contending with many strong emotions.

"I have held my tongue, sir, because I dared not trust myself to speak; your words—your hard, unfeeling, merciless words—pained me so. I think that Mr. Haydon was, in truth, the noblest artist England has ever given to my profession. I do not speak of his works, but the earnest spirit which inspired him, and the lofty aims he resolutely kept in view; from the days of young hope, when he painted his 'Joseph and Mary,' to the time when he fell dead, killed by his own hand, before his picture of 'Alfred.' What can you and his worst enemies say against him, except that he did not expend his powers on tasks by which he could easily have attained to affluence? That is all you can say against him; and if he were alive now, he would answer to your charge, 'I know I could have earned wealth by doing as you would have had me do; but a voice within—a voice which, though I am no coward, I dared not disobey—ordered me to labour for the exaltation of art, and not for my own personal advantage. Haydon sacrificed himself to duty, as much as ever any hero did over whose grave the country has raised a monument of its gratitude. He died poor, he died in the anguish which wins from loving natures a tear of pity for every wretched being who perishes by his own act; but, before he fell, he did much for art: not in the pictures he has left us (for the best of them are faulty), but in the glorious example he set the members of his profession, of high purpose and courageous effort—an example, sir, the moral influence of which, strengthened by the contrast of his magnificent ambition and miserable circumstances, will do far more to raise art to his lofty ideal than it could effect had he left behind him a gallery of perfect productions, and wealth greater than the fortunes of the men who sneer at him as a poor, discontented visionary. Mr. Newbolt, you over-estimate the value of mere worldly success; and with all your libe-

rality, you are unable to understand that very grand men may sometimes be, in a narrow sense, very conspicuous failures. Miss Flo tells me that you have given his widow and children fifty pounds: for their sakes, I am glad to hear it; but, for your sake, for the sake of the respect I wished to bear you, I would rather have heard from your lips fifty words of admiration for the dead man's noble life."

Ida was pleased, Flo was delighted; both were astounded by the young man's speech.

Never before had they heard their father addressed in such a manner; and in a confusion of approval and consternation they waited to see how he would receive the bold reproof from a man so much his inferior in age and position. Had Edward exceeded the limits of generous anger, they would have been quick to detect it; had he, in the irritation of the crisis, uttered an expression that was not fairly justified by the offence, their hearts would have taken the father's part. But, as it was, they blamed nothing, resented nothing that he had said. But how would their father take it?

Mr. Newbolt's state of mind may be described by the two words—satisfaction and amusement.

He had, in his long course of political warfare, grown so case-hardened to invective, so thoroughly accustomed to warm attacks of argument, that he did not experience even an instant's irritation at being told of his errors of taste, feeling, judgment; at being roundly charged with failings which his conscience, as well as his enemies, often told him were the defects of his character.

In his mind, the youngster was "upon his legs;" and as a matter of course, the youngster being "on his legs," would hit him as hard as he could. When men rose to "their legs" to put their views forcibly, it was altogether agreeable to the fitness of things that they should pitch into one another; and the man who took in dudgeon a smart thing, although it might be an unpleasant truth, from a speaker "on his legs," was nothing more or less than a thin-skinned booby. These were first principles with John Harrison Newbolt; and as he sat erect upon his oil-cloth mat, watching Edward's bright eyes, taking note of every word of his lips, and marking his contemptuous indignation with critical approval, animosity towards his *protégé* for presuming to call him to order was of all sentiments the one from which he was most distant. He was satisfied, because he had intended to goad his young friend into open opposition; he was amused, because he read in his daughters' faces their surprise, perplexity, and trouble. Moreover, he was cordially gratified with the youngster's "pluck."

"Bravo!" laughed the giant. "Bravo! very good indeed for a beginner. I thought, Master Edward, I knew how to get a rise out of you. Admirably done, my lad! If you had been made of ordinary stuff, you'd have thought twice before you treated your patron so frankly. There, girls, now you see how we carry on business in 'the House' on field nights."

Ida and Flo were too well pleased with this mode of treating the affair to refrain from joining in their father's laugh; and Edward, when he saw three faces full of merriment turned to him, thinking that he had displayed needless warmth, immediately altered his tone,

"What a shame of you, papa!" cried Flo.

"I shall soon understand you better, Mr. Newbolt," observed Edward, smiling away his own wrath, and blushing, as Ida looked up mischievously; "as it is, this is not the first time you have played with me. Don't you remember how nearly I quarrelled with you in the Octagon Room?"

"He made such a capital story of that first interview," said Ida; who greatly enjoyed her father's rough sport with the feelings of others. "I should dearly have liked to overhear you."

A pause.

"I am heartily glad, though, that you didn't mean what you said about Haydon," observed Edward.

"I meant a little of it."

"You are playing with me again."

"No. On my honour, I won't try to make a fool of you any more."

"How far, then, were you in earnest? You needn't be afraid to tell. Even if the ladies leave us, I won't be pugnacious."

"Then," cried the giant, "their presence kept you silent—say? You couldn't make up your mind to treat the old man as he deserved whilst his daughters were looking on? I wondered what made you hang fire so long."

Whereupon Edward by a blush admitted that he should have been quicker in reply if Flo had not been by his side, and Ida had been away.

"My objection to Haydon," resumed Mr. Newbolt, speaking in a tone which convinced his hearers that he was no longer bent on mischief, "is that he was not practical. I knew something of him, and liked him well, for he could be a charming companion, but he lacked common sense. Why couldn't he have painted pictures suitable for private houses whilst he was waiting for public buildings big enough to admit of colossal works, and for a public ready to pay for them? He wasn't practical."

"That was his misfortune," urged Edward, who was reluctant to concede that the painter had a fault. "Perhaps he wasn't practical, but he was earnest, with the grandest and noblest sort of earnestness. He made mistakes—I admit that he did. He wasn't a giant; but he tried to accomplish a giant's work—not for his own sake, but out of pure love of art."

"He'd have done more if he had been more practical," objected Mr. Newbolt, doggedly.

"His moral influence would not have been greater. The service he rendered art is not to be looked for in his paintings. Some of it is recorded in his published lectures and writings; but the most valuable result of his labours is the effect they had upon the younger artists of his time—an effect which will not die out with those who witnessed his contest with adverse fortune, but will endure amongst my profession as the lesson of every true worker's life ought to endure. The bare mention of his name will inspire students of this and after generations with earnestness: and what art stands in need of is earnestness in its followers. Let artists be thoroughly devoted to their vocation, maintaining the highest possible ideal of the province, and purpose, and capabilities of art; and without regard to personal gain, striving in all things, both great and

small, to act up to their high ideal. Let artists do this, like Haydon, and art will flourish, though she had not a wealthy patron left in the country to encourage young talent."

"Do you think art is alone in needing earnest workers?" asked Ida.

"I am afraid," answered Edward, "I don't think as much as I ought about anything but art. Still, it is clear that whatever labour men find for their hands to do, they should do it thoroughly; and the fruits of their endeavours, the reward of it also, will be in accordance with the degree of their zeal and self-devotion."

"Haydon's reward was poor enough—debts, contumely, and wretchedness, that drove him to commit suicide," interposed Mr. Newbolt. "A poor reward that for the merits of genius and earnestness. He'd have been better rewarded if he had stuck to portrait-painting."

"I was thinking of a very different sort of reward."

"Bless me! Mr. Edward Smith, what reward were you thinking of? In this country, where titles and ribbons are charily distributed to men of genius, how are you to measure their rewards, except by the entries in their bank-books? If an artist doesn't fill his pouch with money, he goes altogether unrewarded."

"I had in my mind, sir," replied Edward, slowly, and with a simple solemnity which made a deep and lasting impression on the youngest of his hearers, "the reward which faithful servants will receive in another world from God, who judges men by their thoughts rather than their acts—by what they try to do rather than by what they actually accomplish."

"Umph! that's what you were thinking of, was it? Well, I hadn't taken such a lofty flight," returned Mr. Newbolt, who could not sympathise with the spirit of this grave reply, and felt that religion was being dragged into a discussion which offered it no suitable accommodation. "I am a plain man—of common-place, practical views, and don't care to mix earth and heaven together."

"Sometimes they are very near each other, dear father," said Ida, in a voice which accorded with the tone of Edward's last words.

"There, there," laughed the father, recovering his good humour, "don't you follow in Edward's lead, and begin to preach. Flo will next take to sermonising, and then I shall have to take to my heels. The sum of all my remarks is, I don't object to men being in earnest; indeed, I like earnestness; but I do not see why artists shouldn't be earnest and keep a sharp look out for the main chance."

"Did you ever see Haydon?" inquired Flo, turning to Edward.

"Never; I wish I had. He and Mr. Buckmaster were friends; and last year I missed seeing him in Newman-street by about five minutes. He spent two hours in the studio, talking to Mr. Buckmaster's pupils, and I was absent."

"I met him last year, at a dinner-party," said Ida. "He had grown old in appearance—his face was worn, and his head gray; but as soon as he talked about art, it was clear that time and suffering had not robbed him of

his enthusiasm. As I drove home after the party I said to myself—

"High is our calling, friend. Creative art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil, pregnant with ethereal hues)
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
Heroically fashioned—to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lovely muse,
Which the whole world seems adverse to desert.
And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness:
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!"

Ida's voice gave splendid effect to this familiar sonnet. Poetry and prose the lady could read, as none can who have not both practised reading as an art, and received from Nature the gifts requisite for the highest order of elocution. Not only was her voice strong and melodious, it was capable of those quick but harmonious changes of tone—those sudden, but sweet, surprises of modulation, which, not less than the speaker's fervour and complete sympathy with an author, contribute to the delight of those who listen to triumphs of recitative art. John Harrison Newbolt cared little for poetry, or literature of any kind; but on quiet winter evenings he greatly liked to sit in his easy-chair, listening to Ida's rendering of Shakespeare.

On the present occasion, her art gained an enthusiastic admirer.

"What a wonderful faculty you have, Miss Newbolt," Edward exclaimed, when the lady's voice was silent, "for putting the thoughts of other people into magnificent language. You have just said what I have often felt, but have been unable to think out clearly and distinctly."

It was due not less to Ida's art, than to his own ignorance of the poet who had been quoted, that he had not detected she spoke another's words, as well as another's thoughts.

"You praise me too much, Mr. Smith," answered Ida, colouring with pleasure at his manifest delight, as with nervous anxiety not to hurt his feelings she pointed out his error. "The words are Wordsworth's. I should have said so before I began. It was wrong of me to make thoughts so noble appear as if they were originally my own."

"Wordsworth! Wordsworth!" rejoined Edward; "who is he? I never heard his name before." And then seeing a look of quiet surprise in Flo's face, and a corresponding expression of quiet amusement in Ida's countenance, he added quickly, with boyish simplicity, "I dare say I ought to blush for my ignorance, and I am blushing" (which was very true); "but unfortunately, Miss Newbolt, I am very imperfectly educated."

"Don't tell people so," interposed John Newbolt, loudly; "'tisn't one man in a hundred who is able to find it out; and the ninety-and-nine blockheads will take you at your own valuation."

"But I don't want blockheads, or clever people either, to think me wiser than I am."

"Don't you? You'll be more practical when you're a little older. But you needn't trouble yourself about your ignorance this time. You won't get much by reading Wordsworth, although Ida makes a fuss about him."

"You must tell me who he is though," said Edward, looking at Mr. Newbolt, who had risen from his mat, and was now standing upright, in the fulness of his great height and massive body.

"Wordsworth is a writer of wretched, namby-pamby, passionless verses, about which the world, in one of its insanest freaks, is just now going stark mad. When I was a boy, the world was wiser, and treated the man with the neglect and contempt he deserves. There, Mr. Edward, now you know who Wordsworth is. I once tried to read his 'Excursion.' Heaven bless me! what stuff it is! Set me down in my City office any wet day, and I'll write you that kind of stuff by the hour together—as fast as I can make letters with an old quill pen. Contemptible rubbish! still, of course, it has a something which makes it superior to other rubbish of the same sort, or people wouldn't care for it as they do. In a certain miserable way, the man is successful."

"And therefore, respectable?" archly inquired Ida.

"Exactly so, and therefore respectable in a degree. But I must be off and dress for dinner. A chairman should never keep the dinner waiting."

Whereupon, John Harrison Newbolt kissed his children, shook hands with Edward, and hurried across the lawn, to the house and his dressing-room.

Before an hour had passed, he had forgotten all about the discussion on Haydon's merits.

But Flo remembered what had passed; the talk having given her sundry topics for meditation.

Hitherto, she had looked on pictures as elegant toys; on art, as little more than a source of refined amusement; on artists as a class of men whose business it was to create beautiful objects—not as teachers, with a vocation to create in human minds devotion to the good and true. For the first time in her life, she had heard that the artist's calling was a grand, noble, holy, calling—that art demanded of her followers self-sacrifice, and the most sacred qualities of man's nature, as well as cultivated intellect and toil of body. She had, moreover, discovered that Edward took this high view of art, and that he was resolved to strive in his appointed field of industry with all the earnestness of his earnest nature.

Important discoveries these for the girl whom Edward loved; and who, he was determined, should never love him.

(To be continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE INFIDEL.

DR. MASON GOOD, when arguing with a young infidel scoffer, well put the old error of making the faults of professors the fault of their profession. "Did you ever know an uproar made because an infidel had gone astray from the paths of morality?" The young man admitted he had not. "Then you allow Christianity to be a holy religion by expecting its professors to be holy; and thus, by your very scoffing, you pay it the highest compliment in your power."

UNITARIANISM NOT "THE TRUTH."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN SULLIVAN."

VII.—THE INADEQUACY OF THE SOCINIAN HYPOTHESIS.

OWEN. Welcome. What is to be the subject of our conversation this morning?

WHITE. I have thought that we might usefully consider the question, Whether the scheme or plan of theological belief offered to us by the Unitarians does at all coincide with, or account for, the general outline of facts which we find in the Bible? It always seems to me to be a mere naked theory, such as a man might frame who had never seen the Scriptures; but one which left four-fifths of the facts of the Bible narrative unaccounted for.

OWEN. Pray explain to me what you mean; for I confess that I do not quite understand you.

WHITE. I will try to make myself intelligible. I need scarcely remind you that the condition of the world, and of the human race, has always been regarded as a problem; and one of difficult solution. The great philosophers of old, Plato, Aristotle, and their fellows, revolved this question in their minds, but could not decide it. They plainly stated their perception of its enormous difficulties. This being the case, God gives to us his holy word, to make us "wise unto salvation," and to reveal "the mystery which has existed since the world began." Upon that word our faith should be founded; to that word our system of belief should be adjusted. If, therefore, any man offers us a creed, or system of belief, which overlooks or omits many or most of the facts of the Scripture history, and leaves them unaccounted for, as facts which he does not understand, we ought to regard any such scheme with doubt and suspicion.

OWEN. Will you show me how you apply this to our present inquiry?

WHITE. I think that a little reflection will enable you to apply it for yourself. But I will briefly touch upon the main facts of the case. The leading points of the Scripture narrative are these:—

1. The creation. It is plainly declared in the first page of the Bible, that God made man, as well as all his other works, "very good," and "in his own image." When, therefore, we look at all the murders, thefts, adulteries, falsehoods, which are constantly going on among men, we see very plainly that some great perversion or falling-away has taken place,

2. This is explained to us in the narrative of Eve's temptation. We there learn how man sinned, and lost his first purity and his nearness to God. By the next fact narrated, the murder of Abel, we perceive that sin and death had together entered into the world, and that crime and misery had taken hold of the human race.

3. But with the ruin, or disease, comes also the remedy. On Eve's sin, God clothes her and Adam with skins. This, if alone, would be unintelligible, since the slaying of an animal has not been mentioned. But we are left in no doubt, for in the very next chapter we find Abel offering unto God the firstlings of his flock. Now, it is inconceivable that a man should have imagined that God would be propitiated by the killing of a lamb, except God had himself so instructed him. Place before your

mind's eye, Eve, the first mother of us all, and her two sons. One of them had accustomed himself to the life of a shepherd, and he possessed a flock. Now, can you imagine that it ever could have entered into this shepherd's mind, that God would be pleased by his slaying one of these innocent lambs, and then burning it with fire upon an altar, unless God had in some way told him so? Yet, that God was pleased with this offering, we are distinctly told; and we are also distinctly told, that he was displeased with an offering without blood offered to him by Abel's brother. And no one who has read his Bible through, will be able to forget "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," spoken of by St. John, and which Lamb is plainly Christ. As we have met with the slain lamb in Adam's family, so do we find it—that is, the same rite of sacrifice—in Noah's, the second father of our race. And when Abraham is selected to begin the family of the people of the Lord, we find him, at every step, building an altar, and offering a burnt-offering. Now, pausing here, let me ask you, What explanation does Unitarianism give you of all this? What place does this rite of sacrifice, instituted by God himself, find in the Unitarian system?

OWEN. I really cannot tell you.

WHITE. Well, I looked into one of the leading Unitarian writers the other day, and I found him asserting, that "all the Mosaic sin-offerings were of the nature of a mule, or acknowledgment rendered, for the disregard of ceremonial liabilities, and contraction of ceremonial uncleanness."

OWEN. But why did he begin with "the Mosaic sin-offerings?" Surely, the first thing to be explained is the practice of sacrificing a lamb, as we find it in Adam's family, and probably as used by Adam himself.

WHITE. Of course it is. And what mean, too, Noah's sacrifices, and the burnt-offerings of Job and of Job's friends, who lived long before Moses' day, and which offerings are distinctly stated to be on account of sin committed? But, even in the Mosaic ritual, it is not true that the sin-offerings were solely, or even principally, on account of "ceremonial sins." The expression used in Lev. iv. is—"If any soul shall sin through ignorance against any of the commandments of the Lord." It is afterwards, in the next chapter, that we hear of "a trespass and sin in the holy things of the Lord." The larger class, of sin "against any of the commandments," comes first. But the main facts, which remain unexplained in the Unitarian system, are—What is the meaning of the slain lamb which we find in every part of the Bible, even two thousand years before Moses? Why is Jesus called "the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world?" and why is it that, from first to last, as the Apostle Paul reminds us, "without shedding of blood there is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22)?

OWEN. What, then, is the conclusion you wish to draw from this?

WHITE. The conclusion which seems to me inevitable, is this: That the whole Unitarian scheme is one grand mistake. Its advocates wish to represent all the sin and misery which pervades the world, as a very light thing. They try to persuade themselves that God is a good-natured, indulgent Being, who, seeing that some of his

children had gone astray, and committed faults and follies, sent a great Teacher, Christ, to set them a good example, and will, by some means or other, amend and bring them all back, purged and purified. But this view is intrinsically a false one. It is mainly limited to a little corner of the earth, England, which has been somewhat leavened by the Gospel into a measure of morality. It then looks chiefly at the most decent and well-behaved classes, averting its eyes from the luxurious sins of the rich, and the coarser vices of the poor; and, having thus selected its best example of humanity, a small portion of the people of one of the smallest of all the countries, it tries to persuade itself that this little collection of people is a fair specimen of man—the human race. But this is a transparent delusion. A large and general view would show millions of cruel, brutal, lustful, fierce, and savage heathen, for every thousand of educated and decently moral Englishmen. Take China, with its infanticide, and its bloody massacres; Persia and Turkey, with their indescribable and monstrous vices; Africa, reeking with blood; India, as exhibited in the revolt; or Polynesia, the murderer of so many missionaries—the scene of every kind of vice and crime. What is the true character of the human race, but that given by St. John—"The whole world lieth in wickedness?" Or, to take a larger and juster view of our own population than that which Unitarians generally present, remark this fact: Every Unitarian writer is wont to delight in descriptions of the goodness of God, and of man's obligation to worship and love him. Well, compare these views with the notorious fact, that of the whole population of London, exceeding two millions, fully one half, or more than one million, deliberately turn their backs, Sunday by Sunday, on every sort of religious worship, and prefer to spend the day in mere physical enjoyments, frequently of the grossest kind; while "God is not in all their thoughts."

OWEN. But why do you urge this point, at this particular moment? What is its bearing on our present inquiry?

WHITE. Its bearing is this, I maintain that the Unitarian view of man's real state and condition is deplorably inadequate; is, in short, utterly at variance with the fact. Their writings always present us with a picture of man as erring, as weak, as often falling into temptation; but as guided amidst all by an indulgent Father, who kindly overlooks his faults, and is bringing him to a heavenly home at last. I declare this to be a fiction of the most perilous kind. I say that the descriptions of man's state given in the Scriptures are true descriptions.

"God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually" (Gen. vi. 5). "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" (Jer. xvii. 9). "Out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, murders, thefts, blasphemy, lasciviousness" (Mark vii. 21). "There is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. iii. 10). In fact, St. Paul's description, written in the midst of the civilised Roman empire, was then, and is still, true of mankind at large: "They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable."

there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness: their feet are swift to shed blood: destruction and misery are in their ways: and the way of peace have they not known: there is no fear of God before their eyes."

OWEN. Well, I believe all this; in fact, I see it in daily life.

WHITE. Well, then, as is the disease, so must be the remedy. "The wages of sin is death." With sin, from the beginning, death was connected. And hence, all through the Bible, man is spoken of as lost, ruined, and undone; and as needing a mighty Saviour. Therefore it was, that as soon as sin had gained possession of man, and Satan had become the god of this world, a great plan of salvation was revealed; which explains, when it is understood, the rite of sacrifice, as we find it in all parts of the Bible. The whole Christian system was condensed into a single expression, by John the Baptist, when he said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Here we have the great central fact of the Gospel, which was prefigured by Abel's lamb, by Abraham's lamb, and by all the sacrifices of the Mosaic law. Christ, as the Lamb of God, came to "lay down his life for his sheep;" to "purchase his Church with his own blood;" "to give his life a ransom for many;" "to suffer, the just for the unjust;" and thus "to make peace through the blood of his cross," and to "reconcile us to God." Thus, as St. Paul declared, the cross of Christ became the glory of the sinner, and "the power of God unto salvation." All this is quite left out of the Unitarian system, which begins by denying the lost and ruined state of man, and proceeds by representing God as "altogether such an one as ourselves;" and ends by making Christ nothing more than a teacher, a reformer, and an example.

OWEN. Yes, I see this; but you seem to forget that the Unitarian writers do not regard the Scriptures in quite the same light as you or I do. They now set up reason, or conscience, or what some call "absolute religion," as the sole and supreme judge. The Bible is only to be listened to so far as it agrees with this inward monitor. Hence they do not lay nearly so much stress upon little incidents, like that of Abel's lamb, as you seem inclined to do.

WHITE. I am aware of this. But surely it is evident, that an appeal to the conscience of men in general will hardly answer their purpose. Doubtless they may find many persons in this country who have gradually schooled themselves into a belief of the general goodness of God, and the general harmlessness of man; and who, therefore, hardly believe in such a thing as sin, or discern any meaning in sacrifice: but this is not the general verdict of the human race. On the contrary, if we take a large and extensive survey, embracing mankind in general, throughout all ages, and in all countries, the leading characteristics which everywhere strike us are, a consciousness of sin, a dread of an offended Deity, and a conviction of the necessity of some propitiation, generally by sacrifice. A variety of religions have existed, and do still exist, both in the old kingdoms of Heathendom, and among the savages of Africa, America, and Australasia; but amidst all their different forms, these leading ideas are almost always present.

OWEN. You except, of course, the Buddhist nations.

WHITE. Yes, and therefore I said, "almost always." Buddhism is the one exception. I might, if it were necessary, describe a hundred different religions, of ancient and modern times, and point out how, in all of them, the same leading features, of a sense of sin, a dread of an offended Deity, and an attempt to propitiate him by sacrifices, are ever present. Even human victims are found immolated, both in days of old and in modern times. We see clearly that the question which suggested itself to the Psalmist, "Shall I give the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" has been asked in many lands, and among many people. The Socinian idea, that there is no real quarrel between man and his Creator, and that a vicarious sacrifice is an absurdity, is, therefore, not the dictate of the natural conscience, but is wholly opposed to it.

OWEN. You regard then, sin, and the putting away of sin by the sacrifice of Christ, as the great topic of the Bible; and you deem the Unitarian hypothesis as inadequate and untrue, because it lays little stress on these matters?

WHITE. I do, most decidedly. I say that the Divine Author of the Bible, knowing that man's sad condition and clouded prospects do, in fact, constitute the grand problem which exercises the thoughts of all thinking men, loses no time in solving this problem in the book which He has given us. It was needful, first, to explain how the earth was formed, and how man came into being. But having related these events in the most succinct manner, the Divine Author goes on at once to the main question—How came man to be a fallen creature, prone to evil, in every thought, word, and action? In the second page of the Bible this question is answered. We there learn that the first man sinned, and that every descendant of his has been born with the taint of sin and death upon him. But the remedy is revealed along with the ruin. "The Lamb of God," "the seed of the woman," "He who was to take away the sin of the world," is at once made known; and, from the very hour of Adam's fall, the plan of salvation by the sacrifice of God's incarnate Son, is distinctly and fully explained. The thankful acceptance of this salvation, and the constant foreshowing of it by the sacrifice of a lamb, is thenceforward in the Bible the mark of the people of God. Those who, like Cain, reject this sacrifice, and think to propitiate God in some other way, always plunge into a sea of evils. Cain's children made the earth uninhabitable, and obliged God to sweep them all away. With Noah and his sons a new race of sacrificing worshippers began; but soon many of these corrupted themselves. To keep up a record and a knowledge of himself, God selected the family of Abraham. Jacob, Abraham's grandson, founded a nation, and to that nation God gave a code of laws. In that code we find the faith and practice of Abel, Noah, and Job, developed in a series of ceremonial laws. Sacrifice, for the putting away of sin, is the grand central feature of this religion. By the prophets of this nation—David, Isaiah, and others—the meaning of all these sacrifices, as pointing to "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," is fully explained. In the New Testament we find all these types and predictions

fulfilled. But a system of religion which treats sin with lightness, denies man to be a lost and ruined creature, and rejects the idea of a Divine atonement for his transgressions, seems to me to be one which ought not to assume the name of Christianity. As reasonably might a man claim to be a disciple of Copernicus, or Galilee, who adhered to the old belief that the earth was the centre of the universe, as a believer in man's harmlessness, and in his sure prospect of eternal bliss, without any sacrifice for sin, may justly deem himself a disciple of Him who came "to give His life a ransom for many."

OWEN. Have you considered the strong protests which the Unitarians make against what is called "the vicarious sacrifice of Christ"—against, indeed, the whole principle of substituting one person for another, in the matter of a satisfaction for sin?

WHITE. Oh! yes; I could hardly avoid considering that which is so leading a point in their case. But I never could examine any of their reasonings on this subject, without being struck with the wilful blindness of the authors. They constantly omit all the main facts of the case; not that they can be ignorant of them; but that they appear to shut their eyes, or to turn their backs upon them. But we are approaching a subject which is too large to be dealt with in the short time which remains to us; and we must defer this part of the subject, I suppose, until our next meeting.

(To be continued.)

NOTES FROM A PASTOR'S DIARY.

BY THE REV. EDWARD SPOONER, M.A., VICAR OF HESTON.*

No. 6.—PRAYERS BY WORKING MEN.

ONE day the Scripture-reader called upon me, and told me he had a curious subject to mention to me.

"What is that?"

"You know Mr. —?" mentioning a tailor who kept a small shop in one of our streets.

"Yes."

"He called me to him to-day, and told me that he wanted some prayers for working men, to be written by working men, who knew what a working man was."

"A very good idea. What did you say to him?"

"Why, I told him I thought I knew the men who could write, and he has promised to come to our meeting to-night to ask them, but he wants your consent first; and he wants to know if you will look through them to see that all's right before they're printed."

I promised to look over them, and heard no more of the matter for some weeks. At the end of that time, however, my friend came to me with a bundle of manuscripts.

"Hey! what are these?"

"The prayers, sir."

"Are they? Well, I have no time to look over them and master the writing, but you take them home, make yourself master of them, and come to me with them to-morrow."

To-morrow came. The manuscripts would have frightened a printer; so my friend sat down and

* "Parson and People." Seeley and Co., 54, Fleet Street.

read them aloud to me, while I wrote them out from his dictation. Most carefully did I abstain from altering a word, except where it was positively necessary; and most carefully also did I abstain from making them, in any sense, my own production. When I had written for some time, I asked—

"But who is to pay for the printing of all this?"

"Mr. —."

"Indeed! does he know what it will cost? One thousand copies cannot be printed under six pounds at the least, and he can ill afford that. I will gladly help him."

"No, sir; he says he will take no help. He has been saving up shillings for a long time, and when he has enough he will print them."

This declaration, I found, was based on a firm determination; and my friend the tailor did pay for the first thousand. The writers had all bargained that their names should not be printed, and had given over the copyright of the prayers to my Scripture-reader, on condition that any profits resulting from the sale of them might go to the funds of the society. Originally, therefore, only initials were attached to each prayer; but now, at the request of several distinguished persons, the occupation of each writer has been added. The fourteenth thousand has just been printed, and many have been the expressions of deep interest in the book which have reached me from most eminent judges.*

The list of the writers is now before me; and though I withhold their names, I give their occupations, to prove how completely they were "working men:"—

Sunday, Morning and Evening.—By a Coal Porter.

Monday, Morning and Evening.—Working Upholsterer.

Tuesday, Morning and Evening.—Sawyer.

Wednesday, Morning and Evening.—Railway Ticket-collector.

Thursday, Morning and Evening.—Policeman.

Friday, Morning.—Railway Porter.

Friday, Evening.—A Cabman and a Painter.

Saturday, Morning.—Plumber and Plate-layer.

Saturday, Evening.—Policeman.

Prayer for a Working Man out of Work.—Engine-fitter.

For a Family in Trouble.—Policeman and Painter.

Prayer before receiving the Sacrament.—Warehouse Porter.

Prayer after receiving the Sacrament.—Carpenter.

All these men were personally known to me, and almost every one of them was a regular communicant. The idea of a prayer for a working man out of work originated with a man who had been for weeks out of work, and who had a mother and several brothers and sisters chiefly dependent on him.

"A working man out of work." Ah! friends, you little know what that means. Imagine your rents suddenly stopped, your dividends cancelled, and your debentures a failure for an indefinite

time, and all your expenses running on, and then you will have some idea of the position in which a man is placed who is out of work. Those words have a truly deep and bitter meaning to many an ear.

Wherever this work has reached "working men," they have been deeply interested in it; but all were anxious, before we added the occupations, to know what the exact position of the writers was.

As a mere literary curiosity, as a mere token of the spread of education, there is a deep interest in the work; but many would feel that the deeper and truer spirit breathes in the whole tone and sentiment of its pages. Let us look, not with an eye of mere curiosity, at these pages for a moment, and mark with pleasure their deep sincerity, and the way also in which the spirit of our Liturgy breathes through them. There may be expressions in them which more highly educated men would not have used, but there may be also more nerve than they would have shown.

The coal porter, writing for Sunday mornings, prays thus for the afflicted:—"Bless, O Lord, all sick persons this day, and may every twig of Thy rod be sanctified to their souls. Bless the poor of our land, the tried and tempted, and all that are in suffering circumstances, whether of body or mind;" and he thus goes on:—"Have mercy, O Lord, on all that profane Thy holy Sabbath, and upon the drunkards and swearers, and may the wickedness of the wicked soon come to an end."

The upholsterer, on Monday morning, after thanking God for the mercies of the night, prays thus:—"Grant that these abundant blessings, coming from Thee, may fill us with a hearty desire and a more earnest and jealous love for Thee, and for Thy dear Son Jesus Christ, and that we may more and more try to follow his blessed example, and not be ashamed of Him before men. Be pleased to forgive the sins of our past lives, and so control and watch over us that we may be afraid of offending Thee. Keep Satan far away from us. Let no part of our thoughts be filled with his wickedness, but all with Thy goodness and loving-kindness."

At night he prays:—"We thank Thee for having prospered and blessed us in our labours of this day; that in our troubles, trials, and temptations, Thou didst make us look up to Thee, and thank Thee for Thy goodness in enabling us to bear them. But we confess, O God, that we have sinned very much against Thee this day, in thought, word, and deed. Be pleased not to allow these sins to rise up in judgment against us; but we beseech Thee, O Heavenly Father, forgive them, with the sins of our past lives, for Jesus Christ's sake."

And, again, in praying for the "sick and ill," he says:—"If it should please Thee to send Thy messenger Death, may it be only to bring them unto Thee."

The sawyer prays:—"We humbly ask Thee to help us through this day. Help us to do our duty. Suffer us not to sin against Thee with our tongue. Do forgive all we have done, and make us to be more obedient. Suffer us not to be ashamed of Thee, but make us to walk humbly before Thee in meekness of wisdom, so that we may not disgrace Thy holy name, but rather honour

* "Daily Prayers for Working Men, written by several Working Men, and originally printed at the expense of a Working Man." Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.

it, that our fellow-workmen may not despise Thy religion."

And, again:—"Make us to hate and abhor lying, swearing, covetousness, and keep our tongues from joining in the filthy conversation so common among our fellow-workmen." "Help us in every difficulty, and teach us to do our duty to our masters, as working for Thee." "Wake us in time for our work in the morning, and in time to ask thy blessing."

The ticket-collector prays:—"Guide with thy unerring wisdom those who fill great and important places; may our great men be good men, and may they realise the bond of universal brotherhood."

The policeman prays:—"Make us to praise Thee also for leading us, as we would now and always continue to do, to approach Thee as our reconciled Father in Christ Jesus, who loved us and gave Himself for us."

The railway porter prays thus:—"We humbly beseech Thee to be with us this day in the discharge of our daily duties, and give to us largely, for Thy dear Son's sake, the spirit of meekness and gentleness, the spirit of patience and of godly fear, the spirit of wisdom and of waiting, that we may not entangle our souls with temptations too great for us virtuously to bear."

The engine-fitter, in his prayer for a man out of work:—"Do Thou provide work for me, that I may be enabled to provide for the wants of the body and the requirements of those dependent on me. May this act of thy love convince me how entirely dependent I am on Thee for all the blessings I enjoy." "I know that Thou wilt never leave me nor forsake me, but will be my Guide even unto death."

These are but a few extracts, which faintly show the whole spirit of the work. I am persuaded that those who take a real interest in our "working men" would read the book with pleasure. For fear any one should say that the work was not genuine, I bade my Scripture-reader carefully preserve the manuscripts. One day he met in the streets one of the writers, who spoke to him about the book.

"My prayer is not in," said the man.

"Indeed it is."

"Surely not."

"Well, come home with me, and see."

They reached the house. One of the printed copies and one of the manuscripts were produced together.

"Is this your writing?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, take the paper, and I'll read from the book."

This was done; and, at the end, the man exclaimed, "Why, there's not a word altered, and yet I did not know it."

"No, friend, you never saw your child so smartly dressed before."

A little while ago a poor woman, very rough, very ignorant, living in a very rough and ignorant neighbourhood, said to me, "I've had a deal of trouble, sir, for I've brought up ten children; but, thank God, a policeman never laid his fist on one of them yet."

Here I saw what was, under her circumstances, the foundation of a proper feeling; and the same

kind of feeling comes out in many of our poor, when they thank God "that they never troubled the parish yet;" and was evinced by an old man, who said to me, a little while ago, "Well, sir, as long as I can get a bit of cabbage from the garden, boil it, and sprinkle it with salt, I can gobble it up, and be as happy as a king without troubling the parish."

To help such a person would be a real pleasure to any thoughtful mind, and can be done without in any way destroying their independence of character; but this requires considerable care. My mode of helping such cases was, as a general rule, to give tickets for articles, which tickets bore the names of several tradesmen, any of whom would honour them; and thus I ensured the delivery of good articles, for the man who gave the best goods got the most orders.

When I think how we managed to meet the cases of distress which we encountered, I cannot forbear from adding a word for those excellent institutions, the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead; the London Orphan Asylum, Clapham; the St. Anne's School, Brixton; and the Orphan Asylum, Ham Common; and others of a kindred nature, which afford a good shelter and a sound education to the children of so many who "have known better days," and who have been cut off by an untimely death, or reduced by unforeseen circumstances. Many a widow's heart is gladdened by the thought that her dear little boy or girl is safely provided for during their most helpless years; and many an orphan is snatched from cruel neglect, and both provided for a time with a happy home, and also trained to labour in some honest calling in after life. Yet all these institutions suffer from the great difficulty of knowing what to do with their pupils when the home can retain them no longer. Next to the kindness of subscribing to train these orphans, comes the kindness of giving them a helping hand when they enter upon public life, and affording them a good opening for their career. Some persons take great pains to aid the young pupils in this respect. The head of a gigantic City firm told me, a short time ago, that he had not one man in his employ who had not been trained at one of these orphan asylums; and that many a now prosperous man had passed "into business on his own account" from his establishment. This was real kindness to the orphan and the fatherless. It has, however, struck me most forcibly, that a great want exists, and a great field of usefulness on this very point is still unoccupied. Our colonies are crying out for women; and these institutions are sending out yearly into the world numbers of fine, well-trained, sensible young women, many of whom are sadly friendless, and have to face life as a scene of deep and bitter struggles. The very blessings and the kindness of the asylums make them feel more keenly the friendlessness of their after-life. Suppose that some institution were formed which took such of these orphans as were willing to emigrate when they were compelled to leave the "old home," which they are generally forced to do at the age of fourteen or fifteen, and gave them, in addition to their former excellent education, a sound and thorough domestic training, and then sent them abroad, keeping up an *esprit de corps* amongst them, and trying to preserve communications with them when in foreign

lands: and we should bring down a blessing on us from the colonies to which we had done so great a kindness. I would have these girls trained to bake, to milk, to cook, to brew, to wash, to iron, and yet keep them up to the mark as to their old studies; make them, in fact, in domestic matters, old-fashioned English housewives, such as may still be occasionally found amongst us, and yet make them partakers of the social and intellectual progress of the day. Fancy the joy of a squatter in Australia or New Zealand, if he could get such a girl to aid his wife; and fancy the joy of a young squatter if, after some years' experience abroad, he got such a woman as a true helpmate! My idea may seem visionary; but were I rich, I would begin to try the experiment to-morrow; and perhaps some experienced philanthropist may yet reduce this crude idea to a practical form.

Department for Young People.

REPORT OF THE JUVENILE LECTURES ON ELECTRICITY AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

LECTURE II.

If the readers of *THE QUIVER* will be good enough to re-peruse our condensed rendering of Professor Tyndall's first lecture, before applying their minds to this, they will not fail to remark that we half predicted the expression of a certain opinion by the lecturer at some future period of the course. We stated that, although Professor Tyndall had incalculated upon his audience the existence of two sorts of electric fluid—the positive and negative, otherwise called the vitreous and the resinous—nevertheless, he would probably tell his audience before long that he wholly disbelieved in any such thing as an electric fluid; having used the term merely as a builder uses scaffolding poles, for temporary convenience only, and to be cast aside immediately that the edifice has been completed. Rather more early in the course than we expected—in the beginning of this second lecture, that is to say—Professor Tyndall made good our expectations. He gave expression to his belief by designating—not less aptly than happily—the terms “electric fluid,” “electric fluids,” &c., as being comparable to a sort of scientific paper currency; having no intrinsic value, but convenient as the representative of value.

Here arrived, the reader may naturally demand an explanation of the circumstance that, although electrical philosophers almost—if not wholly—without exception, have ceased to believe in the existence of an electric fluid, much less two of these fluids, the expressions are still retained. To this question there is a very sufficient reply—“convenience.” The reader's curiosity, furthermore, may prompt another question, not so readily answered, the question, namely, as follows:—“If there be no electric fluids, how are we to explain numerous phenomena of electricity in motion—the phenomena of passage, of transference, for example, as along a wire?” This is one of those questions to which a positive answer cannot be given; but which readily admit and, indeed, suggest a plausible answer. We will assume an illustrative

case for the enlightenment of our readers, and the illustrative case shall be this:—Most of our juvenile readers will, at some period or other of their lives, have built up rows of card houses. They will have noted how, when the endmost card house in a series has been toppled over, the falling goes progressively on towards the other end. Now, we may readily assume the existence of a spectator so far removed from the row of card-board edifices, that the discrimination by him of the individual card houses would be impossible, though he might, nevertheless, perceive the transmission of some sort of motion, and if imaginative, he probably might assimilate the progressive motion to the passage of some sort of fluid. If the illustration just cited do not suffice to convey to our young readers such an impression as we could desire, the further illustration about to be cited will, at least, be conclusive. Who has not rested the eye with delight upon an expanse of standing corn as the breeze swept over it? Who has not noticed the wave-like flow of golden billows passing on in the direction of the breeze? Half closing the eyes whilst regarding a field of corn thus agitated, the impression of a fluid, of something passing on, is actually conveyed to the mind; nevertheless, the stems and ears of corn certainly do not move on, they merely vibrate; but, inasmuch, as the vibrations are successive they give the idea of a wave. For aught we know to the contrary, the force or agency denominated electricity, may be referable either to the motion of particles of which bodies are composed, or else to the motion of something (for the present, no matter what) lying between those particles.

We are especially careful to impress the reader with the true significance of the expression “*electric fluid*,” seeing that much confusion has arisen in this particular; and we will now observe that electricity dawned into a science at a time when a certain materialistic character of philosophy prevailed, whence the origin of the expression “*electric fluid*.” The very common remark, that contrasts succeed each other in the march of events, is well illustrated by the history of modern physics, or experimental philosophy. At a period coincident with the first dawn of this branch of science, it was the habit of experimenters to refer many of the agencies noticed by them in the course of their experiments to what is often called (though improperly enough) supernatural causes; “*spiritual causes*” would be the more appropriate designation; and if we take a retrospective glance at the nomenclature of experimental philosophy in the earlier days of its modern period, we shall soon be made aware of the existence (verbally at least) of spirits almost innumerable. Thus, for example, the early chemists having found that table salt, under a peculiar treatment, could be made to evolve a volatile pungent compound (to which modern chemists give the names hydrochloric, or muriatic acid), called that volatile pungent compound “*spirit of salt*.” Having found again that wine if treated chemically in a peculiar manner, liberated another pungent compound (that which modern chemists designate by the term alcohol), they called it “*spirit of wine*.” Numerous other examples of this tendency towards the spiritual by way of explaining scientific phenomena might be adduced if necessary; but even without being mentioned, they will hardly

fail to suggest themselves to the reader. Well, this period of spiritual explanations went by, and another period of a characteristic the very opposite dawned. Instead of appealing to spiritual agencies, by way of explaining physical phenomena, on occasions when reference to physical agencies would have sufficed, philosophers rushed to the extreme of accounting for the occurrence of physical results by the operation of physical agents, the actuality of which has been wholly undemonstrable. Of this, the assumption of one electric fluid, according to some, and two electric fluids, according to others, furnishes a well-known and pertinent example. As time elapsed, this material tendency (as we may call it) gave way, leaving philosophers free to adopt whatever course of designation might seem most fitting. Accordingly, they now mostly refer physical results simply to the operation of forces, without necessarily expressing any opinion concerning the ultimate nature of such forces. Addressing ourselves to the case of electricity, for example, it is indubitable that the operation of a force, a very powerful force, is involved. This much for certain—modern electricians entertain no doubt thus far. When, however, it comes to speaking about the nature of this force, electricians are less positive than they formerly were; they no longer speak confidently as to the existence of electrical fluids, but they say to all who commence the study of electricity, "You will find it convenient to assume the existence of these electric fluids, for the sake of illustration and argument, whether they actually exist or not."

These explanations made, our readers will be now prepared to follow the lecturer in his illustrations. Professor Tyndall, we should observe, did not use the electrical machine in the course of this lecture. His great object was to show—make evident—to his pupils that every important function and quality of electricity might be set forth fully and completely, without any aid from electrical machines, or other expensive electrical apparatus. The chief topic to which Professor Tyndall was about to address himself in this lecture, was the topic of electrical induction, as it is called. Before we address ourselves especially to this quality of electrical induction, whatever it may be, it may be well to go back, and take cognisance of certain facts, actually demonstrated by experiments performed during the preceding lecture. Amongst other matters of demonstration, then, it was proved that each electricity attracted its opposite, and that, whilst certain materials would not convey electricity, and were thence termed non-conductors, other materials were endowed with the ability to convey electricity, and were, for that reason, termed conductors. This much did Professor Tyndall inculcate at the time; and we doubt not that before the expiration of the course, he will make one further indication that it suits the purpose of our rendering to set before our readers at the present time. We would have them give all attention to the fact that, although bodies are practically divided into electrical conductors and electrical non-conductors, nevertheless, between the two there is no actual line of demarcation. A good electrical conductor is nothing else than a bad electrical non-conductor, and *vice versa*. Furthermore, electrical conduction, of which we have

spoken, is nothing else than very rapid electrical induction, of which we are about to speak; whilst, in a converse sense, induction admits of being characterised as a very slow conduction.

In the building up of an experimental science, if the investigator hold fast to things proved in pursuing farther investigations, he cannot well go astray. We have already made out that certain things conduct electricity, whereas other things do not; that opposite electricities are mutually attractive, and similar electricities mutually repulsive. Remembering and making application of these facts, we shall soon have the quality of electrical induction made evident. Let the reader now be good enough to imagine the following apparatus:—An elongated cylinder, or skittle-shaped piece of wood (a rolling-pin will answer perfectly); an egg; two ale-glasses, both quite dry; a silken rubber, charged, as directed in the preceding chapter, with amalgam; a little copper wire; and some tin-foil. By means of paste, let the wooden rolling-pin be covered with tin-foil, also the egg; then let both be set aside to dry. When dry, set the egg upon one ale-glass, and insert one end of the metal-covered rolling-pin into a second ale-glass. Next, establish metallic or conductive union between the egg and the metal-covered rolling-pin, by means of the copper wire. Having thus set up our apparatus, so to speak, we will just contemplate the electrical relations of it, before the performance of any experiments. Firstly, then, as regards the rolling-pin; this, inasmuch as it is set up upon glass (a non-conductor) and surrounded with air (also a non-conductor), will have become electrically insulated, so to speak; that is to say, whatever electricity it may contain will be locked up more or less effectually. The egg is similarly circumstanced; and, inasmuch as metallic connection is established by the copper wire between the rolling-pin and the egg, so it follows that both must necessarily constitute one electrical conductive system. Suppose now (the apparatus being disposed as above) that we do as Professor Tyndall did—suppose we electrically excite a surface of glass (he used a test-glass, very much, as to shape, like an uncut ale-glass), and bring this glass surface in the vicinity of, though not in contact with, the foil-covered rolling-pin, what ought the electrical result to be, in accordance with facts and conclusions already made out? Reasoning on the progress of events, we arrive at these conclusions:—Firstly, inasmuch as the glass will be electrified positive, and inasmuch as either sort of electricity attracts its opposite, therefore the rolling-pin should be found charged with negative electricity, and the egg should be positive. Furthermore, touch the egg with the finger, or any other conductor, and the positive electricity repelled thither should flow away. After which, if the wire be disconnected from the egg (without conductive contact, of course), then the egg should be negative. What we have stated ought to be the case, Professor Tyndall demonstrated to have been the case, by means of the gold-leaf electrometer, and these demonstrations all our readers can effect for themselves. The gold-leaf electrometer is not even necessary, as Professor Tyndall never ceased to explain; and as our readers will readily understand, if they have devoted competent attention to our rendering of the previous lecture.

The subject of electrical induction we have heard called difficult; but, as in many other cases, whether easy or difficult will very much depend on the manner in which we begin to study it. If the reader or electrical student frequently call to mind a circumstance already explained—viz., that induction is nothing else than very slow conduction, he will do much towards accomplishing a removal of the difficulty; and if he will regard electrical induction as a state that always occurs whenever anybody is electrified, instead of one that only sometimes occurs, then whatever of difficulty might at first have been present will wholly disappear. The truth is, that electricity is what modern philosophers call a dual force. So surely as positive electricity is called into existence, up rises an equal amount of negative electricity, and so *vice versa*. Thus, if a metal, or a metal-covered ball, be set up on any sort of glass support—a drinking glass answers perfectly well—and if the ball, surrounded as it is by a non-conductor on every side (or insulated, to use the language of electricians), be brought into contact with any body already charged with positive electricity, why then it follows that the ball will also be electrified positive. Mark the following, however:—the positive electricity in the ball is by no means independent: it corresponds with negative electricity, distributed proportionately in surrounding bodies; and thus we are led on to the conclusion, first distinctly adverted to by Professor Faraday, we believe, that, if in all nature there were only one mass of matter it could not be electrified.

We shall now be in a condition to understand more fully than hitherto the reason wherefore it happens that an electrified body attracts to itself all unelectrified bodies in the neighbourhood, if only they be light enough and free to move. How comes the attraction? Simply thus: an electrified body begins by inducing the opposite state of electricity in all neighbouring bodies; but, as we have already seen, opposite electricities attract each other; and thus, the coming together of one body originally electrified and a second body free to move, and electrified oppositely through induction, is easily explained.

Speaking of induction, Professor Tyndall took care to inculcate the fact, that induced electricity was always held captive by the inducing body; and that repelled electricity alone was free. Then he proceeded to the illustration of an instrument that has played a most important part in electrical demonstrations—an instrument called the electrophorus, or electricity bearer. The construction of the instrument may be thus described:—Shellac, or other resinous material, being melted, is poured into a circular metallic dish, and allowed to cool; when cold the resinous material will afford a surface flat to the eye; still, not mathematically flat, which is an important point to be remembered in connection with the electrophorus. Fancy now a circular plate of metal, well rounded at the edge, and somewhat smaller than the resinous cake. Imagine next that the metal plate is provided with a handle of some electrical non-conductor, such as glass or sealing-wax—the handle to be stuck vertically in the middle, just like the handle of a butter stamp. These arrangements made, an electrophorus may be termed complete, though purchased instruments are supplied with a fitting or

two beyond those which we have enumerated. To use the instrument proceed as follows, and let the student carefully mark every detail as we communicate it:—Lay the resinous part of the instrument, called the sole, flat on the table, and slap it smartly, many times in succession, with a dry silk handkerchief, held firmly at the corners, or, still better, perhaps, with a dried fox's brush. Treated thus, the resinous cake becomes negatively electrified. We must lay the metallic plate upon the resinous cake, and what happens?—what should happen, to be in accordance with the deductions already arrived at? Firstly, we have to bear in mind that the resinous surface and the metallic plate do not come into accurate and universal contact; mostly a thin sheet of air intervenes; and air, as we all know by this time, is a non-conductor. This being so, then, evidently the lower metallic surface, or metallic surface nearest to the resinous cake, will assume positive electricity, and from the upper surface negative electricity will be collected, pent up, and will endeavour to escape. We next let it escape by a touch with the finger; and now, remove the metallic plate wholly from the resinous cake or sole; when removed, it will be somewhat strongly charged with positive electricity; so strongly, indeed, that it will be found to yield a spark capable of igniting gas as the latter escapes from any ordinary metallic burner. Professor Tyndall here performed the experiment.

At this point arrived, the lecturer showed his audience how easily they could make the instrument just described—the electrophorus, or electricity bearer. A sheet of vulcanised rubber, laid flat upon the table, would—as the lecturer demonstrated—suffice by way of substitute for the resinous cake, a sheet of zinc cut round by a pair of scissors, would amply satisfy the need of the metal plates; and then, as to the insulating, or non-conducting handle, a penny, or at the most a twopenny stick of sealing-wax, melted at one extremity, and then stuck on to the plate, made previously a little hot, would amply suffice for all electrical needs.

There is an instrument called the *Leyden jar*, to which electricians very frequently have recourse, when they desire to work with electricity raised to a very high state of intensity. This instrument wholly depends for its energy on the taking advantage of certain principles of electrical induction already taken cognisance of, but which Professor Tyndall began to illustrate by having recourse to a simple but effective arrangement. Unrolling a sheet of tin-foil, he laid it flat upon the lecture-table; upon this he laid a sheet of glass; and upon the latter a second sheet of tin-foil, smaller than itself. Arrangements being thus made, Professor Tyndall electrified one sheet of tin-foil positive; when, testing the other sheet separated from the former by a plate of glass, it was found that the positive electricity it had originally contained was repelled away, preparatory to the assumption of a negative condition. The lecturer next showed that the giving a free exit to the departure of this repelled electricity was a condition absolutely necessary to the charging of the apparatus. He made this demonstration by placing the apparatus—the system, as we may appropriately enough call it—upon a glass-legged stool, so that no electrical current could flow away, by reason of the glass legs. Under these circumstances, the system no longer admitted of being

charged. This result shown, the lecturer proceeded to explain that so long as the material and electrical conditions of the system, such as we have indicated, were retained, various modifications as to shape might be given. Thus, for example, instead of coating a flat glass plate with tin-foil on either side, it might—as indeed it was—more convenient in practice to coat a wide-mouthed jar with tin-foil inside and outside. He explained that a jar of this sort was called a Leyden jar, and an assemblage of such jars a Leyden battery. He promised to tell his audience more about these Leyden jars and their combinations on the occasion of the next lecture, which our readers, as well as Professor Tyndall's audience, must patiently await.

(To be continued.)

Biblical Expositions.

A FEW NOTES ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW.

CHAPTER II.—Verse 11.

"AND when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him."

The worship is offered to the child, but it is withheld from the mother.

"And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."

The gifts were suited to the dignity of the new-born king, and well suited to the lowly circumstances of Joseph and Mary.

To secure the life of the child, Joseph and Mary were to seek a refuge and a home in a land of strangers, and these costly presents from the Eastern Magi would provide the parents and the child with all things needful. Thus our heavenly Father, who knows what his children need, uses some of his servants as stewards to supply the wants of others.

Several of the early fathers regarded the gifts of these Eastern sages as emblematical—

1. The frankincense: an offering to Christ as the Divine Saviour.

2. The gold: a tribute to Christ as King.

3. The myrrh: a recognition of Christ as man.

Some modern writers perceive in the gifts instruction conveyed to man; consequently, in their view of the Eastern presents—

1. The frankincense is to be regarded as an emblem of piety towards God.

2. The gold as indicating liberality to our fellow-men; and

3. The myrrh as shadowing forth the purity that is needful for both soul and body.

"They saw the young child."

Here on the one hand we behold the star, the princes of the East, and the royal gifts; on the other hand, an infant, a stable, a manger, persecution, and flight. These are paradoxes; therefore men ought, while pondering o'er the narrative of this flight of the Holy family into Egypt, to contemplate the union of power with weakness in all things pertaining to the earthly history of Christ.

At his Birth, cradled in a manger; but the angelic host carol forth the glory of his advent, and a star-like appearance, as we imagine, of the Shekinah—the glory of Jehovah—guides the nobles of the East to seek the new-born King.

At his Baptism, the heavens open, the voice of

Jehovah is heard, the presence of the Holy Spirit is manifested, the Sonship of Christ is proclaimed, his spotless purity is asserted, and obedience to his teaching demanded.

At his Temptation, the beatified inhabitants of heaven come down to earth, to be the servants of Christ in the wilderness.

At his Transfiguration, his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was bright as the light; mortal eyes could not endure the radiance in which the Son of Man was invested. Moses, the giver of the law from the hand of God, and Elijah, the restorer of the law, were alike present to do honour to him who is the law-fulfiller.

At his Crucifixion, the veil of the Temple—a wonderful production, thicker than the breadth of a man's hand, and unrivalled for durability and strength—was rent in two, from the top to the bottom, and the Holy of Holies stood revealed to men. The sun hid its face, and covered the earth with a sable mantle; the hills shook with terror; the rocks opened, and the dead came forth clad in the habiliments of the grave—all combining to affirm the truth of the words of the Roman soldier, "Truly this was the Son of God." Wherever we discern acts of lowliness on the part of Christ, there also we perceive evidences of unlimited power.

Verse 16.

"Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under."

There is some difficulty in clearly understanding who are the various persons spoken of in sacred and in profane history as members of Herod's family. This arises from the frequent use of the same name. For example:

Herod's father was Antipater, and one of Herod's sons was named Antipater.

Herod's sister was named Salome, his daughter was Salome, and his niece was also Salome.

Herod's uncle was named Joseph, a brother Joseph, and a nephew also Joseph.

Herod's second wife was Mariamne, and Herod's third wife was Mariamne, and his great niece was named Mariamne. The second wife was Mariamne, the daughter of Alexander, King of Judea; and the third wife of the same name was daughter of Simon, the high priest.

One of Herod's brothers was named Pheroras, and one of his nephews bore a similar name.

Herod the Great had ten wives and fifteen children; and different members of the family assumed similar names; hence the difficulty. It appears also that there were ten Herods. One Herod was the son of Mariamne, the second wife; another Herod was the son of Mariamne, the third wife. Herod Antipas was the son of Malthace, Herod's fourth wife. There was also Herod the son of Cleopatra, King Herod's fifth wife. A fearful fatality attended the family of Herod. Three of his brothers died violent deaths: one committed suicide, another was poisoned, and the third was killed in battle. Three of Herod's sons, Aristobulus, Alexander, and Antipater, were all killed by their father's command—the last was put to death only five days before Herod himself died. Besides putting to death Aristobulus his son by Mariamne, he condemned to death Aristobulus his grandson, and also Aristobulus his great-grandson; and as if no amount of cruelty could satiate this tyrant, he slew the high priest, who was brother to the unfortunate Mariamne; he slew her grandfather Hyrcanus, her mother Alexandra, and then killed Mariamne. The second Mariamne he divorced. His uncle Joseph he put to death; and finding his end approaching, and knowing that his demise would be a source of joy among the people,

he commanded the chief men of the nation to assemble at a given time and at an appointed place, and if this command were not obeyed, the offender was to be put to death; and when these nobles complied with the mandate, and assembled together, they were shut up in close custody as prisoners of State, and an order was given by the tyrant, that the whole of them should be massacred the instant he died, that grief, and not rejoicing, might prevail throughout the kingdom. With these evidences of King Herod's ferocity, is there anything unreasonable in that portion of the Sacred history which speaks of Herod's slaying the children in Bethlehem? Surely scepticism must be sorely pressed for arguments against the truth of Christianity, to be compelled to found an objection upon the improbability of Herod's committing this atrocity.

The population of Bethlehem and its vicinity could not exceed 2,000 persons, and of these not more than fifty could be under two years of age, or rather entering upon the second year. It is to be remembered it was only the male infants that were slain. It is only where the humanising principles of Christianity prevail that the life of a fellow-creature is justly estimated. It has been too often the cruel policy of despots of the East to consolidate the foundations of their thrones by the slaughter of all who had claim or power to dispute their authority. Jehu furnishes an example. The history of Abyssinia also records an instance of a tyrant ordering the destruction of nearly 400 children; and an eminent writer quotes the case of a king of Pegu who fancied that a nephew's claim to the throne would interfere with his plans, and therefore he sought to kill the child; and when he discovered that the youth was secreted by some of his nobles, he commanded that all the children of the grandees, these children amounting to about 4,000, should be put to death—a massacre much more terrible than that committed by the enraged King of the Jews. Herod's cruel spirit appears to have descended to his son, for we are told that he put 3,000 of the leading persons in the nation to death, in order that he might punish some supposed offence.

Although the massacre of the innocents is now, by some persons, called in question, it does not appear to have been doubted by the writers who lived in almost apostolic times. Celsus, with all his hostility to the Gospel, did not deny it; and Macrobius, a heathen writer who lived at the end of the fourth century, admits the fact.

The silence of Josephus, the Jewish historian, is sometimes quoted as though it were a fatal objection; but these objectors do not bear in mind, that above ninety years had passed away before Josephus commenced his history, and an event that was of no rare occurrence, and which found no place in the national records, was very likely to be passed by unnoticed. Omissions prove nothing. St. Mark the Evangelist records the life of Christ; but he tells us not of the angel's visit to Zacharias at Jerusalem; he tells us not of the angel's visit to Mary at Nazareth; he says nothing of the angel's appearance to Joseph at Nazareth; nor of the angelic host that manifested themselves to the shepherds at Bethlehem. He utters not a word about the Magi, nor the flight of Joseph and Mary and the infant Christ into Egypt; nor does he tell us of the Saviour's rejection by the men of Nazareth; nor does he allude to the slaughter of the Galileans; nor to various other events which are recorded by the other Evangelists.

Even contemporary historians do not always relate the same facts. Suetonius tells us many things which Tacitus has omitted, and Dion Cassius supplies the deficiency of both. The silence of one historian as to a particular fact, can never be quoted as a valid objection when the fact stands recorded by other writers of equal

veracity. Even Josephus seems to refer to this cruel deed, for he says in "Antiq.," i., 17, 3, "Many slaughters followed the prediction of a new king." Therefore the silence of Josephus upon this portion of Jewish history lends no support to the caviller's objection to the fact as recorded by St. Matthew in his Gospel, and we may say with a good man of past times, "I feel as if I could afford to let many of these sceptical objections alone, and possess my soul in patience—in reading the revelation of God to man, and the deep truths therein contained. I am prepared for difficulties I cannot explain, and for objections I cannot answer. Nevertheless, the word of God abideth, and his promise remaineth sure—that men shall know if they follow on to know the Lord."

Verse 18.

"In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning. Rachel weeping for her children."

These words of Jeremiah relate in their primary sense to the two tribes of Judah and Benjamin which were by Nebuchadnezzar carried captives to Babylon, and in their way they passed through Rama.

Rachel was buried at Bethlehem. Rama was in the tribe of Benjamin, which tribe sprang from Rachel.

(To be continued.)

ENOUGH.

Dost thou need sunshine, heart?

Art weary of this cloudy, shadowed life—
Of all this dark, unsatisfying strife?

There is a sunny part,
Where light and joy undimmed for ever shine;
And Jesus says, poor heart, it may be thine.

Dost thou need rest, my heart?
Art thou so tired with care, and toil, and woe,
And longing one unbroken peace to know?

There is a quiet part—
A place where thou mayst go put off thy care—
A blessed rest, which Jesus bids thee share.

Dost thou need love, oh, heart?
Hast thou found all thy dear ones false and weak
One pure, unchanged affection dost thou seek?

There is a loving part;
And thou mayst give out all thy sweetness there,
To meet the love of Jesus, rich and rare.

Dost thou need trust, my heart?
Are all things faithless in this world below?
And dost thou long some truer thing to know?

There is a faithful part—
A hope which never fails, held out to thee—
A trust in Jesus, whence all fears may flee.

Dost thou need joy, my heart?
Is sadness drooping o'er thy earthly way?
And doth the night seem to o'errench the day?

There is a joyful part—
A place of bliss, where sorrow never lives—
An "everlasting joy," which Jesus gives.

Dost thou need much, poor heart?
Art ever yearning, yet art never filled?
Hath earth thy weary longings never stilled?

Oh! seek that "better part."
All fulness dwells in Him who once hath died.
Go, heart, to Jesus—and be satisfied.

THE WORLD OF SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR,

AUTHOR OF "ERIC; OR, LITTLE BY LITTLE."

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

A BURST OF WILFULNESS.

And burning pride, and high disdain,
Forbade the gentler tear to flow.*Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

ALTHOUGH Walter's football triumphs prevented him from losing self-respect and sinking into wretchedness or desperation, they did not save him from his usual arrears of punishment and extra work. Besides this, it annoyed him bitterly to be always, and in spite of all effort, bottom, or nearly bottom, of his form. He knew that this grieved and disappointed his parents nearly as much as himself, and he feared that they would not understand the reason which, in his case, rendered it excusable—viz., the enormous amount of purely routine work for which other boys had been prepared by previous training, and in which, under his present discouragements and inconveniences, he felt it impossible to recover ground. It was hard to be below boys to whom he knew himself to be superior in every intellectual quality; it was hard for a boy really clever and lively, to be set down at once as an idler and dunce. And it made Walter very miserable. For meanwhile Mr. Paton had taken quite a wrong view of his character. He answered so well at times, construed so happily, and showed such bright flashes of intelligence and interest in parts of his work, that Mr. Paton, making no allowance for new methods and an untrained memory, set him down, by an error of judgment, as at once able and obstinate, capable of doing excellently, and wilfully refusing to do so. This was a phase of character which always excited his indignation; and it was for the boy's own sake that he set himself to correct it, if possible. On both sides, therefore, there was some misunderstanding, and a consequent exacerbation of mind which told injuriously on their daily intercourse.

Walter's vexation and misery reached its acme on the receipt by his father of his first school character, which document his father sent back for Walter's own perusal, with a letter which, if not actually reproachful, was at least uneasy and dissatisfied in tone.

For the character itself Walter cared little, knowing well that it was founded throughout on misapprehension; but his father's letter stirred the very depths of his heart, and made them turbid with passion and sorrow. He received it at dinner-time, and read it as he went across the court to the detention-room, of which he was now so frequent an occupant. It was a bright September day, and he longed to be out at some game, or among the hills, or on the shore. Instead of that, he was doomed for his failures to two long weary hours of mechanical pen-driving, of which the results were torn up when the two hours were over. He had had no exercise for the last week; all his spare time had been taken up with impositions; Mr. Robertson had given him a severe and angry lecture that morning; even Mr. Paton, who rarely used strong language, had called him intolerable and incorrigible, and had threatened a second report to

the head master, because this was the tenth successive Greek grammar lesson in which he had failed. Added to all this, he was suffering from headache and lassitude. And now his father's letter was the cumulus of his misfortunes. A rebellious, indignant, and violent spirit rose in him. Was he always, for no fault of his own, to be bullied, baited, driven, misunderstood, and crushed in this way? If it was of no use trying to be good, and to do his duty, how would it do to try the other experiment—to fling off the trammels of duty and principle altogether; to do all those things which inclination suggested and the moral sense forbade; to enjoy himself; to declare himself on the side of pleasure and self-indulgence? Certainly this would save him from much unpleasantness and annoyance in many ways. He was young, vigorous, active; he might easily make himself more popular than he was with the boys; and as for the authorities, do what he would, it appeared that he could hardly be in worse disrepute than now. Vice bade high. As he thought of it all, his pen flew faster, and his pulse seemed to send the blood bounding through his veins as he tightened the grasp of his left hand round the edge of the desk.

Hitherto the ideal which he had set before him, as the standard to be attained during his school life, had been one in which a successful devotion to duty, and a real effort to attain to "godliness and good learning," had borne the largest share. But on this morning a very different ideal rose before him; he would abandon all interest in school-work, and only aim at being a gay, high-spirited boy, living solely for pleasure, amusement, and self-indulgence. There were many such around him—heroes among their school-fellows, popular, applauded, and proud. Sin seemed to sit lightly and gracefully upon them. Endowed as he was with every gift of person and appearance, to this condition at least he felt that he could easily attain. It was an ideal not, alas! unnatural to the perilous age.

"Which claims for manhood's vice the privilege
Of boyhood—when lawless will erects
Honour's gay temple on the Mount of God,
And meek obedience bears the coward's brand;
While Satan in celestial panoply
With Sin, his lady, smiling by his side,
Defies all heaven to arms."

Yes; he would follow the multitude to do all the evil which he saw being done around him; it looked a joyous and delightful prospect. He gazed on the bright vision of sin, on the iridescent waters of pleasure; and did not know that the brightness was a mirage of the burning desert, the iridescence a film of corruption over a stagnant pool.

The letter from home was his chief stumbling-block. He loved his father and mother with almost passionate devotion; he clung to his home with an intensity of concentrated love. He really had tried to please them, and to do his best; but yet they didn't seem to give him credit for it. Look at this cold reproachful letter; it maddened him to think of it.

There was only one thing which checked him. It was a little voice which had been more silent lately, because other and passionate tones were heard more loudly; but yet even from a child poor Walter had been accustomed to listen with reverence to its admonitions. It was a voice behind him saying—"This is the way, walk ye in it;" now that he was

turning aside to the right hand or to the left. But the noble accents in which it whispered of patience were drowned just now in the clamorous turbulence of those other voices of appeal.

The two hours of detention were over, and the struggle was over too. Walter drew his pen with a fierce and angry scrawl over the lines he had written, showed them up to the master in attendance with a careless and almost impudent air, and was hardly out of the room before he gave a shout of emancipation and defiance. Impatience and passion had won the day.

He ran up to the playground as hard as he could tear to work off the excitement of his spirits, and get rid of the inward turmoil. On a grass bank at the far end of it he saw two boys seated, whom he knew at once to be Henderson and Kenrick, who, for a wonder, were reading, not green novels, but Shakespeare!

"I'll tell you what it is, Henderson," he said; "I can't and I won't stand this any longer. It's the last detention breaks the boy's back. I hate St. Winifred's, I hate Dr. Lane, I hate Robertson, and I hate, hate, hate Paton!" he said, stamping angrily.

"Hooroop!" said Henderson; "so the patient Evson is on fire at last. Tell it not to Dubbs!"

"Why, Walter, what's all this about?" asked Kenrick.

"Why, Ken," said Walter, more quietly, "here's a history of my life: Greek grammar, lines, detention, caning—caning, detention, lines, Greek grammar. I'm sick of it; I can't and I won't stand it any more!"

"Whether," spouted Henderson, from the volume on his knee—

"Whether 'twere nobler for the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?"

"End them I will," said Walter; "somehow, I'll pay him out, depend upon it."

"Somehow, by hook or by crook," said Somers, the head of the school, whose flag Walter was, and who, passing by at the moment, caught the last sentence; "what is the excitement among you small boys?"

"The old story, pitching into Paton," said Kenrick, indifferently, and rather contemptuously, for he was a *protégé* of Somers, and felt annoyed that he should see Walter's unreasonable display; the more so as Somers had asked him already, "why he was so much with that idle new fellow who was always being placed lag in his form?"

"What's it all about?" asked Somers, of Kenrick.

"Because he gets lines for missing his grammar, I suppose." There was something in the tone which was especially offensive to Walter; for it sounded as if Kenrick wanted to show him the cold shoulder before his *great* friend, the head of the school.

"Oh! that all? Well, my dear fellow, the remedy's easy; work at it a little harder;" and Somers walked on, humming a tune.

"I wonder what he calls *harder*," said Walter, shaking his fist; "when I first came I used to get up quite early in the morning, and learn it till I was half stupid; I wonder whether he ever did as much."

"Well, but it's no good abusing Paton," said Kenrick; "of course, if you don't know the lesson, he concludes you haven't learnt it."

"Thank you for nothing, Kenrick," said Walter, curtly, "come along Flip."

Kenrick was vexed; he was conscious of having shown a little coolness and want of sympathy; and he looked anxiously after Henderson and Walter as they walked away.

Presently he started up, and ran after them. "Don't be offended, Walter, my boy," he said, seizing his hand. "I didn't mean to be cold just now; but, really, I don't see why you should be so very wrathful against Paton; what can a master do if one fails in a lesson two or three times running? he must punish one I suppose."

"Hang Paton!" said Walter, shaking off his hand rather angrily, for he was now thoroughly out of temper.

"Oh! very well, Evson," said Kenrick, whose chief fault was an intense pride, which took fire on the least provocation, and which made him take umbrage at the slightest offence; "catch me making an advance to you again. Henderson, you left your book on the grass;" and turning on his heel, he walked slowly away—heavy at heart, for he liked Walter better than any other boy in the school, and was half ashamed to break with him about such a trifle.

Henderson, apart from his somewhat frivolous and nonsensical tone, was a well-meaning fellow. When he was walking with Walter, he had intended to chaff him about his sudden burst of ill-temper, and jest away his spirit of revenge; but he saw that poor Walter was in no mood for jokes, and he quite lacked the moral courage to give good advice in a sober or serious way, or to recommend any course *because* it was right. This, at present, was beyond Henderson's standard of good; so he left Walter and went back for his book.

And Walter, flinging into the schoolroom, found several idle fellows far more wicked than himself, and fed the fire of his wrath with the fuel of unbounded abuse, mockery, and scorn of Mr. Paton, in which he was heartily abetted by the others, who hailed all indications that Walter was likely to become one of themselves. And that evening, instead of attempting to get up any of his work, Walter wasted the whole time of preparation in noise, folly, and turbulence; for which he was duly punished by the master on duty.

He got up next morning breathing, with a sense of defiance and enjoyment, his new atmosphere of self-will. He, of course, broke down utterly, more utterly than ever, in his morning lessons, and got a proportionately longer imposition. Going back to his place, he purposely flung down his books on the desk, one after another, with a bang; and for each book which he had flung down, Mr. Paton gave him a hundred lines, whereupon he laughed sarcastically, and got two hundred more. Conscious that the boys were watching with some amusement this little exhibition of temper and trial of wills, he then took out a sheet of paper, wrote on it in large letters, the words "Two hundred lines for Mr. Paton," and, amid the tittering of the form, carried it up to Mr. Paton's desk.

This was the most astoundingly impudent and insubordinate act which had ever been done to Mr. Paton for years, and it was now his turn to be angry. But mastering his anger with admirable determination, he merely said—"Evson, you must be beside yourself this morning; it is very rarely, indeed, that a new boy is so far gone in disobedience as this. I have no hesitation in saying that you are the most audacious and impertinent new boy with whom I have ever had to deal. I must cane you in my room after detention, to which you will of course go."

"Thank you, sir," said Walter, with a smile of impudent *sang froid*; and the form tittered again as he walked noisily to his seat. But Mr. Paton, allowing for his violent frame of mind, took no notice of this last affront.

Whereupon Walter, taking another large piece of paper, and a spluttering quill pen, wrote on it, with a great deal of scratching—

Due from Evson to Mr. Paton.	
For missing lesson	100 lines.
For laying down books	300 lines.
For laughing	200 lines.
For writing 200 lines	A caning.
Detention, of course.	
Thank you for nothing.	

And on the other side of the sheet he wrote in large letters—"No go!" Which being done, he passed the sheet along the form.

"Evson," said Mr. Paton, quietly, "bring me that paper."

Walter took it up—looking rather alarmed this time, but with the side "No go!" uppermost.

"What is this, Evson?"

"Number ninety sir," said Walter, amid the now unconcealed laughter of the rest, who knew very well that he had intended it for "No go."

Mr. Paton looked curiously at Walter for a minute, and then said—"Evson, Evson, I could not have thought you so utterly foolish. Well, you know that each fresh act *must* have its fresh punishment. You must leave the room now, and besides all your other punishments I must also report you to the head-master. You can best judge with what result."

This was a mistake of Mr. Paton's—a mistake of judgment only—for which he cannot be blamed. But it was a disastrous mistake. Had he been at all a delicate judge or reader of the phenomenon of character, he would have observed at once that at that moment there was a wild spirit of anger, a rankling sense of injustice and persecution in Walter's heart, which no amount of punishment could have cowed. Walter just then might without the least difficulty have been goaded into some act of violence which would have rendered expulsion from the school an unavoidable consequence. So easy is it to petrify the will, to make a boy bad in spite of himself, and to spoil, with no intentions but those of kindness and justice, the promise of a fair young life. For when the will has once been suffered to grow rigid by obstinacy—a result which is very easy to avoid—no power on earth can bend it at the time. Had Mr. Paton sent Walter out of the room before; had he at the end said, "Evson, you are not yourself to-day, and I forgive you," Walter would have been in a moment as docile and

as humble as a child. But as it was, he left the room quite coolly, with a sneer on his lips, and banged the door; yet the next moment, when he found himself in the court alone, unsupported by the countenance of those who enjoyed his rebelliousness, he seated himself on a bench in the courtyard, hung his head on his breast, and burst into a flood of tears. If any friend could have seen him at that moment, or spoken one word in season, how much pain the poor boy might have been saved! Kenrick happened to cross the court; the moment Walter caught sight of him he sat with head erect and arms folded; but Kenrick was not to be deceived. He had caught one glimpse of Walter first; he saw his eyes wet with tears, and knew that he was in trouble. He hung on his foot doubtfully for one moment; but then his pride came in; he remembered the little pettish repulse in the playground the day before; the opportunity was lost, and he walked slowly on.

And Walter's heart grew as hard within him as a stone.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

WITH WIND AND TIDE.

Ah! Diamond, thou little knowest what mischief thou hast done.—LIFE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THAT afternoon Mr. Paton, going into the combination-room, where the masters often met, threw himself into one of the arm-chairs with an unwonted expression of vexation and disgust on his usually placid features.

"Why, what's the matter with you, Paton?" asked Mr. Robertson. "Is to-day's *Times* too liberal for your notions, or what?"

"No," said Mr. Paton; "but I have just been caning Evson, a new boy, and the fellow's stubborn obstinacy and unaccountable coolness annoy me exceedingly."

"Oh, yes; he is a pupil of mine, I'm sorry to say, and he has never been free from punishment since he came. Even your strong rule seems to fail with him, Paton. What have you been obliged to cane him for?"

Mr. Paton related Walter's escapade.

"Well, of course you had no choice but to cane him," replied his colleague, "for such disobedience; but how did he take it?"

"In the oddest way possible. He came in with punctilious politeness, obviously assumed with sarcastic intentions. When I took up the cane, he stood with arms folded, and a singular dogged look; in fact, his manner disarmed me. You know I detest caning, and I really could not do it, never having had occasion for it months together. I gave him two cuts, and then left off. 'May I go, sir?' he asked. 'Yes,' I said; and he left the room with a bow, and a 'Thank you, sir.' I am really sorry for the boy; for as I was obliged to send him to Dr. Lane, he will probably get another flogging from him."

"What a worthless boy he must be!" answered Mr. Robertson.

"No, not exactly worthless; there's something about him I can't help liking; but most impudent and stubborn."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Percival, another of the masters, who had been listening attentively to the

conversation. "I humbly venture to think that you're both mistaken in that boy. I like him exceedingly, and think him as promising a lad as any in the school. I never knew any boy behave more modestly and respectfully."

"Why, how do you know anything of him?" asked Mr. Robertson in surprise.

"Only by accident. I had once or twice noticed him among the detained boys, and being sorry to think that a new boy should be an *habitué* of the extra school-room, I asked him one day why he was sent. He told me that it was for failing in a lesson, and when I asked him why he hadn't learnt it, he said, very simply and respectfully, 'I really did my very best, sir; but it's all new work to me.' Look at the boy's innocent, engaging face, and you may be sure that he was telling me the truth."

"I'm afraid," continued Mr. Percival, "you'll think this very slight ground for setting my opinion against yours; but I was pleased with Eyson's manner, and asked him to come and take a stroll on the shore, that I might know something more of him. Do you know, I never found a more intelligent companion. He was all life and vivacity; it was quite a pleasure to be with him. Being new to the sea, he didn't know the names of the commonest things on the shore; and if you had seen his face light up as he kept picking up whelks' eggs, and mermaids' purses, and zoophytes, and hermit crabs, and bits of procamium or coralline, and asking me all I could tell him about them, you would not have thought him a stupid or worthless boy."

"I don't know, Percival; you are a regular conjuror. All sorts of ne'er-do-wells succeed under your manipulation. You're a first-rate hand at gathering grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles. Why, even out of that Caliban, old Woods, you used to extract a gleam of human intelligence."

"He wasn't a Caliban at all. I found him an excellent fellow at heart; but what could you expect of a boy who, because he was big, awkward, and stupid, was always getting flouted on all sides?"

"You must have some talisman for transmuting boys if you consider old Woods an excellent fellow, Percival. I found him a mass of laziness and brute strength. Do give me your secret."

"Try a little kindness and sympathy. I have no other secret."

"I'm not conscious of failing in kindness," said Mr. Robertson, drily. "My fault, I think, is being too kind."

"To clever, promising, bright boys—yes; to unthankful and evil boys (excuse me for saying so)—no. You don't try to descend to their dull level, and so understand their difficulties. You don't suffer fools gladly, as we masters ought to do. But, Paton," he said, turning the conversation, which seemed distasteful to Mr. Robertson, "will you try how it succeeds to lay the yoke a little less heavily on Eyson?"

"Well, Percival, I don't think that I've consciously bullied him. I can't make my system different to him and other boys."

"My dear Paton, forgive my saying that I don't think that a rigid system is the fairest. Fish of

very different sorts and sizes come to our nets, and you can't shove a turbot through the same mesh that barely admits a sprat."

"I'll think of what you say; but I must leave him in Dr. Lane's hands now," said Mr. Paton.

"Who, I heartily hope, will not flog him," said Mr. Percival.

"Why? I don't see how he can do otherwise." "Because it will simply drive him to despair; because, if I know anything of his character, it will have an effect upon him incalculably bad."

"I hope not," said Mr. Paton.

The conversation dropped, and Mr. Percival resumed his newspaper.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

Journal of the Discovery of the Sources of the Nile. By JOHN HANNING SPEKE, Captain H.M. Indian Army. Blackwood and Sons, 1863. 8vo., pp. 658.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

WE have now to describe the sojourn of Captain Speke in Uganda, that wonderful kingdom, where, to use his own words, "the government is as different from the other surrounding countries as those of Europe are compared to Asia."

On the 10th of January, 1862, Captain Speke left the hospitable abode of Rumanika, and, on the 16th, crossed the often spoken of Kitangulé river. There was some difficulty in crossing it, owing partly to a sudden and heavy fall of rain, partly to the superstitions of the boatmen. He thus speaks of it:—

Once over, I looked down on the noble stream with considerable pride. About eighty yards broad, it was sunk down a considerable depth below the surface of the land, like a huge canal, and is so deep, it could not be poled by the canoe-men; while it runs at a velocity of from three to four knots an hour.—Page 263.

They travelled through a low-lying, rich country, where, in fact, "there was nothing that would not have grown, if it liked moisture and a temperate heat;" whenever they ascended a hill, they could see—

Stretching as far as the eye could reach towards the Nyanza, a rich, well-wooded, swampy plain, containing large open patches of water, which not many years since, I was assured, were navigable for miles, but now were gradually drying up. Indeed, it appeared to me as if the Nyanza must have once washed the foot of these hills, but had shrunk away from its original margin.—Page 265.

One of the great drawbacks to convenient or rapid marching was the number of what Captain Speke calls "rush-drains." Some were 150 yards wide and 14 feet deep, with a bottom formed of a pleasing combination of mire and water. He considered them to be "the last water left of the old bed of the Nyanza."

Presently they got a most favourable picture of Equatorial Africa. They had stopped for the night at a village where dwelt an aunt of the king. She had sent them food. The whole scene was as charming that Captain Speke writes with enthusiasm:—

I felt inclined to stop here a month, everything was so very pleasant. The temperature was perfect. The roads, as indeed they were everywhere, were as broad as our

coach roads, cut through the long grasses, straight over the hills and down through the woods in the dells—a strange contrast to the wretched tracks in all the adjacent countries. The huts were kept so clean and so neat, not a fault could be found with them; the gardens the same. Wherever I stopped I saw nothing but richness, and what ought to be wealth. The whole land was a picture of quiescent beauty, with a boundless sea in the background.—Page 274.

Then, again, we get a glimpse of forest scenery:—

In the dells were such magnificent trees, they quite took me by surprise. Clean-trunked, they towered up just as so many great pillars, and then spread out their high branches like a canopy over us.—Page 278.

One of the streams of water, the Mwarango river, flowed, not towards the lake, but towards the north, with a large volume of water. No wonder Captain Speke felt "delighted beyond measure." Here was the first confirmation of his theory—that the great Nyanza lake drained itself down the northern slopes of Africa—and this was in all probability one of the branches of the Nile.

On February 19th, they came in sight of the royal palace, situated nearly on the equator.

It was a magnificent sight. A whole hill was covered with gigantic huts, such as I had never seen in Africa before. The brow and sides of the hill on which we stood were covered with grass huts, thatched as neatly as so many heads dressed by a London barber, and fenced all round with the tall yellow reeds of the common Uganda tiger-grass; whilst within the enclosure the lines of huts were joined together, or partitioned off into courts, with walls of the same grass.—Page 287.

Captain Speke was obliged to stay in Uganda from February to July, 1862. First, there was Captain Grant to wait for; and, secondly, there was the chance of communicating with Mr. Petherick, who had started up the Nile to penetrate as far as he could southwards from Khartoum.

It is difficult at first to realise the description which he gives of the court of King Mtesa. Rumanika was a gentleman, but Mtesa a monster of cruelty and vice. It cannot be said he was unkind to the travellers, but his treatment of them was dictated by mere selfishness. He considered that it redounded to his own glory to have a white man in his palace. No such signal mark of the favour of the gods had been conferred upon his father. It was, therefore, a good omen for himself. But everything about him was arranged on a system of punctilious etiquette that would allow of no familiar intercourse; so that Captain Speke had none of those entertaining and instructive conversations with him which he had enjoyed with Rumanika. The whole thing would be inexpressibly ludicrous, were it not too horrible for laughter. The court of Louis XIV. was not more exactly ceremonious; the deeds of Nero not more wanton nor more cruel. At times he would be haughty and distant, stand on his dignity, and keep Captain Speke waiting for hours in his ante-room; then, like the farce after a tragedy, would occur a comic scene like the following. Captain Speke had been asked to shoot for the king's gratification. He had brought down a vulture on the wing, which fell, some distance off, in a garden enclosure:—

The Waganda were for a minute all spell-bound with astonishment, when the king jumped frantically in the air,

clapping his hands above his head, and singing out, "Woh, woh, woh! what wonders! O Bana, Bana!" (the term they applied to Captain Speke); "what miracles he performs!" and all followed in chorus. "Now, load, Bana—load, and let us see you do it," cried the excited king; but before I was half loaded, he said, "Come along, come along, and let us see the bird." Then directing the officers which way to go—for, by the etiquette of the court of Uganda, every one must precede the king—he sent them through a court where his wives, afraid of the gun, had been concealed. Here the rush onward was stopped by newly-made fences, but the king roared to his officers to knock them down. This was no sooner said than done, by the attendants in a body shoving on and trampling them under, as an elephant would crush small trees to keep his course. So pushing, floundering through plantain and shrub, pell-mell one upon the other, that the king's pace might not be checked, or any one come in for a royal kick or blow, they came upon the prostrate bird. "Woh, woh, woh!" cried the king again; "there he is, sure enough. Come here, women—come, and look what wonders!" And all the women, in the highest state of excitement, "woh-wohed" as loud as any of the men.—Page 336.

But there is a reverse to the medal, Majesty in Uganda does not always practise on vultures. He had one day been delighted at seeing Captain Speke shoot with a revolver a cow that was wanted for provision. Then—

He loaded one of the carbines I had given him with his own hands, and giving it full-cock to a page, told him to go out and shoot a man in the outer court; which was no sooner accomplished than the little urchin returned to announce his success, with a look of gloom such as one would see in the face of a boy who had robbed a bird's-nest, caught a trout, or done any other boyish trick. The king said to him, "And did you do it well?" "Oh, yes; capitally." He spoke the truth, no doubt, for he dared not have trifled with the king; but the affair created hardly any interest. I never heard, and there appeared no curiosity to know, what individual human being the urchin had deprived of life.—Page 293.

Subsequently, when Captain Speke was living within the precincts of the palace, he says that nearly every day he saw one, two, or three of the wretched wives of the king led away to execution, crying out in the utmost despair and lamentation; but not a soul dared lift a hand to save any of them. One instance is almost too dreadful for belief. Two wretched culprits were ordered to be executed.

To make the example more severe, the king decreed that their lives should not be taken at once; but being fed to preserve life as long as possible, they were to be dismembered bit by bit, as rations for the vultures, every day until life was extinct.—Page 375.

Was ever any of the stories of cruelty handed down to us in Roman chronicles, and dismissed as fabulous from their horror, half so terrible as this? The author of these atrocities is "a good-looking, well-figured, tall young man of twenty-five." He seemed to possess none of the good qualities of Rumanika; he was too self-important to care to inquire about other countries, and too flighty and capricious to answer any series of questions about his own. The Waganda profess a lofty disdain for money, and the king would not allow Captain Speke to buy provision for his men. Everything required should be sent. It is needless to say that he frequently forgot his promise, and the poor fellows were near starvation. He himself coveted every strange object he saw—a compass above all other things—and he would exult like a child over a string of beads.

We will now give Captain Speke's general account of the foundation and present condition of the court. The legends tell that about eight generations back there came a stranger to the Nyanza lake, called Uganda. The inhabitants named him Kimera, and hailed him as their king. He took his station on a stone, with a spear in his hand, and a woman and dog sitting by his side. These have been the Uganda cognisance ever since. Mtesa always walks about with a dog in a string, and carries a spear in his right hand.

Kimera, suddenly risen to eminence, grew proud and headstrong, formed a strong clan around him, whom he appointed to be his *wakungu*, or officers—rewarded well, punished severely—and soon became magnificent. Nothing short of the grandest palace, a throne to sit upon, the largest harem, the smartest officers, the best-dressed people, even a menagerie for pleasure—in fact, only the best of everything—would content him. Fleets of boats were built for war, and armies formed, that the glory of the king might never decrease. In short, the system of government, according to barbarous ideas, was perfect. Highways were cut from one extremity of the country to another, and all rivers bridged. No house could be built without its necessary appendages for cleanliness; no person, however poor, could expose his person: and to disobey these laws was death.—Page 253.

At the death of Kimera, the people chose one of his sons to be king; the rest were taken care of till the coronation of the prince-elect, a ceremony which takes place somewhat late in life—when all but two would be burnt to death. The king's mother enjoys a power nearly equal to that of her son, and guides him in government. Both have their commander-in-chief, as well as other officers of high rank—as the king's barber, governors of provinces, admiral of the fleet, guardian of the king's sisters, executioners, commissioners in charge of tombs, brewer, cook, and pages without number.

Then, again, there are a crowd of subordinate officers—drummers, pea-gourd rattlers, flute players, clarionet players, and players on wooden harmonicons, and lastly men who whistle on their fingers; for music is half the amusement of these courts. Everybody in Uganda is expected to keep spears, shields, and dogs—the Uganda arms and cognisance. There is also a Neptune Mguasa, or spirit, who lives in the depth of the Nyanza, and guides, to a certain extent, the naval destiny of the king.

It is the duty of all officers, generally speaking, to attend at court as constantly as possible; should they fail, they forfeit their lands, wives, and all belongings. These will be seized and given to others more worthy of them; as it is presumed that either insolence or disaffection can be the only motive which would induce any person to absent himself for any length of time from the pleasure of seeing his sovereign. Tidiness in dress is imperatively necessary, and for any neglect of this rule the head may be the forfeit. The punishment for such offences, however, may be commuted by fines of cattle, goats, fowls, or brass wire. All acts of the king are counted benefits, for which he must be thanked; and so every deed done to his subjects is a gift received by them, though it should assume the shape of flogging or fine; for are not these, which make better men of them, as necessary as anything? The thanks are rendered by grovelling on the ground, floundering about and whining after the manner of happy dogs, after which they rise up suddenly, take up sticks—spears are not allowed to be carried in court—make as if charging the king, jabbering as fast as tongues can rattle, and so they swear fidelity for all their lives.

No one dare stand before the king whilst he is either standing still or sitting, but must approach him with

downcast eyes and bended knees, and kneel or sit when arrived. To touch the king's throne or clothes, even by accident, or to look upon his women, is certain death. When sitting in court holding a levee, the king invariably has in attendance several women, evil-eye averters, or sorcerers. They talk in feigned voices, raised to a shrillness almost amounting to a scream. To complete the picture of the court, one must imagine a crowd of pages to run royal messages; they dare not walk, for such a deficiency in zeal to their master might cost their life. A further feature of the court consists in the national symbols already referred to—a dog, two spears, and shield.

With the company squatting in a large half-circle or three sides of a square, many deep, before him, in the hollow of which are drummers and other musicians, the king, sitting on his throne in high dignity, issues his orders for the day. To execute them, the commander-in-chief tells off the divisional officers, who are approved by the king, and the matter is ended in court. The divisional officers then find subordinate officers, who find men, and the army proceeds with its march.

As to the minor business transacted in court, culprits are brought in bound by officers, and reported. At once the sentence is given, perhaps awarding the most torturous, lingering death, probably without trial or investigation, and for all the king knows, at the instigation of some one influenced by wicked spite. If the accused endeavour to plead his defence, his voice is at once drowned, and the miserable victim dragged off in the roughest manner by those officers who love their king, and delight in promptly carrying out his orders. . . . An officer observed to salute informally, is ordered for execution, when everybody near him rises in an instant, the drums beat, drowning his cries, and the victim of carelessness is dragged off, bound by cords, by a dozen men at once. Another man exposes an inch of naked leg whilst squatting, and is condemned to the same fate.

Fines of cows, goats, and fowls are brought in and presented; they are smoothed down by the offender's hands, and then applied to his face, to show there is no evil spirit lurking in the gift; then thanks are proffered for the leniency of the king in letting the presenter off so cheaply, and the pardoned man retires, full of smiles, to the ranks of the squatters.

Stick-charms, being pieces of wood of all shapes, supposed to have supernatural virtues, and coloured earths, endowed with similar qualities, are produced by the royal magicians. The master of the hunt exposes his spoils, such as antelopes, cats, porcupines, curious rats, &c., all caught in nets, and placed in baskets; zebra, lion, and buffalo skins being added. The fishermen bring their spoils; also the gardeners. The cutlers show knives and forks, made of iron inlaid with brass and copper; the furrier, most beautifully sewn patchwork of antelopes' skins; the habermaker, sheets of bark clothing; the blacksmith, spears; the maker of shields, his productions; and so forth; but nothing is ever given without rubbing it down, then rubbing the face, and going through a long form of salutation for the gracious favour the king has shown in accepting it.

Strict as the discipline of the exterior court is, that of the interior is not less severe. The pages all wear turbans made from aloë fibres. Should a wife commit any trifling indiscretion, either by word or deed, she is condemned to execution on the spot, bound by the pages and dragged out.—Pages 255—259.

Such is the court of Uganda. How tantalising must it have been to Captain Speke to have been compelled to pass weeks in such a place, with such a tormentor as King Mtesa to interfere with everything!

Once only did he get to the Nyanza, and then it was to attend the king on a boating excursion, where "the king's hurry-scurry about everything he undertook to do, without the smallest forethought, preparation or warning," made him glad to get back to the society of his "children," as he called the blacks who had attended him from Zanzibar.

In our next article we shall recount the conclusion of the journey, and the voyage down the Nile to Egypt.

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON,

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SCENE II.: PERSONAL BIOGRAPHY.

A CALM and cloudless afternoon in the first week of October, 1846. The spot, a narrow by-way on the northern side of Hornsey Wood; on either side of the green-turfed road, high banks of forest trees and scrub, the disorderly grandeur of noble timber, and a jungle of stunted bushes; over-head, blue sky, fit for a poet's May Day; on the ground, patching the bush grass, resting on ragged briars, or lying in long, shapeless heaps, a profusion of fallen leaves, red and brown, yellow and dusky scarlet; at foot of each ascent, right and left, the trunks of some half-dozen trees, felled twelve months before, and waiting the pleasure of the timber-merchant who has agreed to drag them away at his convenience. Just such a wood as a family of gipsies, or a company of vagrant hawkers would settle in for days together. Seated on the timber, and defended from the merry west wind, that sways the boughs and is rapidly adding to the piles of sere leaves, Ida, Flo, and Edward. Mr. Newbolt is not of the party: there are fat pheasants in Norfolk, and the member for Harling is shooting them down. Flo is painting a litter of autumn leaves; Edward is employed in like manner, working at a picture which appeared in the exhibition of 1847, bearing the title of "Red and Brown;" Ida has an open book in her lap; she has been reading to her best friends, but at the present moment both reader and listeners have had enough of Coleridge.

Scene No. 2.

Roll it away. The public have had enough of it.

"How old were you when you first began to study art?" inquired Flo of Edward.

"Really I can't tell you, Miss Flo. When I was a mere child, I used to sit on the floor and amuse myself with drawing animals, chairs, tables, men's faces on a slate. You would scarcely call that studying art; yet I suppose I was then learning the A B C of art. I had in my childhood a fondness for copying forms on paper: and one of the first presents my dear father gave me was a box of paints, and a few cheap brushes. At the school where I was educated, I learnt to draw and play with water-colours; the boys, though they didn't think much of me in other respects, gave me credit for being a genius in the drawing room: but my master was a poor fellow at his business; * he knew little, and could, of course, only teach less. A man always knows more than he can teach, more, also, than he can show in his works."

"But surely," observed Ida, "you can look back to some point of time when an enthusiasm, a passion for art took possession of you. One of your profession told me not long since that every great artist could tell the

particular half-hour of his existence which determined his career, and made him a painter."

"Possibly your informant was right; but then, Miss Newbolt, I am not a great artist."

"But you will be a famous landscape painter one day," interposed Flo warmly. "I heard Mr. Buckmaster tell papa, only last week, that you would be an Academician before you had your first grey hair. They were his words."

"Mr. Buckmaster didn't intend me to hear them, Miss Flo," returned the artist, not displeased at what the girl had said. And then turning to Ida he continued. "But though I am no more than a simple private in a noble army, and do not aspire to a chief command, I can remember when the artist-ardour—I don't know what to term it; a poet would call the like fervour, inspiration—seized me, and I resolved to be an artist by profession, if my father would let me."

"Tell us about it," said Flo, speaking for herself and her sister, and in no way doing Ida injustice by thus making her a partner in her curiosity.

Naturally the sisters wished to know about the past experience and personal history of the young man who had in an unusual manner become their associate, ay more, their close friend. In confidence they had remarked to each other, how little definite information they possessed about him; and though delicacy kept them from prying into what he did not spontaneously reveal, natural feminine curiosity made them alert to catch up the few particulars concerning his private interests and pursuits, which he let fall from time to time. But those particulars up to the present time had been very trivial. That he was Mr. Buckmaster's favourite pupil; that he was well-looking, a pleasant companion, and a most acceptable addition to their quiet life; that he had given great promise of being an eminent artist; and that he had a fine, generous, heroic temper, formed nearly the entire sum of all they could say about him with certainty. They wanted to know where he was born, and where he had been educated; who his parents had been, and how he had passed his boyhood.

"I was in my fifteenth year, and had been very ill with a low fever. The doctor, when I became convalescent, said he had never before attended a patient who so nearly crossed the threshold of death, and yet recovered. My dear father nursed me as books say women will nurse those whom they love; and his hands raised me up, when others thought I was being lowered into my grave. Dear, dear father! I was still very weak, and he had led me out for a hundred yards or so, behind our cottage, when I turned faint, and sitting down on a bed of purple heather and blazing gorse rested myself. The merry dancing bay was before me; and as I lay at the foot of a granite mound, I could see the quiet church, whither I hoped to go again on the following Sunday. The breeze and the lovely scene soon sent away the faintness; and my father, leaving me for a very few minutes, went back to the cottage to give Lisette some directions for my comfort. I was alone; alone where there was such a wealth of beauty on every side. Miss Newbolt, I couldn't make you realise the scene. The pink granite ledges and boulders, softly toned down with lichens and mosses;

* When Edward Smith was a school-boy, the school in which he was educated was not so fortunate as to have an excellent art-professor like Mr. Paul Naftel, who in this present year (1884) teaches the boys of Edward's old college the rudiments of art.

the multitudes of graceful forms, swaying their heads like joyous, reasoning creatures, as the light breeze caught them; the church, peeping through the trees which rustled over my mother's grave (she died when I was three years old, but I can remember her face); the pure sea, frisking and lashing against the unheeding sand; and all about me the warm, rich glow of the heath-blossom, and the dazzling gorse; near me the heather was not less visible than the gorse flowers; but far away in the plain, the purple was devoured by the yellow, so that in the right-hand distance the eye saw nothing but the gorgeous bed of gold. I shall never forget those few minutes. They made me an artist. When my father returned——"

At which point the speaker paused abruptly.

"Well?" said Ida, quickly.

"Do go on," implored Flo.

"I have told enough," rejoined Edward, speaking with unwonted quickness (usually his utterance was very slow).

"No, no!"

"I'll go on, if you wish me. When my father returned, he found me clutching handfuls of the purple and yellow blossoms, pressing them to my lips and kissing them, as if they were living things, and sobbing like a child. I was a boy of fourteen years; but I couldn't help myself. The weakness of the fever must be my excuse. Don't think the worse of me for having cried over a handful of wild flowers."

Edward's eyes were not often bright with tears. The "melting mood" was not his ordinary humour; but the force of the stirring recollections into which he had been led was such that he was nearly breaking down, under emotions of passionate tenderness—of affectionate regret. He would gladly have left the ladies, and walked homewards by himself.

Nor were his the only wet eyes there.

Ida raised her book, and turned over its leaves. Flo busied herself with her box of colours.

"You see," said Ida, returning her book to its place on her lap, and breaking the silence with her customary voice, "my friend was right, Mr. Smith, when he said that every true artist could tell the point of time that decided him to become one of Art's followers. Nature gave you the command."

"And till I came to London," returned the young man, cheerily, "Nature was my chief teacher. I lived surrounded by such glorious scenery, it is no marvel that I grew up a lover of Nature."

"Where was it?" asked Flo.

"Possibly you have been there."

"Possibly. If you tell me the name, I will tell you if I know the country."

"You have given us such a charming scene," suggested Ida, "that we want to hear more of your kingdom, Mr. Smith. Give us some pictures, and we will guess from them the name of the country. Come, introduce us to your kingdom."

"You ought not to make me tell when I am giving Miss Flo a lesson."

"This isn't a lesson," protested Flo, eagerly; "you gave me my lesson before luncheon. This afternoon we've been at holiday work; and I've done enough

painting to-day. So I mean to sit idle, and hear you describe to us your own country."

"Well; I will do my best to obey," returned Edward, in his sprightliest manner. "My kingdom is surrounded by the sea. It is not a large kingdom; many a time I have walked through it, from north to south, between sunrise and sunset; and from east to west, between breakfast and supper. It is a very little island home."

"You are going to take us to one of the Hebrides," cried Flo, gleefully.

"Though it is small, my kingdom in the sea has great privileges. It makes its own laws, having a parliament of its own for that especial purpose. It has its own coinage, so liberally arranged that if you go there with a shilling in your pocket, you can get thirteen magnificent pence in exchange for it; you may buy a peach for a penny, pay for it with a shilling, and have twelve-pence returned to you."

"Delightful!" exclaimed Flo; "the poor authors and sempstresses ought to live there."

"My kingdom has its own army; and very gallantly once upon a time it fought against the French, when brave Major Prison drove them from the land, and fell like Nelson and Wolfe in the arms of victory. Of course, a country with a legislature, army, and coinage of its own, has a capital; and I can assure you, the chief city of my kingdom will repay you for the trouble of visiting it. It is a cosy, snug, little capital; its old part nestling at the foot of bold hills; its flocks of new villas, superbly engarlanded, wandering up steep ascents. It has not many more than twelve thousand inhabitants; but though it is a wee borough, there is a rare and very picturesque grandeur in some of its parts. The harbour is a noble refuge for the many vessels that enter it, running away from the wrath of the ocean, which is seldom calm within miles' range of my island; and over the harbour, built up on ancient rocks, frown castle and fort, made of granite, like the ground on which they stand. The city is a compact nest of straight, narrow streets, abounding in picturesque corners and quaint buildings; and on summers' nights it is very pleasant to watch the bustling throng of the little streets—men in blouses, women wearing quaint, white caps, and wealthier people gay with finery."

"Has it a picture gallery?" asked Flo. "Do the people care for art?"

Edward smiled at the question, and went on smiling as he answered, "They don't care much for art or artists. There's a wonderful child there, though, a little boy, named Millais, who'll be a great artist some day, if he live. That child's drawings are the most marvellous child's drawings I ever saw. They have also a public statue; let me describe it you. In the chief square of the city (a square not much smaller than Mr. Newbolt's stable-yard), standing on the old market 'High Stone,' is a brass-covered figure of a man; he has a baton in his hand, a wreath of leaves round his head, and he seems to be dancing a dance of triumph. That precious work of art was swept on shore by the wild waves, and the islanders picking it up, rightly judged that it had not been sent to them without an object."

"It must be the figure-head of a wrecked vessel," said the younger of Edward's listeners.

"Pardon me, Miss Flo, it *was* the figure-head of a vessel, it is the statue of a British king. The islanders are very loyal—they always have been very loyal to the throne of Great Britain (of which kingdom the island is a dependency); and when they picked up the figure-head, they carried it to their loyal parliament, who made the wail a means of showing devotion to their king. A special meeting of parliament debated what should be done with the statue, and during the discussion, an influential member of the assembly spoke to this effect: 'We are a loyal people, and have long wished for a statue of our good king, George II.—may he long live to reign over us! Hitherto we have not been able to afford to pay a suitable sculptor for one; but Britannia, who rules the waves, knowing our wants, has brought us the object of our desires.' Brother legislators, I move that this figure be regarded as a statue of good King George, that it be placed in our chief square in honour of our good king, and that we commend all our loyal fellow-citizens to speak and think of it as a statue of our royal master.' The motion was seconded, and unanimously carried; the vote being subsequently recorded in the archives of the parliament. I need not say the resolution was acted upon; and to this present time, the people of my island regard the figure as a semblance of King George II."

"Do you really mean what you say, Mr. Smith?" asked Ida.

"I always mean what I say. I assure you I have been only stating plain fact."

Readers, it should be observed, may satisfy themselves of Edward's truthfulness in this matter, by making a voyage to the young artist's island, and inspecting, first the statue, and then the parliamentary record. The place in which the figure stands on the old market cross, has of course been christened *Royal Square*.

"But tell us," said Flo, "more about the scenery of the island."

"To give you only a faint conception of its beauties would take me hours; they are so many, and so widely different. The south coast of my island slopes down to the sea with smiling curves; the north is bold with magnificent rocks and yawning precipices. I can take you to points where you gaze down fearfully at the waters, rising and beating against Nature's rugged ramparts, hundreds of feet beneath you; where you see waves emerald green, labouring against waves that are blue as sapphire; where the mighty waters make everlasting tumult; whilst from cliff to cliff over resounding chasms, the gulls never rest from flying to and fro, flapping their long white wings, and plaining piteously. Caves there are into which I could guide you safely by the sands when the tide is low, and where you may sit on huge granite boulders, which the rollicking billows have floundered over and broken against for ages and ages. I have rested in them, and watched the lines of surf, creeping and crawling like vicious serpents; over the smooth sands, making me almost think they had a cruel intent to hem me in and destroy me. I can lead you over hills, down whose steep sides the roads have been cut like wreathing snakes, because no beast of burden could make the straight descent; and as you slowly travel along them, you get at every turn of the

circuitous routes new glimpses of bay and foreland, reach and promontory, high conical rocks, upon whose ledges fruits of Australia and flowers of the tropics ripen and blossom in the open air; valley passes, too, rich with timber and pasturage, and sheltering drowsy hamlets and village spires. Nature meant it for a wild spot; but she made it too beautiful for solitude, everywhere men have made a garden of it. Bright white villas sparkle on heights accessible only to strong climbers; and ancient castles—strongholds of the mighty feudal time—are conspicuous on the cliffs to mariners far away. Now you have seen the coasts, I'll take you through the interior of the island. Shall I?"

"Do, do, Mr. Smith," cried Flo. "I am not at all tired, but fresh and ready for another journey."

"The inland is as various in style as the parts bordering on the ocean. Garden though the island is, you can find patches of heath and uncultivated common in it, but they are few and of small extent. Then, for miles, I can drive you through fat farms, beautiful as the vales of South Devon, and peaceful as the modest nooks of Suffolk. There is closer country still, where the widest roads offer passage for no more than one carriage, save at points where travellers draw aside to make way for those whom they encounter; where the stranger is constantly thinking himself in the ornamental grounds of a private park, though he is marching on the public thoroughfare; where, for miles, the trees of the opposite banks interlace their branches, making straight tunnels of greenery, or fashioning bowers, under which, by sharp, sudden turns, the intricate, tortuous lanes lead down into darksome dells. You'd better not try to cross the island without a guide; you'd soon lose yourself. Ever and again you come on antique manor-houses—warlike in aspect as military forts, but still right cosy homesteads—on churches and towers, villages and lonely cabins. The granite of my kingdom surrounds you at every step; the peasants' huts, the very gateposts are made of granite, and so are the roads on which your horses step, and the wayside banks betwixt which you travel. But you mayn't think of the granite as you do of the hard, noisy stones of London streets. In my island, the granite walls are clothed with mosses and lichens, trailing plants and glistening blossoms; and the granite roads are lightly covered with the fine, rich soil, than which no soil of earth yields a greater exuberance of vegetation. Oh! Miss Newbelt, it is an earthly paradise, is that little kingdom by the sea. It is rare joy to watch the dawn break on Gorey Castle, and see the glowing sunset light up the pink granite rocks, and the masses of purple heather on their ledges, till they seem as if they would in an instant burst out in glorious, golden fire!"

"Capital! capital!" cried Ida. "Now, tell me, what language do the natives speak?"

"English, some of them, for they are our fellow-countrymen; others speak another tongue. If you enter the peasants' cottages in the heart of the island at nightfall, you may hear sleeping children, at their mothers' knees, praying to God in French."

"You've been describing Guernsey?"

"No. I went to school at Elizabeth's College, in Guernsey. St. Peter's Port was my Alma Mater; but Jersey was my kingdom."

"And the quaint little capital you mentioned is St. Helier's?" asked Ida.

"Exactly."

"Dear me, then," cried Flo, "you have, after all, been describing no better place than Jersey?"

"No better place, Miss Flo! Who has taught you to despise Jersey?"

"Why, surely," answered the girl, with a curl on her lip, "it's a paltry place; though from your description it must be beautiful to those who love nature."

"But why a paltry place?" insisted Edward.

"Perhaps I am going to say a foolish thing; but the truth is, I thought Jersey was no more than a refuge for dishonest and broken-down people, who run away from England to escape their creditors, and fly from the punishment of the English law. It is full of dishonourable debtors and malefactors, isn't it? I am sure I have heard papa say so."

This speech, made in all innocence, without a suspicion that it was addressed to one whom it would pain acutely, caused Edward to spring from his seat on the tree-stem, and flush with the scarlet of momentary humiliation.

"Dear me! Mr. Smith," cried Flo, rising also with haste, "I hope I have said nothing I oughtn't to have said. What have I done wrong?"

"Nothing — nothing, Miss Flo," answered the young artist. "You didn't mean to hurt me. You couldn't imagine your words would hurt me. When I was a child in arms, Miss Flo, my dear father was ruined by a foolish speculation, and went to live in Jersey, because he had become a very poor man, that is, a very poor man compared with what he had been. He was one of those Jersey debtors. But debtors are not always dishonourable. Often they are no more than unfortunate."

This explanation and concluding assurance were spoken slowly, without the slightest tone of resentment or irritation. Far from seeming angry in his pain, the speaker, by his voice and attitude, expressed something of apology for thus alluding to a private and personal sorrow; thereby causing Flo and Ida to understand that he was candid in stating the secret cause of his annoyance. Not because in petty spite he wished to repay a few careless words with a galling reproof, but because he felt that openness on the subject was due to his own dignity and his father's memory.

Both the ladies understood him.

And Flo, holding out her hand, prettily said—"I have a heedless tongue; but you can make allowance for its foolish speeches. You are very generous, Mr. Smith, not to be angry with me."

"He must be a strange man who could be angry with you, Miss Flo," was Edward's answer.

Fortunately, footman Thomas walked up the driveway at this crisis, and having made a suitable act of obeisance to his mistress, announced that the carriage was waiting in the lane hard by, in readiness to convey the party back to the Clock House.

Whereupon Flo and Edward packed up their brushes

and paint, and in another three minutes they had turned their backs on the red-leaf glen, and stood by the side of Ida's carriage.

"You will come home, and dine with us?" said Ida, when Edward had handed her and her sister to their seats.

"Not to-day, thank you," answered Edward. "Thomas has taken charge of my box and other belongings; but I must go back to town."

So the word was given to the coachman; and the carriage rolled away, leaving Edward in the lane, watching the equipage till it was out of sight.

"That was an unlucky speech of yours, Flo," said Ida, when they had waved their hands to the artist, and driven away.

"Don't speak about it, Ida," answered Flo. "I could cry like a child for shame and vexation; and—I feel such pity for him."

So nothing more passed on the matter at that time.

But two days afterwards, when Mr. Newbolt had returned from Norfolk, the sisters told their father all that Edward had said about Jersey, mentioning, in conclusion, Flo's unlucky speech and Edward's answer.

"Poor lad!" observed John Harrison Newbolt, generously. The strong man had little pity for the weaknesses of men, or for their misfortunes consequent on their own acts; but he always abounded in sympathy for persons struggling against difficulties, for which they were not individually accountable, so long as the difficulties did not lessen their vigour of mind or body. "I had more than a suspicion that his antecedents comprised some ugly story. Indeed, Buckmaster told me that he was the son of a gentleman of good condition, who had fallen into a scrape. Ay, and to be sure, Buckmaster told me that when Edward's father fell under a cloud, he changed his name to Smith, for prudential reasons. Well, well, whatever the youngster's father was fool enough to do can make no trouble for us; and for myself, I like him all the more for his sensitive pride on the subject, and his pluck in saying what he did. We must be careful never to say anything which may make him think that we are curious about the dark, ugly story. He's a noble fellow!"

By which speech Flo's interest in her tutor was greatly heightened; and the warm-hearted child-woman, instead of shrinking from him as the son of a disgraced sire, began to wish that she could console him in moments when the memory of his private troubles, the memory of the misfortunes that fell on the father whom he often mentioned in terms of strong affection, weighed most heavily upon him. Moreover, after the fashion of romantic girls who love to idealise the object of their kindly regard, she wondered who Edward's father, that fallen "gentleman of good condition," could be, and exercised her brains in making conjectures as to the mystery of her friend's parentage, until Edward became in her mind the hero of more than one exciting drama, the lord of many air-built castles.

Thus—

Flo had learnt to honour the young artist:

Had learnt to pity him:

Had grown to feel deep interest in him:

Had come to regard him as a sort of unrecognised hero.

Surely, Edward would have found it an easy task to win the love of the girl whom he loved; but who he was resolved should never love him.

(To be continued.)

UNITARIANISM NOT "THE TRUTH."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN SULLIVAN."

VIII.—THE INADEQUACY OF THE SOCINIAN HYPOTHESIS—(concluded.)

OWEN. Good day to you. I was sorry we had to break off on Saturday; I hope you will now be able to finish that part of the subject.

WHITE. I should think we may easily do so. We were speaking, you know, of the dislike of the Unitarians to the doctrine of substitution—to the doctrine of man's forgiveness on account of Christ's sacrifice. Now, before we go on, let us pause for a moment, and ask, What do Unitarians propose, in lieu of this scheme of redemption through Christ's death?

OWEN. Oh! they maintain, I know, that man is saved by the mere free forgiveness of his heavenly Father. But I confess that there are some passages in Scripture which make me fear to embrace this vague and perhaps delusive hope.

WHITE. Yes, there are many such passages. All through the Bible we find the plainest and most positive declarations, that sin shall be punished, and punished everlastingly. "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God" (Ps. ix. 17). "He will not at all acquit the wicked" (Nah. i. 3). "He will render to every man according to his deeds" (Rom. ii. 6). "The unbelieving, and abominable, and murderers, and all liars, shall have their place in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone" (Rev. xxi. 8). All these, and a hundred other passages, must be disbelieved, before we can admit the Unitarian view, that God can, and will, simply forgive all sinners, without exacting the least compensation for his broken law or his despised threatenings. But, even without opening the Bible, must we not feel a difficulty, on general grounds, in supposing that it is easy for God to issue, whenever he pleases, a free pardon to all offenders? Take the case of a family, the children of which have insulted, disobeyed, and disregarded their parent. Do you suppose it to be perfectly right and quite easy for the parent, of his own free will, to declare all his children freely pardoned? Or, if a town or a province has revolted, and sinned grievously against its sovereign, is it the plainest and simplest of all courses for the sovereign to issue a full and absolute pardon for all the rebels? Do you think that a family or a city could be ruled in any such way? Could any sort of authority be maintained if the ruler exhibited this sort of careless lenity, and dispensed with his whole law, exacting no penalty for its violation? But if an earthly dominion could not be maintained in this way, why should you suppose that the highest of all sovereignties might be so administered?

OWEN. No, I confess that I should hesitate, as I just now said, to risk my everlasting salvation on such a hope as this. But our main subject, I think is, to-day, what you call "the inadequacy of

the Unitarian scheme" to account for the chief facts of Scripture. You have shown, I think, that one main fact—that of sacrifice, a sacrifice including the shedding of blood—is unaccounted for, and finds no place in the Unitarian scheme. It is not to be denied, it is evidently a Divine institution from the very first, yet has it in their theology no meaning. What is the next point you propose to take up?

WHITE. I think that we shall find matter enough to occupy all our remaining time in noticing two other omissions in the Unitarian scheme. These are so remarkable, as to demand special notice; and they will require more than a passing mention or allusion.

The first is, the strange manner in which they drop out of view a chief feature in the awful transactions of Gethsemane and Calvary. One of their chief writers, describing the crucifixion, says, "The historians drop no hint that its sufferings, its affections, its relations, were other than human. They ascribe no sentiment to the crucified, except such as might be expressed by one of like nature with ourselves, in the consciousness of a finished work of duty, and a fidelity never broken. I conceive of it as manifesting the last degree of moral perfection in the Holy One of God, and believe, that in thus being an expression of character, it has its primary and everlasting value." In so saying, while he represents the Saviour as the first and purest of the noble army of martyrs, he places him below hundreds of them in moral strength and in triumphant faith.

OWEN. Do you think so? Can you prove this?

WHITE. I think it is abundantly clear. Of how many such sufferers, less pure and spotless than the Holy One of God, have we the record of their joy, their exultation, their triumph, at the prospect of an immediate entrance into bliss. Of few of them do we read so mournful an account as that of Gethsemane and of Calvary—of groans, and cries, and lamentations. If we believe the Saviour to have suffered merely what other martyrs have suffered, the pains, the contumely, the bodily exhaustion, of a cruel death, we must regard him as in fortitude, at least, inferior to many who have followed in his path.

But who does not see that we arrive at this unworthy view of Christ's sufferings only by shutting out all the main facts of the case. What other martyr ever suffered a Gethsemane? In what way, save one, can we account for that dreadful agony, if there was nothing before the Saviour but a few hours of pain, and a departure from all bodily suffering, to be for ever with his God? We know of hundreds who have looked such a death in the face without alarm. Why are we to suppose the noblest and most exalted of martyrs to be also one of the weakest and the most fearful?

The facts narrated clearly negative any such supposition. The far heaviest part of the sufferings of Christ were the mental sufferings—the horror which oppressed his soul. It was this, and not the mere fear of dying, which threw him into that unutterable agony, and forced, in the inconceivable horrors of that hour, his blood through every pore. If we read the narrative of the last hours of John Bradford on the night preceding his martyrdom, we see a soul filled with holy joy at the prospect of quickly putting off this mortal body and soon

entering paradise. If we suppose the circumstances and the standing of the two sufferers to have been the same, we must regard Bradford's end as having been immeasurably the most dignified and glorious. But the truth is, that there was no similarity between the two cases; for Bradford, though a sinful man, was a pardoned sinner, and had realised his pardon; while the Lord Jesus knew that he had yet to bear the load of man's sin, and, appreciating justly its weight, his soul was filled with terror at the sight. To shut out this fact from view, and to deem the Saviour to be merely suffering the common death of a martyr, is to do the greatest violence to history, and the utmost dishonour to the sufferer himself. His mental agony, I repeat, was the chief element in his sufferings, and to close our eyes to this is to exclude from view the most important fact in the case.

And what is true of Gethsemane, is equally true of Calvary. While on the cross, as in the garden, he appealed to his Father, under a load which he knew not how to bear. What was that load? It was not his own sin, for he was without any stain of the kind. Was it merely the apprehension, or the endurance, of a few hours of bodily suffering? If we could believe this, we should be forced to regard him as spotless and blameless indeed; but also as one destitute, beyond most men, of moral courage and power of endurance. But we are left in no doubt on the subject. The cause of his peculiar agony is plainly stated. His Father had forsaken him. The prophetic words of David were being fulfilled: "They gave me gall for my meat; and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink. Thy rebuke hath broken my heart, I am full of heaviness" (Ps. lxxix). Physicians have shown, from the circumstances of Christ's death, and from the water and blood, that it was not from wounds, but from a broken heart, that he died. Thus, his death was wholly unlike that of all other martyrs; and to attempt to confound it with those histories is merely to misunderstand it wilfully and disastrously.

OWEN. I admit, freely, that it stands quite alone, and that mental suffering was evidently a chief feature in it.

WHITE. But then, consider further, that there could be no personal remorse in the case, nor any reason, arising from personal fault, why his Father should hide his face from him, and surely you must see that there is some great and all-important fact in the case, which the Unitarians refuse even to look into.

OWEN. Yes; I cannot resist that conclusion.

WHITE. Next observe, then, that all this, and the reason of it, had been foretold centuries before. Isaiah, whose fifty-third chapter is distinctly recognised in the eighth of Acts as a prophecy of Christ, had described the scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary seven hundred years before Christ's birth, in such language as this:—

He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. . . . He had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth. Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou

shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand. . . . By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities. He was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

Now with this prophecy before you, let me ask whether you can conceive of stronger or plainer language setting forth the fact of substitution, the transference of sin from many transgressors to one representative, and the punishment of that sin in that representative, instead of in the actual sinners?

OWEN. No, I do not think that plainer language could have been found. Is there not, however, some parallel to this somewhere in the Book of Leviticus?

WHITE. Oh, yes; in the sixteenth chapter we read of "the scapegoat," one of the plainest types of Christ. It is said, "Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness; and the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited." Here we have the very language used by Isaiah: "He shall bear their iniquities." It explains, too, another remarkable expression used by Jeremiah: "The iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found" (Jer. i. 20).

OWEN. I think, however, that you have not spoken of the main objection taken by Unitarians to the doctrine of substitution—namely, that it is intrinsically and manifestly unjust. I remember reading the question in one of their treatises:—"When a sentence is proclaimed against crime, is it indifferent to judicial truth upon whom it falls? Personally addressed to the guilty, may it descend without a lie upon the guiltless? Is Heaven too veracious to abandon its proclamation of menace against transgressors, yet content to vent it upon goodness the most perfect?"

WHITE. Oh, yes, I am well aware of this, their main argument. I might reply by mere human analogies—as, for instance, it is a common thing enough, even among ourselves, for a wealthy person, pitying a poor man who is sentenced to pay a fine for some offence, to put his hand in his pocket and to pay it for him. In the matter of personal suffering this cannot occur, because the law, looking to the rareness of such an offer, has made no provision for it. History, however, recording the acts of absolute sovereigns, takes notice of various cases in which one person has suffered in the place of another. I prefer, however, to quit all such illustrations of the principle, and to look simply at the main fact of the case. Man is a sinner, and has incurred the righteous sentence of death—eternal death. God graciously finds a ransom, provides a way of escape, and sends us his word, which describes, from the beginning to the ending, this salvation, this redemption, this ransom, in every variety of mode and manner. Millions eagerly embrace it, but a small party in a corner of the world raise the absurd and monstrous objection that the plan of salvation thus offered is intrinsically unjust, and unworthy of God. They assume themselves to have a clearer view of what

is right and fitting than the "Judge of all the earth!" Is it possible for blind infatuation to go beyond this? These men may fancy, indeed, that in the great accounting day they will justify their rejection of God's appointed way of salvation by the plea that it did not commend itself to their sense of what was just and right; but they miscalculate. When that awful moment actually arrives, they will discern, better than they now do, the enormous folly and absurdity of such a plea, and having rejected the wedding garment, they will stand "speechless" (Matt. xxii. 12).

OWEN. I fear, indeed, that they must. But you said, I think, that you were going to point out two important facts omitted or overlooked in the Unitarian interpretation of Scripture. What is the second?

WHITE. I have stated, as the first, their omission in any way to account for the dread and horror, the extreme mental suffering of Christ, in Gethsemane and Calvary. Why the Father should have "forsaken" him, and hid his face from him, is, on the Unitarian scheme, wholly unaccounted for. But I want, secondly, to show you that this desertion, this frown of his heavenly Father had been long foretold by prophets of old; and that all these predictions, as well as their fulfillment, are left out of view by Unitarian commentators. Thus, I have already cited those plain and expressive words which occur in Isaiah liii. "It pleased the Lord to bruise him, he hath put him to grief;" "the chastisement of our peace was upon him;" "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." In the same strain speaks Zechariah: "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, smite the Lord of hosts: smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered" (xiii. 7). And so in the Psalm (xxii.) which most particularly describes the sufferings of Christ—"They pierced my hands and my feet; they look and stare upon me; they part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture"—the Psalmist, speaking in the person of Christ, cries out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" I cry, but thou hearest not. Be not far from me. My heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of my bowels. Thou hast brought me into the dust of death." So that, many centuries before the actual scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary, those events had been foreseen, and had been graphically described, and had been distinctly traced to God's will, and even to his immediate hand. A plain, positive, unequivocal statement meets us again and again, that the sufferings of Christ, or rather, the heaviest and most painful of them, were inflicted by the Father's own hand. Yet the Father loved him, and was always "well pleased" with him. How, then, is this strange fact to be accounted for? On the Unitarian scheme it is left wholly unexplained. But it forms a leading and most essential point in the Christian faith. See in Christ "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," the Lamb who by his death "took away the sin of the world," and all is plain, simple, and intelligible. On this Lamb were "laid the iniquities of us all." God cannot look upon iniquity without fierce anger. Therefore came forth the words, "Awake, O sword, against the man that is my fellow." Therefore "it pleased the Lord to bruise him, and to put him to grief." Therefore his

soul, as well as his body, was made "an offering for sin." And thus, enduring the wrath of God, his heart in his body "became like melting wax," and finally was "broken" under the Divine rebuke. Thus, the Christian scheme, as expounded by all the apostles, recognises every fact in the history, and gives to each its place. But Unitarianism is obliged to leave the main portion of them dropped out of sight, and wholly unaccounted for, as if they had never existed.

OWEN. It is, indeed, too plain. How do you account for such infatuation?

WHITE. Nay, to account for all the deceitfulness of the heart of man is beyond me. The fact, however, is plainly set before us, in one of the earliest pages of the Bible.

OWEN. You mean in the history of Cain, I suppose.

WHITE. Yes, Cain, I suppose, was the first Socinian. Adam and Eve, as I have remarked, were clothed by God in the skins of slain beasts. Their son, Abel, was apprised of the meaning of this, for he brought of the firstlings of his flock an offering to God, typifying "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Cain must have been acquainted with the meaning of this, but Cain rejected the offering which God had appointed. He would not confess his sin, or present a sin-offering. He would only see in God what the Unitarians see—a mere lord, or superior, to whom he owed homage. He brought merely of the fruit of the ground. Such an offering, without any confession of sin, or any reference to the great propitiation, God would not accept. Cain was driven from God's presence, and his children became, by gradual maturity in crime, so loathsome to God, as to cause him to resolve, "I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth, for it repenteth me that I have made them." Such was the success of Satan's second temptation. The first was a rejection of God's law, of God's authority; the second was a rejection of his way of salvation, of his offered mercy. To a certain extent, Socinians yield to each of these temptations. They do not like to admit that God ought, or that he will, demand of men entire obedience to his holy law. They think that he will accept a partial and imperfect obedience. Nor will they recognise or lay hold upon that great propitiation which he has provided, whereby, in the sufferings of Christ, the demands of the law are satisfied, and in the holy life of Christ that law was glorified. They put all this from them; crediting, with Eve, Satan's first falsehood, "Ye shall not surely die," and disregarding, with Cain, the remedy which God in his mercy had set forth, as a full and sufficient cure for the malady which sin had introduced into the world.

(To be continued.)

GOOD TEMPER.—If you find you have a hastiness in your temper, which, unguardedly, breaks out into indiscreet sallies or rough expressions, to either your superiors, your equals, or your inferiors, watch it narrowly, and check it carefully: at the first impulse, of passion be silent until you can be soft.—Lord Chesterfield.

HOW TO TRAIN THE MEMORY ARIGHT.

BY W. BOWEN ROWLANDS, ESQ., B.A.

No. VI.

THE glories of Memory were embalmed in the gorgeous mythology of the ancient heathen. They feigned that she was the daughter of Uranus, or Heaven, and mother of the Muses, being wedded to supreme Jupiter. Indeed, few have estimated its worth more highly, or bestowed more eloquence on the subject than the old classical writers. Plato taught that memory was but the recollection of a former life, and all learning he held to be nothing else but remembering. "So then," exclaims the great Roman orator, "to learn is nothing else than to remember;" and he straightway falls into admiration of that astounding faculty which preserves within us facts and words for further use. He tells us, too, of men renowned for their powers in this respect: of Simonides, of Theodectes—a disciple of Aristotle, who is said to have been able to repeat at once any number of previously recited verses—of Lucullus, and of Cineas, concerning whom a singular anecdote is related. He was a man renowned for eloquence, and was sent as ambassador to the Romans by Pyrrhus, who was then at war with them. On the evening of his arrival at Rome, he made it his business to learn accurately the names of all the senators and knights; and we are told that next day he was able to salute each one of them respectively by his proper name. Certainly, if true, this was no inconsiderable feat, and one which candidates for public favours in our own day would gladly practise, were their memories sufficiently retentive to allow of it.

And we find that Cicero is earnest in his endeavours to inculcate the necessity of diligently cultivating our memorial powers. "As," he writes, "precepts of art are of little use without continuous assiduity and exercise in anything whatever, so more especially in mnemonics, learning will avail but little, unless it be aided and improved by industry, study, toil, and diligence." And the same holds good now, as it did in the days of Cicero. There never was, and never can be, a royal road, or short cut, to learning. True, the difficulties of the way may be smoothed down, and many a rough and rugged path be made comparatively easy. Still must the student who would attain to eminence, crawl, oftentimes footsore and weary, along the steep and flinty road that all great men have trod before him.

It would be difficult to exceed the great orator in our estimate of memory. It is, he says, the treasure-house of all things; the garner of inventions; the guardian of every part of rhetoric; and speaking of the matter and structure of public speeches, he terms memory the foundation, and action their grace and brilliancy. But I shall have more immediate cause to refer to this eminent authority when speaking of artificial memories, or mnemonics, properly so called.

In a previous paper I have strongly advocated the plan of marking the margins of the books which the student desires to master. Perhaps I may here notice an objection to this practice which some openly avow, and which many act upon without explicitly avowing; and that is, that such a practice spoils the appearance and lessens the value of the books. Nor would this objection be without

force were books but ornaments, or instruments of barter and sale. But there are few of us, I trust, who regard them in this light; if any there be, I address not my remarks to them. No one has answered this objection more ably than Dr. Watts, in his "Treatise on Logic." He entirely approves of and recommends writing, conversation, and commonplace-books as aids to memory; and on this point of marginal noting, in particular, he writes as follows:—"To shorten something of this labour, if the books you read are your own, mark with a pen or pencil the most considerable things in them which you desire to remember. Thus you may read that book the second time over with half the trouble, by your eye running over the paragraphs which your pencil has noted. It is but a weak objection to this practice to say, I shall spoil my book; for I persuade myself that you did not buy it as a bookseller, to sell it again for gain, but as a scholar, to improve your mind by it; and if the mind be improved, your advantage is abundant, though your book yields less money to your executors."

One rule must never be lost sight of in educating, so to speak, the memorial powers; and that is, to do our utmost to regard our studies with pleasure—to view them, as near as may be, with positive delight. It is well known that whatever excites in us a powerful affection makes a corresponding lasting impression. Men do not readily forget those circumstances in their lives which strongly evoked the feelings of fear, wonder, or shame, still less, perhaps, delight. I recollect on one occasion examining some children on the history of England, and was struck with surprise at their recollection of certain passages in that history. I found that in nearly every case those portions were most deeply engraven on their minds which had called forth feelings of dislike or approbation. Thus they were especially conversant with the reigns of Elizabeth and Henry V., on the one hand, and with those of John and Queen Mary, on the other; and on examining a pictorial history used by some of them, I found that the pictures of John and Mary were nearly obliterated by scratches, while those of more favoured monarchs were adorned with marginal decorations in paint and ink. This may serve to confirm what I have said above. Strong feelings were excited in the children by the perusal of those portions of the history, and consequently they remembered them the better; and best of all, those good kings and queens in whom their young minds found *delight*.

I do not say that students of more advanced years should ever allow themselves to be betrayed into undue expressions of feeling. But this I do say, and Lord Bacon and Dr. Johnson have said the same, that what excites interest, and is read with pleasure, fixes itself permanently in the memory. Another observation I may make, by the way: that illustrated books are the best, generally speaking, that can be placed in the hands of children. Care must, of course, be taken that the illustrations are suitable, and free from any objectionable tendency. But, with this one caution, I am convinced that nothing is better suited for graving the contents of a work on young people's minds than an illustrated book.

It may at first sight appear that I have attributed opposite effects to *dislike*, in the one case considering it as a hindrance, in the other as an

aid to memory. But this may be easily cleared up. There must be no dislike to study in itself, but the very opposite feeling of delight. To particular facts recorded, or particular characters detailed, there may, and often should be in the mind of the reader a very strong dislike, nay, disgust. Feeling pleasure and vigorous joy at the objects, and in the hours of study, will of itself dispose our memories to retain what we read; while the affections of dislike and admiration at this or that fact or person will contribute further towards the same end, and securely rivet the chain that has been already welded.

All this is in a great degree connected with the wonderful power of association. So closely does the mind connect facts with facts, that when two things have happened together once, it is a never-failing law that the one of them invariably recalls the other, however different may be the outward circumstances in the two cases. Who has not felt the power of some once familiar air—

"Little tunes that stir
A thousand memories in a traveller."—

or well-known words, heard in days long gone by, in scenes of youthful pleasure, to recall, as though by magic, recollections that have long lain slumbering in the brain? The old joy lives again at the bidding of the simple sound, and the gladness of years ago thrills through the mind in a single instant, as the tumult of the ocean is heard in the minute hollow of the sea-shell. And the converse of this is true as well. Ofttimes the darker spots of life are thus recalled to us by association, and the charnel-house of the past is laid open by a word or a look. If we would confer a boon upon our after life, we should be careful to give our memories as little of what is sinful and fraught with shame to bear within them as possible, that association may recall to us no blotted pages, no sin-stained chapters in the volume of our lives. For though it be correct, as the poet has beautifully observed, that

"Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken."—

still it is equally true that crimes and follies live there too, and will ever and anon rise up to condemn us when we least expect or wish it.

To recur to more ordinary rules and methods. I have already observed on the advantages of abstemiousness, and exercise in the open air for strengthening the memory; and a remarkable instance of their use is preserved to us in the character of our Second Henry. "Few persons," to use the words of one of our ablest historians, "have equalled Henry in abstemiousness, none, perhaps, in activity. Giraldus Cambrensis, too, tells us that he was on foot or horseback from morning till evening, when he could spare time from more important concerns. He delighted in the converse of able and learned men, and his memory was so powerful that he retained whatever he either read or heard; and he is, moreover, said to have recognised at a single glance every person whom he had previously seen. So great was his abstinence, that after returning from the chase he would hastily snatch a slight repast, and keep his attendants, to their no small disgust, actively engaged with him until the hour for retiring to rest."

(To be continued.)

THE RAGGED SCHOOL UNION.

THE following letter has been forwarded to the press by Lord Shaftesbury. The cause of the Ragged Schools is one so entirely in unison with the principles which THE QUIVER has at heart, that we make no apology for printing it. In order to further the noble object advocated in the letter, we have opened a subscription list, which we have ourselves headed with a sum of £10 10s. Any subscriptions that may be sent to us we shall acknowledge in THE QUIVER, under the head of "Ragged Schools Fund."

Sir,—You will, perhaps, with the usual liberality of the press in such matters, allow me a space in your columns for an appeal in behalf of the Ragged School Union of London.

The Union, of which I have the honour and the pleasure to be chairman, has fallen into great distress by the efforts that it made to subsidise and keep open the several schools during the period when so much money was diverted from the accustomed channels to aid the heroic sufferers in the manufacturing districts.

On the 7th of last month the society's balance in their bankers' hands was only six shillings.

I must remind the public that by the exertions of our Union and the self-denying labours of the committees, managers, and teachers of the several schools the blessings of social and religious education are given to 27,000 of the most destitute and neglected children on the face of this earth. I do not now intend to make this an occasion of bemoaning our system, or of disputing with those who maintain that it might be and ought to be superseded by one far more regular and efficacious.—I have my own very decided opinions; but I now only urge (as I have often urged in debate) the necessity of immediate action, however imperfect. Let us do what we can on the instant and simultaneously,—both deliberate ourselves, and call on others to do the same, as to what shall be the improved and permanent mode of dealing with these forgotten classes.

I shall be excused, I feel sure (for I see it and feel it daily), if I press on your attention the value of every moment. Hundreds from among them are yearly passing untaught into eternity—hundreds are rising into the age, the opportunities, the temptations of crime. For God's sake! stand in the breach. It is no declamation to speak so. The thing has been done, and it may be done again. We show our success by quoting the opinions of the magistrates, of the police; by citing the diminished records of juvenile delinquency, by stating the numbers we have sent to Her Majesty's colonies who have there become good, and even affluent citizens; and specially by referring to the thousands we have placed in trade and domestic services whose conduct both justifies and repays the care their friends have bestowed upon them. All classes and all denominations have contributed to this happy issue; nor is there any part of it more gratifying than the mutual labour and goodwill of Churchmen and Nonconformists, who, under the acknowledged pressure of the evil, have so freely laid aside their ecclesiastical differences to work in the cause of their common Master.

It is, perhaps, little known (and yet it is right that it should be known) how deep and how active an interest is taken by the poorest in this movement, and how largely they have given; and continue to give, of their time and their scanty means to promote its success.

A few years ago, I received an address from 2,300 male and female Ragged School teachers. The memorialists represented 175 different callings, passing through every gradation of society—from persons of independent incomes to the dockyard labourer and the wretched needlewoman. Surely we may see in this a social and political benefit. These worthy and estimable people are not engaged in works of turbulence and sedition; they do not seek to render their pupils discontented and array poverty against wealth; their noble and joyous object is to do what in them lies to pluck the miserable out of the mire, to put little children in the right path, and teach them, under the guidance of Holy Scripture, to "do their duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them." Such a combination was

never before seen in any nation of the world. I heartily pray that their generous zeal may not be discouraged; for, should the apathy or the disapprobation of the public refuse to them now the necessary supplies, sorrow and despair will seize upon most of them; they will be scattered to the right and to the left, and a miracle will be required to gather them together again to a revival of their singlehearted and blessed co-operation.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
St. Giles House, Jan. 11. SHAFTESBURY.

P.S.—I must add, by way of business, that contributions will be gratefully received by the secretary, Mr. Joseph Gent, Ragged School Union, 1, Exeter Hall, Strand.

Department for Young People.

REPORT OF THE JUVENILE LECTURES ON ELECTRICITY AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

LECTURE III.

WHATEVER may be the sort of operation in which we are engaged, said the lecturer, when introducing himself to his audience on this occasion, we endeavour to save labour. It hardly signifies where we turn for examples, for turn where we will, abundant examples are forthcoming. Thus, for instance, stockings were at first made by hand-labour universally; no such contrivance as a machine for the making of stockings being known. At last, however, some person discovered that hand-labour involved a tedious process in this art; thereupon, stocking-weaving machines were discovered; and becoming adopted more and more, we now find that hand-made stockings are curiosities. Thus it is in the matter of electricity, concerning which I am now addressing you. By this time we have made some sort of acquaintance with this curious agent, electricity, whatever it may be. We have succeeded in learning some of its effects at least, if we do not exactly know what causes these effects; and you will please to remember, that all the electricity we have produced or generated has been produced or generated by friction—by rubbing one body against another body. Now you must have observed by looking at me, and you will have found in conducting experiments at home, as I hope you have conducted them, that the friction or rubbing which is necessary to the development of our effects necessitates a certain amount of labour—of more labour than is convenient or agreeable. Therefore, the question may perhaps have occurred to you, why is it that we do not get machinery to accomplish for us what is found to be so troublesome and fatiguing when performed by hand-labour? You will have heard, I dare say, mention of such things as electrical machines—and you probably will have asked yourselves why I, in lecturing on electricity, have not brought before your notice one of the things called electrical machines. Well, the explanation is simple; had I done so at the beginning, before you had given me the attention necessary for learning first principles, it might have happened that you would have thought more about the machine itself, than about the electricity given forth by the machine. Whatever be the new subject to which people give their attention, some hard, dry truths have to be learned—an alphabet, so to speak, has to be mastered; and

the more simply an alphabet is put before a learner's eyes the better. We do not teach a child his printed alphabet by means of a learned book, we prefer simpler means—a horn-book it may be, or a slate; and having well grounded a learner thus, we after a time set him to apply his alphabet. Then for the first time he gains the just reward of past labours; he is delighted with pretty tales, or good histories, or whatever of excellence there may be in the printed matter of the book set before him. And thus it is in all that we do, in all our labours or achievements; a good deal of hard work has to be got over before we obtain our reward; no matter what the object of conquest may be, the remark still applies. An Alpine traveller, for example, is scaling a lofty mountain, and hopes in time to reach its summit. Onwards and onwards, upwards and upwards, he goes, over yawning fissures or crevasses that threaten to swallow him; higher and higher still he mounts, resolutely, cautiously. Difficulties do not make him faint of heart—he does not even quail under dangers. Avalanches come thundering down, but they do not deter the explorer. Well, strong in determination, resolute of purpose, the climber reaches the mountain top at last. He has done his work; and now, looking down over the fair face of Nature, contemplating the beautiful expanse laid out before him, as though upon a map, he finds the reward of past labours. Well, continued the lecturer, it is thus with you boys and girls—with us juveniles, I may say; for I, though somewhat an old boy, endeavour to make myself young—the better to join in your feelings during these lectures. You have very patiently learned your electrical alphabet—done your heavy work—*climbed your mountain*; it is only fair, then, that you should be rewarded by a sight of whatever beauties the prospect may disclose.

Observe the table, resumed the lecturer, it shows a different appearance to what it did when I met you last. We had then no machinery, we worked by hand. By rubbing little bits of amber, of sealing-wax, of glass, and so forth, we obtained our effects; and these simple means sufficed to teach us all that we already know concerning this wonderful thing, electricity. You will probably soon find that we know a good deal more about electricity through the teaching of our simple instruments than some amongst us might have expected or hoped. The actual truth is, that electrical machines, as they are called, teach almost nothing new, almost nothing that cannot be taught by our simpler instruments. Electrical machines, and the instruments belonging to them, do not so much create a prospect—so to speak—as enable us to see clearly the features of the prospect created by other means. The lecturer then proceeded to explain the parts and action of electrical machines. He explained how people, after contenting themselves with producing electricity by hand-rubbing for nearly two thousand years, began to effect the rubbing by machinery. The first machines consisted of globes of brimstone, or some resinous body, caused to revolve against a padded rubber. Afterwards, globes gave place to cylinders, as being more convenient; and instead of brimstone, or some resinous body, the cylindrical part of the machinery was made of glass. At present, instead of cylinders, glass plates are mostly used—chiefly because they are more convenient to match

of equal size, so that if one be broken, another may be substituted. Anciently, the rubber and the substance rubbed by machinery constituted the whole of an electrical machine. In process of time, however, it was found convenient to collect and hold electricity, as in a sort of magazine. In the language of electrical mechanism, such a magazine is called "the prime conductor." Bearing in mind the fact, that whether the body rubbed be globular or cylindrical matters not, as regards the production of electricity, it follows that we may illustrate the working and action of an electrical machine by taking for an example any form of it we please. Now, for certain reasons, unnecessary to explain here, the cylindrical machine possesses illustrative advantages; let us therefore investigate the parts of such a machine. The cylinder is usually set up upon a pair of wooden supports, and turned by a winch; the rubber, in the most perfect form of an electrical machine, is supported on a glass leg, and so is the reservoir or collector of electricity—called the prime conductor. It will be seen, then, from an examination of an electrical machine, that on one side of the cylinder is the rubber, *actually* in contact with the cylinder—pressing against it somewhat heavily, indeed; whilst on the other side stands the prime conductor, studded with a line of spikes, on the part nearest to the cylinder—not in contact with the latter, indeed, but still very near to it. Such are the parts of a cylindrical electrical machine.

Professor Tyndall then repeated, on the large scale, many experiments that he had hitherto performed by hand appliances. More especially did he give attention to the function of induction, and (which depends upon an exercise of this function) to the relative facility with which electricity once collected upon a surface was given off from that surface. Having proved, by means that we are sure need not be described twice—and we have described them once—that upon the prime conductor of an electrical machine, when the latter was set in action, positive electricity collected; and upon the rubber, or conductor in union with the rubber, negative electricity—the lecturer proceeded to transfer electricity—electric fluid, if we still choose to call it so—from the conductor, and to electrify bodies inductively, by placing them near to the conductor. Referring to a preceding lecture for the proof that similar electricities are self-repulsive—in other words, that positive electricity repels positive, and negative electricity repels negative—the lecturer proceeded to show that application of this fact would readily explain the difference that resulted from the mere shape of an electrified body in its power of acquiring and giving off (both go together) whatever charge of electricity might be thereon accumulated. He began by placing a metal-coated ball upon a supporting stem of shellac; the latter being, as our readers will doubtless call to mind, an excellent electrical non-conductor. By adopting such an arrangement the metal-covered ball is—in the language of electricians—insulated; that is to say, whatever electricity may be communicated to it will experience great difficulty in getting away. If the insulation were perfect, then the collected electricity would *never* get away; but, as we have already explained—and cannot explain too often—there are no such things as perfect electrical non-conductors in all Nature; hence there can be no such state as perfect electrical insulation.

Turning now to the metal-covered globe, which we left standing upon its non-conducting stem of shellac, and remembering that similar electricities are mutually repulsive, let us propose to ourselves the following question. Supposing the metal-covered ball to be charged with electricity, how would that electricity be distributed over the ball? Would it be distributed evenly, or unevenly? The answer to these questions is easy enough when we come to reflect upon the case. First, we have to bear in mind the chief mathematical property of a globe—the property, namely, of having every point upon its surface equally distant from the centre. Next, let us remember that, by virtue of the self-repellent quality of similar electricities, any electrical fluid (so to speak) of one kind, say positive, which may be conveyed to the metal-covered globe, will tend to fly away so as to be as far as possible from the centre of the globe. But we already know that every point upon the surface of a globe is equally distant from the centre of it; and thus do we arrive at the conclusion that the electricity will be equally distributed over our charged globe.

Bearing these facts in mind, the lecturer explained that we could, by merely regarding the shape of a conductor, affirm at what part of it the greatest amount of electricity would be accumulated. His first illustration consisted of a metallic, or a metal-covered conductor, something like a very symmetrical and straight-growing pear in shape. He fixed such a conductor upon an insulating stand of shellac, and charged it with electricity. "At what part of this conductor did the electrical charge try with greatest force to get away?" he inquired of his young people. "At the sharp end," answered many, proving that they had well comprehended him. And by experiments performed with conductors of many shapes, he proved, as our readers by this time know he could not help proving, that the tendency of electricity to press, in its endeavours to get away, assumed its greatest force at the pointed extremity of a charged conductor. We have already remarked that whatever form of conductor is capable of giving out electricity best, is also capable of taking it in best; and in this circumstance the explanation of the fact will be seen that lightning conductors are always terminated, at the end which projects against the sky, with a sharp point. To illustrate further the influence possessed by mere form in determining the distribution of electricity, the lecturer now performed two curious experiments. Having insulated a round table-like surface, he electrified that surface, and this being done, he proceeded to search for electricity upon the surface at various parts of it. For this purpose he used a disc of paper coated with gold, or rather Dutch leaf (a sort of brass), and attached to a shellac handle. This instrument is termed by electricians a carrier, and is commonly employed to carry electricity from one place or one object to another place or another object. First he tested the middle of his electrified and insulated table—that is to say, he touched it with the carrier, and afterwards touched the plate of a gold-leaf electrometer with the carrier—there followed little or no divergence of the gold leaves. But repeating the experiment, with the sole variation of testing the edge of the electrified disc instead of the middle

of it, the gold leaves diverged fully. The next experiment was as follows.

The lecturer had provided himself with a cylinder, rounded at the ends, and in the middle of which was a concealed needle, that admitted of being thrust out from one extremity of the conductor at pleasure. He proved that when the conductor was electrified and the needle *not* exposed, the electricity that streamed away was but inconsiderable; but as soon as he repeated the experiment, exposing the needle, then, from the point of the needle, electricity streamed away in torrents, as was evidenced by a gold-leaf electrometer, placed at some little distance. He now explained more fully than had been done the theory of the action of an electrical machine. Adopting the supposition of two electrical fluids, the action of an electrical machine is as follows: when the cylinder rubs against the rubber, then the balance of two electricities, natural to all things, is disturbed. Negative electricity goes to the rubber, and, of course, attracts to itself positive electricity, which comes up from the earth—its great storehouse—along a conducting chain or wire. Positive electricity collects upon the prime conductor, and (the latter being insulated) cannot get away.

The lecturer now performed the pretty experiment of rubbing a glass rod so as to excite it electrically, and holding this rod near to a leaf of silver-foil, it first attracted the foil, afterwards repelled it; and, by means of the repulsion thus effected, the lecturer—conjurer-like—caused the leaf to fly in all directions through the air.

He next, and finally, showed how the function of electrical induction might be made to display its utmost force; leading his audience to understand the nature and mode of action of perhaps the most extraordinary instrument known to electricians—namely, the Leyden jar.

We have already explained that every case of electric charging involves induction, and this to such an extent that if all created matter had existed in one mass, then would it have been impossible to electrify such a mass. One thing electrified positively involves the necessity of something, more or less distant, being electrified negatively; and in proportion as we make arrangements for giving best effect to the development of the second necessary counterpart, so will our electrical combination become more powerful.

Reflect, then, on what should happen from such an arrangement as the following:—

A sheet of tin-foil is laid flat on a table (tin-foil being a conductor), and on this is spread a sheet of glass (this being a non-conductor), somewhat smaller than the tin-foil. Lastly, upon the glass is spread another sheet of tin-foil, somewhat smaller than the glass.

Arrangements being thus completed, what will happen if we bring the upper tin-foil into electrical communication with a positively-charged prime conductor? Why, of course it will be charged positively. And what will happen to the underlying sheet of tin-foil? Why, of course it will be charged negatively—the negative electricity being attracted or induced thither.

This arrangement well understood, the whole theory of the Leyden jar dawns upon us; for it obviously can make no practical difference whether the plate of glass interposed between two sheets

of metal be flat—a real plate—or moulded into the shape of a bottle.

Having made this sort of explanation, the lecturer concluded, promising his young friends some brilliant experiments on the occasion of their meeting again.

(To be continued.)

Biblical Expositions.

A FEW NOTES ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW.

CHAPTER II.—Verse 23.

"THAT it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene."

This passage is not to be found in the Old Testament, but as St. Matthew speaks in the plural, "spoken by the prophets," he thereby shows that he took not the words, but the *sense*. The prophets declared that Christ, when he came, would be the subject of reproach.

We cannot close these remarks better than in the words of Barradius and of Bishop Taylor:—

"When Christ shall be born in thee, be thou careful to fly from Herod; from those who would slay thy soul; from all enticements to sin, and all the delights of defiling pleasures; and remember that we may be safe in Egypt, if only we are there in obedience to God's will; we may perish amongst the babes of Bethlehem, if we are there by our own election."

CHAPTER III.—Verse 1.

"In those days came John the Baptist."

A period of twenty-eight years intervenes between the first verse of this chapter, and the preceding verse, as the preaching of John in the wilderness commenced about the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Caesar.

Verse 2.

"The kingdom of heaven."

A term of frequent use and of solemn importance. Matthew, writing for the instruction of the Jews, speaks of the Messiah's reign as "the kingdom of heaven." Luke, writing for the edification of the Gentile world, terms this expected dominion of Christ, "the kingdom of God." That a king from heaven would one day exercise dominion upon earth, was an opinion that almost universally prevailed; and the opinion thus cherished was founded upon predictions uttered by Daniel about 605 years before Christ's first advent. Under the prophetic influence, Daniel announced that the world would be governed by four mighty empires—the Babylonian which then existed, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman that would in succession follow; these vast monarchies rose, prevailed, and passed away. From the fourth monarchy ten minor kingdoms were to arise; these also came to pass. The prediction ended not with these events. Another Power, of a different nature, was to spring up after these lesser kingdoms were formed; and this Power was to gain possession of three of these kingdoms. When time had transferred the language of prediction to the pages of history, men discerned in the annexation of Ravenna to the Papedom by Pepin, Lombardy by Charlemagne, and the state of Rome by Lewis the Pious, the fulfilment of the prophecy. The accomplishment of the past, invests with certainty the future; and men remembered that a promise, far mightier than all that pertained to rival empires, yet remained to be fulfilled. The prophet had said, I saw that one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom; and in these words the Jews beheld a description of the glories that awaited the

Church of God in the days of the Messiah; but so intent were they on the various predictions that related to the coming of the Messiah in glory, that they were unwilling to regard other predictions, of prior fulfilment, that announced the Messiah's appearance in humiliation—as a sacrifice and oblation for the sins of the people.

The return of Christ, and his exercise of kingly authority, are both comprehended in the term, "the kingdom of heaven is at hand," and to this return the Gospel and the Epistles bear abundant testimonies—both expressed and implied. The deliverance of the children of Israel from the house of bondage, their joys and sorrows, their conflicts and their triumphs, and their entrance under the guidance of Joshua into the promised land, were all emblematical; the water from the rock, the food from heaven, the sacrifices, the types, the ceremonies, the high priest, and the tabernacle, were also emblematical, and shadowed forth the Christian's life; and the theocratic government, that is, the kingly government of God upon earth, which then existed, will find a resemblance in the Christian dispensation during the Messiah's reign.

It is well to remember that the world at present is under the government of an usurper, who is styled the prince of this world, to point out his dominion; the prince that ruleth in the hearts of the disobedient, to describe his subjects; the prince of the power of the air, to designate his abode; and the prince of darkness, to portray the nature of his deeds. This usurper is to be despoiled, and the scene of his triumph is to be the scene of his defeat, and the earth now marred by briars and thorns, is to be rendered lovely as the garden of Eden, and the Creator will again behold the work of his hands, and pronounce all things to be very good. This restoration of the earth to its pristine beauty, and the government thereof to its liege Lord, are views of the future which Satan would not have men regard. To this end he has called to his aid unbelief and folly. Unbelief rejects the Word of Inspiration, and the promise of Christ's second coming passes unheeded. Folly has also aided, for Satan has sought to render the prophecy unacceptable by the want of wisdom in many who have professed to believe the prophet's words. In the time of the Stuarts, the intemperate zeal of the fifth-monarchy men seriously retarded the prevalence of the belief of Christ's reign upon earth.

To counteract the progress of an important doctrine, Satan is accustomed to blend some serious error with a portion of the truth. If men see the error only, and therefore reject the doctrine, they reject at the same time a portion of truth. If, on the other hand, men perceive the truth only, and therefore embrace the doctrine, they also embrace the error; and it is only Christian experience that enables God's servants to mark where truth ends and error begins. This we may affirm—if men cherish a belief in the personal reign of Christ upon earth, and guard against the errors with which indiscreet men have often invested the subject, they will not thereby gain a point that is essential to salvation, but they will thereby attain a state of mind favourable to holiness, a strong incentive to every Christian duty, and also be able to understand numerous passages of holy writ, which are too frequently disregarded or elaborately explained away. The apostles founded their arguments and exhortations to Christian duty upon motives drawn from the glorious appearance of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Verse 2.

"Is at hand."

"Near," or "far distant" are great or small by comparison. The man who dwells in a crowded city, with friends adjoining, may deem a brother far off who lives two miles from his door; while the tenant of a log hut,

in a remote locality of the far West, will talk of his friend as near at hand although he and his friend reside 200 miles from each other. So with time. Upward of 1,800 years have passed since it was first said, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand;" a very long period if estimated by the threescore years and ten of a man's life; but a very brief period if viewed in connection with the enormous period during which the earth, that was once "without form and void," has been progressing towards that state of perfection to which it will attain in the days of the Messianic King. This vast period of past existence, science teaches and Scripture confirms; and, marvellous to say, science looks at the past and looks at the future, and proclaims for the earth a glorious change.

There is, however, another sense in which the kingdom of heaven was at hand even in apostolic times. The dawn of the morning is part of the mid-day light; so the establishment of the Gospel was the commencement of the kingdom of heaven. Upon the principle that the grace of God, rightly embraced in a loving heart, is glory commenced, and the glory of a beatified life is grace perfected.

Verse 3.

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

The humanity of Christ, the divinity of Christ, the sonship of Christ, and the high priesthood of Christ, are all taught within the limits of a few verses—truly might our Lord say, "Search the Scriptures, for they are they which testify of me." The third, the eleventh, and the seventeenth verses, imply that Jesus is God and man in one Christ.

(To be continued.)

NEVER ALONE.

SAY not, "I am alone," when sorrows sore

Roll like a heaving ocean o'er thy breast;

When thy dim eye cannot descry the shore,

Nor troubled spirit find a place of rest.

Say not, "I am alone," though faint and weary

Thou travellest footsore down the road of Time;

Though all around is bleak, and cold, and dreary,

And thou a stranger in a foreign clime.

Say not, "I am alone," though foes may scorn,

And friends desert thee in the hour of need;

Though in dark tempest of affliction torn,

And full of woe thy wounded heart may bleed.

Thou canst not be alone; for dark, unseen

Satanic legions hover round thy path,

Striving to lead thy soul from sin to sin,

Along the darksome way that leads to death.

Thou canst not be alone; for round thee, bright,

The spirit messengers from God above,

Hovering on viewless wings of heavenly light,

Fight for thy soul with energy and love.

Thou canst not be alone; for God is near thee,

Through the long day and in the silent night;

Cry thou to Him in faith, and He will hear thee,

And shield thee in the sorest of the fight.

Trust Him; he rules o'er all, exalted far

Above Creation on his glorious throne;

He is for good, and in th' unequal war

Evil must fall, for God shall reign alone.

Then lift thy heart, and bear with courage on

Against the storm of evil, never cease;

Stem the fierce tide, thou art not left alone,

And at the end thy soul shall rest in peace.

J. H.

THE WORLD OF SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR,

AUTHOR OF "ERIC; OR, LITTLE BY LITTLE."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH—(continued).

WHEN Walter went to Dr. Lane in the evening, the doctor inquired kindly and carefully into the nature of his offence. This, unfortunately, was clear enough, and Walter was far too ingenuous to attempt any extenuation of it. Even if he had been intentionally idle, it was plain on his own admission, that he had been guilty of the greatest possible insubordination and disrespect. These offences were rare at St. Winifred's, and especially rare in a new boy. Puzzled as he was by conduct so unlike the boy's apparent character, and interested by his natural and manly manner, yet Dr. Lane had in this case no alternative but the infliction of corporal punishment.

Humiliated again, and full of bitter anger, Walter returned to the great schoolroom, where he was received with sympathy and kindness by the others in his class. It was the dark part of the evening before tea-time, and the boys sitting idly round the fire, were in an apt mood for folly and mischief. They began a vehement discussion about Paton's demerits, and called him every hard name they could invent. Walter took little part in this, for he was smarting too severely under the sense of oppression to find relief in mere abuse; but, from his flashing eyes and the dark scowl that sat so ill on his face, it was evident that a bad spirit had obtained the thorough mastery over all his better and gentler impulses.

"Can't we do something to serve the fellow out?" said Anthony, one of the boys in Walter's dormitory.

"But *what* can we do?" asked several.

"What, indeed?" asked Henderson, mockingly; and as it was his way to quote whatever he had last been reading, he began to spout from the peroration of a speech which he had seen in the paper: "Aristocracy, throned on the citadel of power, and strong in—"

"What a fool you are, Henderson," observed Franklin, another of the group; "I'll tell you what we can do; we'll burn that horrid black book in which he enters the detentions and impositions."

"Poor book!" said Henderson; "what pangs of conscience it will suffer in the flames; give it not the glory of such martyrdom. Walter," he continued, in a lower voice, "I hope that you will have nothing to do with this humbug."

"I will though, Henderson; if I'm to have nothing but canings and floggings, I may just as well be caned and flogged for *something* as for *nothing*."

"The desk's locked," said Anthony; "we shan't be able to get hold of the imposition-book."

"I'll settle that," said Walter; "here, just hand me the poker, Dubbs."

"I shall do no such thing," said Daubeny, quietly, and his reply was greeted with a shout of derision.

"Why, you poor coward, Dubbs," said Franklin, "you *couldn't* get anything for handing the poker."

"I never supposed I could, Franklin," he answered; "and as for being a coward, the real cowardice would be to do what's absurd and wrong for fear of being laughed at or being kicked. Well, you may hit me," he said quietly, as Franklin twisted his arm tightly round, and hit him on it, "but you can't make me do what I don't choose."

"We'll try," said Franklin, twisting his arm still more tightly, and hitting harder.

"You'll try in vain," answered Daubeny, though the tears stood in his eyes at the violent pain.

"Drop his arm, you Franklin," indignantly exclaimed Henderson, who, though he was always teasing Daubeny, was very fond of him; "drop his arm, or, by Jove, you'll find that two can play at that. Dubbs is quite right, and you're a set of asses if you think you will do any good by burning the punishment-book. I've got the poker, and you shan't have it to knock the desk open. I suppose Paton can afford sixpence to buy another book; and enter a tolerable fresh score against you for this besides."

"But he won't remember my six hundred lines, and four or five detentions," said Walter; here he gave me the poker."

"Pooh! pooh! Evson, of course he'll remember them; here, I'll help you with the lines; I'll do a couple of hundred for you, and the rest you can do with two pens at a time; it won't take you an hour. I'll shew you the two-pen dodge; I'll admit you into the two-pen-etraria. Like Milton, you shall 'touch the slender tops of various quills.' No, no," he continued, in a playful tone, in order not to make Walter in a greater passion than he was, "you can't have the poker; any one who wants that must take it from me *vi et armis*."

"It doesn't matter; this'll do as well; and here goes," said Walter, seizing a wooden stool, "There's the desk open for you," he said, as he brought the top of the stool with a strong blow against the lid, and burst the lock with a great crash.

"My eyes! we shall get into a row," said Franklin, opening his eyes to illustrate his exclamation.

"Well, what's done's done; let's all take our share," said Anthony, diving his hand into the desk. "Here's the imposition-book for you, and here goes leaf number one into the fire; you can tear out the next, if you like, Franklin."

"Very well," said Franklin; "in for a penny in for a pound; there goes the second leaf."

"And here the third; over ankles over knees," said Burton, another of those present.

"Proverbial Fool-osophy," observed Henderson, contemptuously, as Burton handed him the book. "Shall I be a silly sheep like the rest of you, and leap over the bridge because your leader has? I suppose I must, though it's very absurd." He wavered and hesitated; sensible enough to disapprove of so useless a proceeding, he yet did not like to be thought afraid. He minded what fellows would think.

"Do what's right," said Daubeny, "and never care for the consequences. Here, give me the book. Now, you fellows, you've torn out these leaves, and done quite mischief enough. Let me put the book back, and don't be like children who hit the fender against which they've knocked their heads."

"Or dogs that bite the stick they've been thrashed with," said Henderson, "You're right,

Dubbs, and I respect you; aye, you fellows may sneer if you like, but I advised you not to do it, and I won't make myself an idiot because you do."

"Never mind," drawled Howard Tracy; "I hate Paton, and I'll do anything to spite him;" whereupon he snatched the book from Daubeny, and threw it entire into the flames. Poor Tracy had been even in more serious scrapes with Mr. Paton than Walter had; his vain manner was peculiarly abhorrent to the master, who took every opportunity of snubbing him; but nothing would pierce through the thick cloak of Tracy's conceit, and fully satisfied with himself, his good looks, and his aristocratic connections, he sat down in contented ignorance, and despised learning too much to be in the least put out by being invariably the last in his form.

"What, is there nothing left for me to burn?" said Walter, who sat glowering on the high iron fender, and swinging his legs impatiently. "Let's see what else there is in the desk. Here are a pack of old exercises, apparently; they'll make a jolly blaze! Stop, though, are they old exercises? Well, never mind; if not, so much the better. In they shall go."

"Stop; what are you doing, Walter?" said Henderson, catching him by the arm; "you know these can't be old exercises. Paton always puts them in his waste-paper basket, not in his desk. Oh! Walter, what have you done?"

"The outside sheets were exercises anyhow," said Walter, gloomily; "here, it's no good trying to save them now, whatever they were" (for Henderson was attempting to rake them out between the bars); "they're done for now;" and he pressed down the thick mass of foolscap into the reddest centre of the fire, and held it there until nothing remained of it but a heap of flaky crimson ashes.

A dead silence followed, for the boys felt that now at any rate they were "in for it."

The sound of the tea-bell prevented further mischief; and as Henderson thrust his arm through Walter's, he said, "Oh! Evson, I wish you hadn't done that; I wish I'd got you to come away before. What a passionate fellow you are."

"Well, it's done now," said Walter, already beginning to soften, and to repent of his fatuity.

"What can we do?" said Henderson anxiously.

"Take the consequences; that's all," answered Walter.

"Haden't you better go and tell Paton about it at once instead of letting him find it out?"

"No," said Walter; "he's done nothing but bully me, and I don't care."

"Then let me go," said his friend earnestly. "I know Paton well; I'm sure he'd be ready to forgive you, if I explained it all to him."

"You're very good, Flip; but don't go; it's too late."

"Well, Walter, you mustn't think that I kept myself clear of this scrape because of being afraid. I was one of the group, and I'll share the punishment with you, whatever it is. I hope for your sake it won't be found out."

But if Henderson had seen a little deeper he would have hoped that it would be found out; for there is nothing that works quicker ruin to any character than undiscovered sin. It was happy for Walter that his wrong impulses did not remain undiscovered; happy for him that they came so rapidly to be known and to be punished.

It was noised through the school in five minutes that Evson, one of the new fellows, had smashed open Paton's desk, and burned the contents. "What an awful row he'll get into!" was the general comment. Walter heard Kenrick inquiring eagerly about it as they sat at tea; but Kenrick didn't ask him about it, though they sat so near each other. After the foolish, proud manner of sensitive boys, Walter and Kenrick, though each liked the other none the less, were not on speaking terms. Walter, less morbidly proud than Kenrick, would not have suffered this silly alienation to continue had not his attention been occupied by other troubles. Neither of them, therefore, liked to be the first to break the ice, and now, in his most serious difficulty Walter had lost the advice and sympathy of his most intimate friend.

The fellows seemed to think that he must inevitably be expelled for this *fracas*. The poor boy's thoughts were very, very bitter, as he laid his head that night on his restless pillow, remembered what an ungovernable fool he had been, and dreamt of his happy and dear-loved home. How strangely he seemed to have left his old, innocent life behind him, and how little he would have believed it possible, two months ago, that he could, by any conduct of his own, have so soon incurred, or nearly incurred, the penalty of expulsion from St. Winifred's School.

He had certainly yielded very quickly to passion, and he felt that, in consequence, he had made his position more serious than that of other boys who were in every sense of the word twice as bad as himself. But what he laid to the score of his ill-luck was in truth a very happy Providence, by which punishment was sent speedily and heavily upon him; and so his evil tendencies were mercifully nipped in the bud, crushed with a tender yet with an iron hand before they had expanded more blossoms and been fed by deeper roots. He might have been punished less speedily had his faults been more radical, or his wrong-doings of a deeper dye.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE BURNT MANUSCRIPT.

ALL

All my poor scrapings, from a dozen years
Of dust and desk-work.—SEA DREAMS.

It may be supposed that during chapel the next morning, and when he went into early school, Walter was in an agony of almost unendurable suspense; and this suspense was doomed to be prolonged for some time, until at last he could hardly sit still. Mr. Paton did not at once notice that his desk was broken. He laid down his books, and went on as usual with the morning lesson.

At length Tracy was put on. He stood up in his usual self-satisfied way, looking admiringly at his boots, and running his delicate white hand through his scented hair. Mr. Paton watched him with a somewhat contemptuous expression, as though he were thinking what a pity it was that any boy should be such a little puppy. Henderson, with his usual quick discrimination, had nick-named Tracy the "Lisping Hawthornbud."

"Your fifth failure this week, Tracy; you must do the usual punishment," said Mr. Paton, taking up his key to unlock the desk.

"Now for it," thought all the form, looking on with great anxiety.

The key caught hopelessly in the broken lock. Mr. Paton's attention was aroused; he pushed the lid off the desk, and saw at once that it had been broken open.

"Who has broken open my desk?"

No answer.

He looked very grave, but said nothing, looking for his imposition-book.

"Where is my imposition-book?"

No answer.

"And where is my —?"

Mr. Paton stopped, and looked with the greatest eagerness over every corner of the desk.

"Where is the manuscript I left here with my imposition-book?" he said, in a tone of the most painful anxiety.

"I do hope and trust," he said, turning pale, "that none of you have been wicked enough to injure it," and here his voice faltered. "When I tell you that it was of the utmost value, I am sure that if any of you have concealed or taken it, you will give it back at once."

There was deep silence.

"Once again," he asked, "where is my imposition-book?"

"Burnt, sir; burnt, sir," said one or two voices hardly above a whisper.

"And my manuscript?" he asked, in a louder voice, and in still greater agitation. "Surely, surely, you cannot have been so thoughtless, so incredibly unjust as to —"

Walter stood up in his place, with his head bent, and his face covered with an ashy whiteness. "I burnt it, sir," he said, in an almost inaudible voice, and trembling with fear.

"Come here," said Mr. Paton, impetuously; "I can't hear what you say. Now, then," he continued, as Walter crept up beside his desk.

"I burnt it, sir," he said, in a whisper.

"You—burnt—it," said Mr. Paton, starting up in uncontrollable emotion, which changed into a burst of anger, as he gave Walter a box on the ear which sounded all over the room, and made the boy stagger back to his place. But the flush of rage was gone in an instant; and the next moment Mr. Paton, afraid of trusting himself any longer, left his desk and hurried out, anxious to recover in solitude the calmness of mind and action which had been so terribly disturbed.

Mr. Percival, who taught his form in another part of the room, seeing Mr. Paton box Walter so violently on the ear, and knowing that this was the very reverse of his usual method, since he had never before touched a boy in anger, walked up to see what was the matter, just as Mr. Paton, with great hurried strides, had reached the door.

"What is the matter with Mr. Paton?" he asked.

There was a general murmur through the form, out of which Mr. Percival caught something about Mr. Paton's papers having been burnt.

Anxious to find him, to ask what had happened, Mr. Percival, leaving the room, caught sight of him, pacing with hasty and uneven steps along a private garden walk which belonged to the masters.

"I hope nothing unpleasant has occurred?" he said, overtaking him.

"Oh! nothing, nothing," said Mr. Paton, with quivering lip, as he turned aside. And then, suppressing his emotion by a powerful effort of self-control, "It is only," he said, "that the hard

results of fifteen years' continuous labour are now condensed into a heap of smut and ashes in the schoolroom fire."

"You don't mean to say that your Hebrew manuscripts are burnt?" asked Mr. Percival, in amazement.

"You know how I have been toiling at them for years, Percival! You know that I began them before I left college, that I regarded them as the chief work of my life, and that I devoted to them every moment of my leisure. You know, too, the pride and pleasure which I took in their progress, and the relief with which I turned to them from the vexations and anxieties of one's life here. To work at them has been for years my only recreation and delight. Well, they were finished at last; I was only correcting them for the press; they would have gone to the printer in a month, and I should have lived to complete a toilsome and honourable task. Well, the dream is over, and a handful of ashes represents the struggle of my best years."

Mr. Percival knew well that his coadjutor had been working for years at a commentary on the Hebrew text of the Four Greater Prophets. It had been the cherished and chosen task of his life; he had brought to it great stores of learning, accumulated in the vigour of his powers, and the enthusiasm of a youthful ambition, and he had employed upon it every spare hour left him from his professional duties. He looked to it as the means of doing essential service to the church of which he was an ordained member, and, secondarily, as the road to reputation and well-merited advancement. And in five minutes the hand of one angry boy had robbed him of the fruit of all his hopes.

"If they wanted to display the hatred which I well know that they feel," said Mr. Paton, bitterly, "they might have chosen any way, literally any way, but that. They might have left me, at least, that which was almost my only pleasure and object in life, and which had no connection with them or their pursuits." And his face grew haggard as he stopped in his walk, and tried to realise the extent of what he had lost. "I would rather have seen everything I possess in the whole world destroyed than that," he said slowly, and with strong emotion.

"And was it really Evson who did this?" asked Mr. Percival, filled with the sincerest pity for his colleague's wounded feelings.

"It matters little who did it, Percival; but, yes, it was your friend Evson."

"The little, graceless, abominable wretch!" exclaimed Mr. Percival, with anger; "he must be expelled. But can't you re-commence the task?"

"Re-commence?" said Mr. Paton, in a hard voice; "and who will give me back the hope and vigour of the last fifteen years? how shall I have the heart again to toil through the same long trains of research and thought? where are the hundreds of references which I had sought out and verified with hours of heavy midnight labour? how am I to have access again to the scores of books which I consulted before I began to work? The very thought of it sickens me. Youth and hope are over. No, Percival, there is no more to be said. I am robbed of a life's work. Leave me, please, alone for a little, until I have learnt to say less bitterly, 'God's will be done.'"

"He needeth not
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke they please him best,"

said Mr. Percival, in a tone of kind and deep sympathy, as he left him to return to the schoolroom. But once in sight of Mr. Paton's open and rifled desk, Mr. Percival's pent-up indignation burst forth into clear flame. Stopping in front of Mr. Paton's form, he exclaimed, in a voice that rang with scorn and sorrow—

"You boys do not know the immense mischief which your thoughtless and worthless spite and folly have caused. I say boys, but I believe, and rejoice to believe, that only one of you is guilty, and I rejoice, too, that that one is a new boy, who must have brought here feelings and passions more worthy of an ignorant and ill-trained ploughboy than of a St. Winifred's scholar. The hand that would burn a valuable manuscript would fire a rick of hay."

"Oh! sir," said Henderson, starting up and interrupting him, "we were all very nearly as bad. It was the rest of us that burnt the imposition-book; Evson had nothing to do with that." Henderson had forgotten for the moment that he at least had had no share in burning the imposition-book, for his warm quick heart could not bear that these blows should fall unbroken on his friend's head.

But his generous effort failed; for Mr. Percival, barely noticing the interruption, continued—"The imposition-book? I know nothing about that. If you burnt it you were very foolish and reckless; you deserve, no doubt, to be punished for it, but that was comparatively nothing. But do you know, bad boy," he said, turning again to Walter, "do you know what you have done? Do you know that your dastardly spitefulness has led you to destroy writings which had cost your master years and years of toil that cannot be renewed? He treated you with unswerving impartiality: he never punished you but when you deserved punishment, and when he believed it to be for your good, and yet you turn upon him in this adder-like way; you break open his desk like a thief, and, in one moment of despicable ill-temper, you rob him and the world of that which has been the pursuit and object of his life. You, Evson, may well hide your face"—for Walter had bent over the desk, and in agonies of shame and remorse had covered his face with both hands;—"you may well be ashamed to look either at me, or at any honest and manly and right-minded boy among your companions. You have done a wrong for which it will be years hence a part of your retribution to remember, that nothing you can ever do can repair it, or do away with its effects. I am more than disappointed with you. You have done mischief which the utmost working of all your powers cannot for years counterbalance, if, instead of being as base and idle as you now appear to be, you were to devote your whole heart to work. I don't know what will be done to you; I, for my part, hope that you will not be suffered to remain with us; but if you are, I am sure that you will receive, as you richly deserve, the reprobation and contempt of every boy among your schoolfellows who is capable of one spark of honour or right feeling."

Every word that Mr. Percival had said came to poor Walter with the most poignant force; all the master's reproaches pierced his heart and let blood. He sat there not stirring, stunned and crushed, as

though he had been beaten by the blows of a hammer. He quailed to shudder and think of the great and cruel injustice, the base and grievous injury into which his blind passion had betrayed him, and thought that he could never hold up his head again.

Mr. Percival's indignant expostulation passed over the other culprits who heard it like a thunder-storm. There was a force and impetuosity in this gentleman's manner, when his anger was kindled, which had long gained for him among the boys, with whom he was the most popular of all the masters, the half-complimentary soubriquet of "Thunder-and-lightning." But none of them had ever before heard him speak with such concentrated energy and passion, and all except generous little Henderson were awed by it into silence. But Henderson at that moment was wholly absorbed in Walter's sorrows.

"Tell him," said he in Walter's ear, "tell him it was all a mistake, that you thought the papers were old exercises. Dear Walter, tell him before he goes."

But Walter still rested with his white cheeks on his hands upon the desk, and neither moved nor spoke. And Mr. Percival, turning indignantly upon his heel, with one last glance of unmitigated contempt, had walked off to his own form.

"Walter, don't take it to heart so," said Henderson, putting his arm round his neck; "you couldn't help it; you made a sad mistake, that's all. Go and tell Paton so, and I'm sure he'll forgive you."

A slight quiver was all that showed that Walter heard. Henderson would have liked to see his anguish relieved by a burst of tears; but the tears did not come, and Walter did not move.

At last a hand touched him, and he heard the voice of the head-boy say to him, "Get up, Evson; I'm to take you to Doctor Lane with a note from Mr. Percival."

He rose and followed mechanically, waiting in the head-master's porch, while the monitor went in.

"Dr. Lane won't see you now," said Somers, coming out again. "Croft" (addressing the school Famulus), "Dr. Lane says you're to lock up Mr. Evson by himself in the private room."

Walter followed the Famulus to the private room, a little room at the top of the house, where he knew that boys were locked in previous to expulsion, that they might have no opportunity for doing any mischief before they went.

The Famulus left him here, and returned a few minutes after with some dry bread and milk, which he placed on the deal table, which, with a wooden chair, constituted the sole furniture of the room; he then locked the door, and left Walter finally to his own reflections.

Then it was that flood after flood of passionate tears seemed to remove the iron clamp which had pained his heart. He flung himself on the floor, and as he thought of the irreparable cruelty which he had inflicted on a man who had been severe indeed, but never unkind to him, and of the apparent malignity to which all who heard it would attribute what he had done, he sobbed and sobbed as though his heart would break.

At one o'clock the Famulus returned with some dinner. He found Walter sitting at a corner of the room, his head resting against the angle of the wall, and his eyes red and inflamed with long crying.

The morning's meal still lay untasted on the table. He looked round with a commiserating glance. "Come, come, Master Eyson," he said, "you've no call to give way so, sir. If you've done wrong, the wrong's done now, and frettin' won't help it. There's them above as'll forgive you, and make you do better next time, lad, if you only knew it. Here, you must eat some of this dinner, Master Eyson, and leave off cryin' so; cryin' 's no comfort, sir."

He stood by and waited on Walter with the greatest kindness and respect, till he had seen him swallow some food, not without difficulty, and then with encouraging and cheerful words left him, and once more locked the door.

The weary afternoon wore on, and Walter sat mournfully alone, with nothing but miserable thoughts—miserable to whatever subject he turned them, and more miserable the longer he dwelt on them. As the shades of evening drew in he felt his head swimming, and the long solitude made him feel afraid, as he wondered whether they would leave him there all night. And then he heard a light step approach the door, and a gentle tap. He made no answer, for he thought he knew the step, and he could not summon up voice to speak for a fit of sobbing which it brought on. Then he heard the boy stoop down, and push a note under the door.

He took it up when he heard the footsteps die away, and by the fast-fading light was just able to make it out. It ran thus—

DEAR WALTER.—You can't think how sorry, how very, very sorry I am for you. I wish I could be with you and take part of your punishment. Forgive me for being cold and proud to you. I have been longing to speak to you all the time, but felt too shy. It was all my fault. I will never break with you again. Good-bye, dear Walter, from your ever and truly affectionate,
HARRY KENRICK.

"He will never break with me again," thought Walter. "If I'm to go to-morrow I'm afraid he'll never have the chance." And then his saddest thoughts reverted to the home which he had left so recently for the first time, and to which he was to return with nothing but dishonour and disgrace.

At six o'clock the kind-hearted Famulus brought him a lamp, some tea, and one or two books, which he had no heart to read. No one was allowed to visit the private room under heavy penalties, so that Walter had no other visitor until eight, when Somers, the monitor who had taken him to Dr. Lane, looked in, and icily observed, "You're to sleep in the sick room, Eyson; come with me."

"Am I expelled, Somers?" he faltered out.

"I don't know," said Somers, in a freezing tone; "you deserve to be."

True, oh, lofty and pitiless Somers! But is that all which you could find to say to the poor boy in his distress? And, if we all had our deserts—

"At any rate," Somers added, "I for one won't have you as a flag any longer, and I shouldn't think that any one else would either." With which cutting remark he left Walter to his reflections.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE STEPS.

THE Rev. Rowland Hill was once talking to a poor half-foolish man, when he remarked, "Why, it's a long way to heaven." "Oh, dear! no, sir, I hope not," said the man. "Long! no, it's only three steps." "And pray what are they?" "Why, they're very simple, if folk would only take them—out of self, into Christ, into glory."

Literary Notices.

Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile. By JOHN HANNING SPEKE, Captain H.M. Indian Army. Blackwood and Sons, 1863. 8vo, pp. 658.

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

WE have purposely passed over a considerable time, during which Captains Speke and Grant were detained at Uganda by the miserable intrigues of the despot who misgoverns that kingdom. At last, at the beginning of July, 1862, he suddenly determined to let them go, made arrangements for their safe conduct to the palace of Kamrasi, King of Unyoro, the next kingdom northward, and even made some show of feeling at their departure.

After a few days' march to the north, the travellers separated: Grant to go straight by easy stages to Kamrasi; Speke to go eastward, till he struck the Nile, when he would march up it to its exit from the Nyanza lake. On the morning of July 21, he reached the "Holy River."

Here, at last, I stood on the brink of the Nile; most beautiful was the scene; nothing could surpass it. It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly-kept park: with a magnificent stream from 600 to 700 yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks, the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter, by crocodiles basking in the sun; flowing between fine high grassy banks, with rich trees and plantations in the background, where herds of antelopes and bartebeest could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, and florkan and guinea-fowl rising at our feet.—Page 459.

After a few of the usual delays, occasioned by jealousies among the king's officers, who ought to have provided boats, but had not done so, they started south. Here is a charming description of the scenery:—

He (one of the officers) took us to see the nearest Falls of the Nile; extremely beautiful, but very confined. The water ran deep between its banks, which were covered with fine grass, soft, cloudy acacias, and festoons of lilac convolvuli: whilst here and there, where the land had slipped above the rapids, bared places of red earth could be seen, like that of Devonshire; there, too, the waters, impeded by a natural dam, looked like a huge mill-pond, sullen and dark, in which two crocodiles, lying about, were looking out for prey. From the high banks we looked down upon a line of sloping wooded islets lying across the stream, which divide its waters, and, by interrupting them, cause at once both dam and rapids. The whole was more fairy-like, wild, and romantic than—I must confess that my thoughts took that shape—anything I ever saw outside a theatre. It was exactly the sort of place, in fact, where, bridged across from one side to the other, on a moonlight night, brigands would assemble to enact some dreadful tragedy. Even the Wagana seemed spell-bound at the novel beauty of the sight, and no one thought of moving till hunger warned us night was setting in, and we had better look out for lodgings.—Page 465.

In three days' time, they reached the Ripon Falls, as Captain Speke named the cascade by which the Nile issues from the lake.

Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I expected; for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the Falls, about twelve feet deep, and 400 to 500 feet broad, were broken by rocks. Still, it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours—the roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger-fish, leaping at the Falls with all their might—the fishermen coming out

in boats, and taking post on all the rocks with a rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water, the ferry at work above the Falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake, made, in all, with the pretty nature of the country—small hills, grass-topped, with trees in the folds, and gardens on the lower slopes—as interesting a picture as one could wish to see.—Page 467.

At this, the crowning point of his labours, Captain Speke reviews the work "he had been spared to accomplish." He had been unable to survey the lake as he had wished; especially, he regretted that he had not been allowed by the natives "to look at the north-east corner of the Nyanza, to see what connection there was, by the strait so often spoken of, with it and the other lake, where the Waganda went to get their salt, and from which another river flowed to the north, making *Usoga* (the country due east of the Ripon Falls) an island." We think it is, indeed, much to be regretted that the stream spoken of in the words we print in italics could not be explored. In fact, the whole eastern shore of the lake is still unknown land, and we cannot be said to understand the sources of the Nile, till we have surveyed that district. Between it and the coast is a lofty range of mountains, with snowy peaks, which, though they unquestionably drain themselves into the sea, in all probability send streams to the Nyanza as well. Still we do not wish to detract from Speke's great achievements—we are quite disposed to agree with him in the conclusions he states in the following passage, with the exception of the sentence we have printed in italics, where, for the reasons stated above, we think he trusts too much to Arab information.

Let us now sum up the whole, and see what it is worth. Comparative information assured me that there was as much water on the eastern side of the lake as there is on the western—if anything, rather more. The most remote waters—or top head of the Nile, is the southern end of the lake, situated close on the third degree of south latitude, which gives to the Nile the surprising length, in direct measurement, rolling over thirty-four degrees of latitude, of above 2,300 miles, or more than one-eleventh of the circumference of our globe. Now from this southern point, round by the west, to where the great Nile-stream issues, there is only one feeder of any importance, and that is the Kitangulú river; whilst from the southernmost point, round by the east to the strait, there are no rivers at all of any importance; for the travelled Arabs and all aver that from the west of the snow-clad Kilimandjaro to the lake where it is cut by the second degree, and also the first degree of south latitude, there are salt lakes, and salt plains, and the country is hilly, not unlike the land of the Moon; but they said there were no great rivers, and the country was so scantily watered, having only occasional runnels and rivulets, that they always had to make long marches, in order to find water when they went on their trading journeys.—Page 468.

We read an assertion the other day made by an African traveller, that he believed the other great lake, the Tanganyika, an African word, which signifies "Meeting of the Waters," which lies south-west of the Nyanza, flowed into it. This is an unfortunate theory, as when Captain Burton explored it, he found that its altitude was 1,850 feet above the sea-level, and about 2,000 feet below the adjacent plateau of the Nyanza; and the same measurements are given by Captain Speke in his map. Another view advocated by those who settle the geography of Africa at home, is, that there are no Mountains of the Moon at all, and that Tanganyika

flows into the Luta Nziye lake, and so into the Nile!

While we are describing the lakes of Central Africa, it may interest our readers to hear something of this second great piece of water there existing. Captain Burton thus describes it:—

Nothing could be more picturesque than this first view of the Tanganyika lake, as it lay in the lap of the mountains, basking in the gorgeous tropical sunshine. Below and beyond a short foreground of rugged and precipitous hill-folds, down which the footpath zigzags painfully, a narrow strip of emerald green, never sore, and marvellously fertile, shallows towards a ribbon of glistening yellow sand, here bordered by sedge rushes, there cleanly and clearly cut by the breaking rivulets. Further in front, stretch the waters, an expanse of the lightest and softest blue, in breadth varying from thirty to thirty-five miles, and sprinkled by the crisp east wind with tiny orescents of snowy foam. The background in front is a high and broken wall of steel-coloured mountain, here flecked and capped with poorly mist, there standing sharply pencilled against the azure air—its yawning chasms marked by a deeper plum-colour—falling towards dwarf hills of mound-like proportions, which apparently dip their feet into the wave.*

Therefore, all things considered, there seems no doubt that the Nyanza is the head-cistern, so to speak, of the Nile; as the Lake of Geneva is of the Rhone. And as the periodical inundations of the Nile are highest from March to September, and lowest from September to March; and as the heaviest rains fall north of the equator between June and August, and the south of the equator in the other months, it follows that the tributaries north of the Nyanza come from the mountain ranges east and west of it which drain themselves northwards, while their southern slopes are drained into the Tanganyika, whose very name, as we have seen, implies a concurrence of mountain streams.

From the Ripon Falls Captain Speke fondly hoped he should be allowed to float down the Nile to Kamrasi's palace. But, alas! for the fallacies of hope. He was stopped by hostile canoes, obliged to land, and make his way once more on foot. We shall pass lightly over the time spent in Unyoro, Kamrasi's kingdom, because it is really only a repetition of what has been treated of at length before, in Uganda and Karague. It was curious that Kamrasi knew the same tradition that Rumanika did, about his stock having formerly been half-white and half-black, with one side of the head covered with straight hairs, and the other with frizzly. At last, in November, they got away, and sailed in a canoe down the river on which Kamrasi's palace was built, and so into the Nile:—

We found ourselves on what at first appeared a long lake, averaging from 200, at first, to 1,000 yards broad, before the day's work was out. Both sides were fringed with the huge papyrus rush. The left one was low and swampy, whilst the right one rose from the water in a gently sloping bank, covered with trees and beautiful convolvuli, which hung in festoons. Floating islands, composed of rush, grass, and ferns, were continually in motion, working their way slowly down the stream. On one occasion we saw hippopotami, which our men said came to the surface because we had domestic fowls on board, supposing them to have an antipathy to this bird.—Page 560.

Next day, we read—
The river still continued beautiful; but after paddling three hours we found it bend considerably and narrow to

* "Lake Regions of Central Africa," ii. p. 43.

200 yards; the average depth being from two to three fathoms.—Page 561.

After a few days' journey the river changed its character entirely. They had been travelling along the bank of the river, instead of boating upon it, until they came to the Karuma Falls—

There suddenly, in a deep ravine, 100 yards below us, the formerly placid river, up which vessels of moderate size might steam two or three abreast, was now changed into a turbulent torrent. Beyond lay the land of Kidi, a forest of mimosa trees, rising gently away from the water in soft clouds of green.—Page 567.

The so-called Falls "are a mere sluice or rush of water between high syenitic stones, falling in a long slope down a ten-feet drop."

It was most unfortunate that here they were obliged to leave the Nile, and thread the Kidi wilderness, as, by so doing, they were unable to investigate the nature of the Little Luta Nzige lake, which they ascertained, from native accounts, to be on the left bank of the river. It has been conjectured that it serves as a back water, in which the floods of the Nyanza collect, and pass on in a measured flow to Egypt; because when Captain Speke got below the lake, he found the river shrunk, in comparison with its state in November, near the Nyanza. He was, in fact, ahead of the inundation. At a place called Faloro they came up with a party of 200 Turks, belonging to Mr. Petherick; they were encamped there to collect ivory. They are described as a set of predatory, deceitful ruffians, who ill-used the natives, and caused Captain Speke nearly as much delay as a native African prince would have done.

When at last, in January, they got away, they found the Nile two days' march ahead of them—"a noble stream flowing on a flat bed from west to east." Thence they marched along the right bank, avoiding the bends of the stream, till, on February 1st, they struck the Nile—

Where it was rushing like a fine Highland stream, between the gneiss and mica-schist hills, and followed it down to near where the Asua river joined it. For a while we sat here watching the water, which was greatly discoloured, and floating down rushes. The river was not so full as it was when we crossed it at the Karuma Falls, yet, according to Dr. Khoblecher's (founder of the Austrian Church Mission at Gondokoro) account, it ought to have been flooding just at this time; if so, we had beaten the stream. Here we left it again as it arched round by the west, and forded the Asua river, a stiff rocky stream, deep enough to reach the breast when waded, and not very broad. It did not appear to me as if connected with the Victoria Nyanza, as the waters were falling, and not much discoloured.—Page 598.

From this point they proceeded without further adventure to Gondokoro, where they found English friends, and subsequently Mr. Petherick. Thence to Alexandria was a voyage of such comparative facility, that Captain Speke dismisses it in a sentence.

A Good Fight in the Battle of Life. A Domestic Tale, founded on Facts. Sampson Low, Son, and Co., 1863. 8vo, pp. 351.

It is an old saying that "example is better than precept." Long ago the discovery was made that a principle exhibited in action was more likely to be persuasive than one enforced solely by advice. When we hear sermons or lectures, or read essays, we are always prone to think how exactly the remarks made apply to

our neighbours, and go home, or lay down the book complacently, with a feeling, may be of thankfulness, may be of pride, that we are not like the persons referred to. But escape is not so easy in the case of a tale. A man cannot escape from the verdict which his conscience gives when, on the stage of fiction, he sees a man like himself placed in the same circumstances of difficulty as he was. Whether he triumphs, or whether he falls, the reader, if the tale be a good one, sees the evil consequences of giving way, or the happy results of a steady persistence in the path of duty.

The tale before us was written with the object of setting forth the truth, that the steady following out of a course of virtue, sustained by strong religious principle, meets with its reward even in this world. Before it appeared, some years ago, under another title, in "Cassell's Family Paper," it had won the prize offered for a tale which should set forth the above principles in the best manner. The adjudicators, Lord Brougham and Mr. Hill, the Recorder of Birmingham, decided in favour of "Contrast; or, the Oak and the Bramble." Messrs. Sampson Low and Son have now re-published it under a new title. We can say with confidence that we have rarely read a tale which is alike so true to nature, and which carries with it, at the same time, so good a moral.

We have no space to analyse the plot in detail; but a few sentences will show what we mean. The scene is laid at Stamford. The "good fight" is fought by Frank Thornway, the son of a good-for-nothing, drunken mason, but who has been trained to habits of religion and high principle by his mother. He tries to get work—at first without success, on account of his father's bad character. Then, on the recommendation of Henry Carely, foreman to Mr. Freestone, a prosperous builder, he is engaged. The builder's nephew is a scamp, who gets into debt, pockets the amount of a bill paid to his employers, and forges Frank's name as having received it. The poor boy is of course turned away, and has a hard struggle with obloquy and poverty. It is long before his innocence is made clear. Not even then, though he is taken back, and fully reinstated in his employer's confidence, is Robert Blackburn fully punished; though, finally, his unsteadiness deepens into crime, and he is only saved from the doom of a felon by his uncle's generosity. Meanwhile, poor Henry Carely has been unjustly accused of sheep-stealing, and transported. So that for half the story or more, virtue is struggling up the hill of difficulty, as it generally does in the world. However, Frank's conduct is so good and so lasting, as to be proof against all the shafts of obloquy. Manfully does he—

"Break his birth's invidious bar,
And grasp the skirts of happy chance,
And breast the blows of circumstance,
And grapple with his evil star."

His business prospers; and by his talent he is enabled, in a great measure, to retrieve the fortunes of Mr. Freestone, who had been nearly ruined by his nephew.

Before the story ends, Frank's earliest friend, Henry Carely, returns from Australia. They go into partnership, and their days, which had begun so gloomily, end in prosperity and calm.

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON,

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SCENE III.—FLO SITTING FOR HER PORTRAIT.

A LARGE, lofty, airy room, on the first floor of the Clock House, a room cheerful with paper of softest primrose tint, half a dozen landscape paintings, book-shelves stocked with brightly-bound volumes, and furniture of graceful fashion and much luxury. Easy-chairs and lounges in abundance, but not in excess; vases of cut flowers at various points of the room; Ida's private harp and peculiar piano; blue damask curtains to the three large windows, through which the light comes, dimmed by white blinds, half-drawn; a monstrous black cat, with a tail as big as a fox's brush, purring and walking to and fro on the soft carpet; on the centre table an open writing-desk and a lady's work-box. Seated at one end of the room, Ida, reading a novel; seated at the other end of the room, Flo, having her portrait taken by Edward, who is standing at his easel, about two yards away from the elder sister. Time—the forenoon of a bright April day, in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and forty-seven. If this history were a fashionable novel (which the writer has much pleasure in stating authoritatively it is *not*), the room would be designated a boudoir. If Ida were not John Harrison Newbolt's daughter, she would possibly call it her boudoir; but such a name would not be permitted in the Clock House, the unostentatious and truly republican lord of which mansion would rather cut off Ida with a shilling, and let Flo marry a travelling tinker, than suffer them to adopt the "contemptible affectations of the West-end." So the room, therefore, is not a boudoir; it is "Miss Ida's study." So the servants of the Clock House, and the ladies themselves, designate it.

Let it be remarked that ten months have worked a noticeable change in Flo and Edward. He has grown more manly in figure and countenance; she is less child-like, more womanly. Indeed, the childish element of her appearance, as it was ten months since, has altogether vanished, and the grace and dignity of womanhood are more manifest both in her form and her countenance. Less than a year of time has made her features more definite, having fixed their outlines as they will remain for many a year, but having in no degree whatever robbed them of their winsome softness. In gentleness of expression she is, in truth, more beautiful than formerly. And besides this increase of gentleness and development of feature, there is an alteration in her face. She has grown more thoughtful, less absorbed in her own happiness, more careful for the happiness of others; and the signs of this inward change and growth are visible in a pensiveness (some would almost be inclined to term it sadness) which qualifies the sweet serenity of her air. She is no longer the naïve, heedless, mischievous, talkative girl. Strangers who see her now in the public ways are struck by the guileless goodness and maidenly purity of her calm looks—not by the mirth of her redundant smiles, and the merriment of her steady-gazing eye.

The change is still greater in Edward. His stature, of course, is what it was a year since, but he *seems* to have grown taller. His face has lost much of its boyish roundness; whiskers, in colour darker than his locks—soft, silken whiskers, not hard and bristling, as they perhaps will be some years hence—put shadow into his

cheeks, which are growing thin, though he appears to enjoy strong and robust health. He has grown handsome, but when his face is in repose an air of sternness characterises it. In young persons who feel acutely, Time effects its changes very rapidly.

This is Scene No. 3; and now that it has been inspected, the director's bell tinkles, and it is withdrawn.

Those ten months strengthened Mr. Newbolt's liking for his *protégé*. The member for Harling had made the young man his familiar companion, calling on him almost every week at his studio in Furnival's Inn, insisting on his presence at the Clock House dinner parties (whereat capitalists of the City, members of the House of Commons, were entertained, together with their wives and daughters), introducing him to men of unquestionable social importance, and paying him other flattering attentions. The giant's married daughters received the cue to treat Flo's tutor with respect; and as they were willing to humour their father in trifles, they sent Edward cards of invitation to their soirées and routs. Their father's enthusiasm for the young painter did not in the least surprise the ladies; for they had, in the course of their lives, seen John Harrison Newbolt patronise many artists—seen him take them up, and set them down also. Of course, the bare possibility that Flo might disgrace her family by falling in love with Mr. Smith, the artist, or that Mr. Smith, the artist, would have the immeasurable presumption to seek Flo in marriage, never entered their heads. So they extended friendly hands to Mr. Smith, the artist; and Mr. Smith, the artist, partly out of readiness, natural to a young man, to see something of life and smart society, and partly from appropriate anxiety to pay due respect to every member of Mr. Newbolt's family, accepted their invitations, and, for a brief period, became quite a gay man of the world.

Nor did Mr. Newbolt's goodness to his *protégé* terminate with such attentions. The prosperous and eminently practical man was in his way a very generous and munificent person. Rich beyond his wants and desires (amongst which was ambition to leave Flo a large fortune, without being stingy to his other children), he enjoyed the exercise of giving freely. He was always making presents to his rich, as well as his needy friends; constantly giving away sums which, without any injury to his reputation for munificence, he might have kept at his banker's. Indeed, he might almost be said to have suffered under *cacoethes donandi*, so bountifully did he dispense the wealth that flowed to him from various channels. Like many lavish givers, he was not always delicate in his manner of making presents; but it is almost needless to say that he experienced no difficulty in finding candidates for his bounty. Very humorous, at times, was his anxiety to contribute. He verily believed that "a handsome cheque for a good round sum" would cure almost any wound, alleviate any kind of sorrow. "Put my name down for what you like;" "Let's get up a subscription, I'll head it," were phrases so habitually on his lips, that he often uttered them unconsciously; at least, uttered them without staying to consider if a cheque (whatever its amount might be) would meet the particular case brought before him.

When Edward had given Flo rather more than a dozen lessons, the member for Harling said to him, "Here, it's time for me to give you a cheque for your attendances on Flo. Take that; it will just about make us square." The draft which the patron put into his friend's hand, as he thus spoke, was made out for twice the sum actually due; and when the payee drew the attention of the payer to the fact, the answer was a careless, "Well, then, I've paid you so much more on account. Flo will take the difference out in lessons; and if she doesn't, you are not the man to allow me to

cheat myself." But when three months more had passed, the rich man again imposed a double payment on the teacher, anticipating Edward's remonstrances by saying, "It's only fair I should pay you more than I agreed, for I and my daughters have at least twice as much of your time as we bargained for." In spite of this explanation, Edward declined to take the money; but Mr. Newbolt insisted on having his own way; and when the giant insisted on anything, it was useless to oppose him. In like manner, the member for Harling kept the young artist profitably employed, when he was not giving Flo lessons. "Red and Brown" was scarcely begun, when the painter had a commission to finish it for the master of the Clock House, who, moreover, in the January of 1847 requested the artist to paint him the portrait of John Harrison Newbolt, Esq., M.P. for Harling. Of course Edward complied, and when the likeness was finished, the man of money was so prodigiously delighted with it, that he commissioned the painter to make him an equally truthful picture of Flo. To which order what could Edward reply but, "Of course, sir, I shall be happy to do as you wish."

Some young men, in Edward's position, would have been greatly elated by Mr. Newbolt's munificence. He groaned under the weight of the pecuniary obligations. The rich man's money-bags were a heavy burden to the young artist, who was by no means devoid of pride, and was reluctant to take from any man money which he had not fairly earned. He was afflicted with a sense of meanness and sordid baseness by this excessive liberality on the part of Flo's father. Far from increasing Edward's desire to strengthen his relations with the Clock House, Mr. Newbolt's favours almost made the artist wish he had never fallen in with his patron. Indeed, more than once before a rupture actually took place between the two men, Edward said, "I cannot endure his prodigality; I must free myself from it."

Very far was Mr. Newbolt from suspecting the nature of the task he assigned to Edward, when he requested him to paint Flo's portrait. To execute the commission, the artist had to study each line and element of her beauty with an intentness and care he had never before expended upon them. Hitherto, as her teacher, he had looked at her work more frequently than at the girl herself; had, by a constant effort of self-sacrifice, forbore to gaze on her loveliness, at moments when he could have watched it unobserved. Her step, voice, laugh, made a music of delight to every nerve of his body; but he had never once let her detect how deeply he was stirred by her speech and silence, her coming and her going. Instead of growing more easy and familiar towards her, he grew more respectful, distant, reserved. By turns the girl deemed him cold and hard; and then remembering the frequent exhibitions she had witnessed of his generous fervour, she deemed him cold only to her, because he cared little for her. As no one saw through his hypocrisy, it cannot be said that he over-acted his part; but if Flo had not been far more interested in him than girls usually are in their teachers, his excessive caution would have revealed his secret to her.

The time-piece on the mantel of the fire-place struck the hour of noon; and as its clear note broke the silence of Ida's study, Flo knew that the appointed "hour of sitting" had expired.

Ten months ago she would have risen quickly at the signal, saying—"There, the time is up. That wearisome work of sitting still is over for to-day."

But now she waited for Edward to lay down his brushes, and so intimate that he did not wish her to sit still any longer. She had come to find pleasure in obeying her teacher's slightest signs. Moreover, it was not unpleasant to her to sit without moving, so long as she knew that Edward was looking at her.

"There, Miss Flo, I will not trouble you any longer this morning," said the painter, after the expiration of another five minutes, standing away from his easel, and looking at his work, though he spoke to her.

"Then I may get up?"

"Yes; I thank you for sitting so still. To paint a good portrait, there is need of a good sitter as well as a good artist."

Flo's face suddenly lighted up with pleasure at these trivial words of praise from the man who never praised untruthfully.

"How many more sittings will you require?" she asked.

"I am afraid I shall have to tax you for two more," was the answer.

As this reply was made, Ida looked up from her novel, and turning to her, Edward said—"You'll be glad to hear, Miss Newbolt, that my pictures 'Red and Brown,' and Mr. Newbolt's portrait, are both hung, and well hung."

"Not in the Octagon Room this year?" rejoined Ida, smiling her congratulations.

"No; they are both in the first room. 'Red and Brown' is on the line."

"Capital! You are getting on in the world."

"Mr. Newbolt" continued Edward, "spoke in my behalf to a member of the Hanging Committee. I owe my good fortune to your father. It was very good of him."

"It is always well to have a friend at court," answered Ida, in her kindest tone; "but you would get on without the help of friends. Talent always commands the homage that is its due."

"It usually does; but I am afraid I am getting more than my due share of success."

"You must work harder still next year," continued the elder sister.

"Yes, I must. I think of going to Rome, to study."

"To Rome!" exclaimed Flo, turning red in an instant, and then as quickly becoming pale.

"Indeed!" said Ida, with a look of surprise, but with no air of disapproval.

"I have long wished to study in Rome; and now, thanks to Mr. Newbolt's generosity, I can afford to do so for two years, or more. I am ambitious, perhaps ambitious beyond my powers; but for art's sake I must do my best."

"It is right for you to be ambitious," returned Ida, in her fullest, richest voice. "Before many years have passed you'll be one of England's most celebrated painters."

"I do not so much desire to be a famous artist as to paint famous pictures."

"I understand you. A painter, like a poet, should be—

'Of his fame forgetful! So his fame
May share in Nature's immortality!'

Edward blushed.

After a pause, he said—"I always paint best when I manage to forget myself, and don't think of what the world may say of me. I remember the quotation, Miss Newbolt. You read those words to me last October, when I was working at 'Red and Brown.'"

"To be sure I did so; in Red-leaf Glen?"

"Yes. They struck me at the time, and I have frequently thought about them. They contain a grand lesson—a sacred truth."

"That the artist should not be an egotist?"

"They teach something more," returned Edward, with his old, boyish solemnity, and that severer tone which had come to his voice and manner, as well as his countenance. "They teach that men who would be worthy followers of art must learn how completely to sacrifice themselves to her, and thank God for the

means and experiences by which they are trained to self-sacrifice."

"Self-sacrifice!" said Flo, joining in the conversation, to which she had listened attentively. "It's a sad, stern word."

Whereto Ida rejoined—"It's a sadder, sterner task."

"Not for those, Miss Ida," returned Edward, still addressing the elder sister, "who sacrifice all minor joys to art. Self-sacrifices for the sake of those who are very dear to us is a labour of delight, not of sorrow; and I hope I love art sincerely."

A pause.

Breaking it, Flo said, lightly, "Then you'll go away to Rome, stay there for two years, and forget all about us."

"Miss Flo," answered the artist, gravely, "I hope I shall never forget those from whom I have received much kindness."

"Have you said anything about this Roman scheme to papa?" inquired Ida.

"I saw him this morning before I left town, and proposed my plan to him. He was good enough to say he should be sorry to lose me, but approved my intention. As might be expected, he offered to help me to carry out my plans; but I assured him I did not need his help."

Then Edward took his leave of the ladies, declining their invitation to stay for luncheon, on the plea that John Buckmaster was very ill, suffering under a severe attack of gout, and expected him by his bedside at an early period of the afternoon.

When the artist had left the house Flo hastened to her bed-room, and sitting down by the side of her daintily furnished toilet-table, thought thus:—"He said, 'Self-sacrifice for those who are very dear to us, is a labour of delight, not of sorrow!' And he means to sacrifice himself to art. He loves art; but he really cares for nothing else. To him I am little more than Ida's cat." And then burying her face in her hands, the poor girl wept plentifully, thinking to herself—"Oh! why are good men so cold, and hard, and stern?"

Not for the first time did Flo now ask herself that question.

Yes! Unconsciously Edward had won the love of the girl whom he loved, and who he was determined should never love him!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MR. RUPERT SMITH IS WATCHFUL AND PATIENT.

THROUGHOUT the ten months glanced at in the former part of the last chapter, Edward kept his resolution not to mention Flo's name to his friend Rupert. The two young men remained close friends; but, as often happens with close friends, each had his secrets from the other. Rupert, there is no need to tell readers, had always kept Edward in ignorance of the more important part of his life; but until the latter half of June, 1846, Edward—with the exception of one great field of personal interest, of which readers have already obtained certain glimpses, and will soon have a complete view—had, in most respects, worn his heart upon his breast to his one peculiar associate. From that date, however, the young artist acted towards the young barrister even as the young barrister had for more than three years acted towards him. Their friendship was no longer a friendship with the intimacy all on one side; each had his reserves from the other—Rupert, the positive reserves of hypocrisy; Edward, the negative reserves of silence.

Rupert was not slow to perceive and disapprove the change in his dear Ned.

But unlike many trustful creatures, when they

find themselves losing the perfect confidence of those whom they love, Rupert was too wise to resent the slight put upon him. Instead of allowing his jealousy and chagrin to burst forth in angry criminations, he altogether concealed his displeasure, and feigned unconsciousness of the affront under which he smarted.

"My peculiar and chosen companion, to whom I am devoted with all the ardour of my guileless and fervid nature, has expelled me from the inmost chamber of his affections," observed Mr. Rupert Smith, communing with himself over his solitary breakfast-table, in Essex Court, about the middle of July, 1846. "From the evening of his first visit to the picture-buying capitalist of Muswell Hill, I date the commencement of his unkindness—of my sorrow. I have spoken to him about the capitalist, and have unobtrusively exercised many artifices to make him communicative about the great man's ways, whims, failings, and pursuits; but his answers, truthful, of course, as far as they go, are incomplete. He avoids the subject—becomes silent when I press him as to the number and characteristics of the capitalist's children; even waxed fretful and indignant last night when I loosely remarked that he ought to be making up to one of the great man's daughters. Now, my purpose is once more to worm my way into the secret chamber of his heart, and draw him back to my bosom, penitent for his wanderings, and threefold more loving than ever. To effect this, I must do everything that may tend to bring him to me; avoid every line of action that may drive him further from me. I must be patient and watchful; very watchful and very patient. Confidence cannot be pulled out of a human heart by sheer brute force; it must be delicately twisted out by forefinger and thumb. Every affection of a man's heart has pendent to it a fine thread of sentiment, floating down into the outer air; often these threads are finer than the most delicate silk—finer than the gossamery lines of a spider's web—ay, so fine as to be utterly impalpable to vulgar eyes. And many a heart is not to be caught and securely tethered for ever, until the cunning sportsman has gathered all its delicate, pendent, floating threads together, and by a soft, firm, cautious movement of the forefinger and thumb twisted them together into one strong cord. A very hard piece of whiplash does the deftly wrought combination of all those many gossamery threads make. He who has made the cord, may by it drag the heart right out of a human creature by the forefinger and thumb—by the mere action and force of the forefinger and thumb. It is thus I must treat Edward. Oh, how well it would be for jealous wives, if they could take lessons from me in the art of recovering strayed affections!

"Since Edward does not care to be communicative about the capitalist, I won't try to make him so by goading and worrying him with questions. I will respect his weakness, in order that I may make myself stronger. I won't attempt to steal his secret by a sentimental process analogous to burglary or highway robbery; indeed, I had better not, for the boy is a terrible boy; and if I confronted him with a 'Stand and deliver!' he would not improbably pull out a pistol and shoot me dead. No; I will bide my time, and twist it out of him by the action of the forefinger and thumb; while he is all unconscious that his breast is being rifled of its treasure. I'll be watchful and patient; very patient and very watchful."

(To be continued.)

PROCRASTINATION.—A Greek poet, when he seeks to point out the evil of delay, observes:—The rose is but a brief time in bloom; dost thou delay?—there seeking thou shalt find not a rose, but a thorn.

UNITARIANISM NOT "THE TRUTH."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN SULLIVAN."

IX.—PRACTICAL CONCLUSION.

OWEN. Ah! I am glad to see you; we are to end, I believe, this evening, our conversations on Unitarianism.

WHITE. I think so. It might, indeed, be easy to say much more, for the subject branches out on the right and on the left; but I think we may sum up the matter this evening. I hope that a few thoughts by way of practical application may suffice.

OWEN. And how do you mean to shape these?

WHITE. The most obvious way is generally the best. I want, you want, a faith, a system of belief, which will stand you in good stead in a dying hour. We know, from St. Paul's Second Epistle to Timothy, how he could look death in the face. Similar evidence has been given by multitudes of others, both in ancient and in modern days. I might spend hours in describing the happy deaths of such men as Polycarp and Cyprian, Latimer and Ridley, Hooker and Brainerd, Payson and Henry Martyn. But there are multitudes little known to the world, multitudes of the poor and unlearned, who have studied their Bible,

"And in that charter read, with sparkling eyes,
Their title to a mansion in the skies."

And the constancy amidst trials, the firmness even under persecution, of thousands of these poor, unknown men speaks even more forcibly than the heroism of a standard-bearer such as Bradford. In Nero's day, we know, not Paul only, but vast numbers of Christians were tortured and put to death, "not accepting deliverance." In our own Marian persecution, not three or four bishops only, but two or three hundreds of obscure men, went joyfully to the stake, while many others perished of cold and hunger in prison. In our own day, persecution, in this part of the world, is unknown, but we meet every now and then with proofs of the like faith in the near prospect of death. Thus, in Legh Richmond's life, we find mention of an incident which came within his own knowledge.

In a Newcastle colliery, by an explosion, thirty-five men and forty-one boys were shut in, and died by suffocation or starvation before they could be reached. One of the lads was found dead with a Bible by his side, and a tin box, on which, with a nail, he had contrived to scratch this message to his mother: "Fret not, dear mother, for we are singing the praises of God while we have time. Mother, follow God more than ever I did. Joseph, think of God, and be kind to poor mother." This box, with its precious inscription, fell into Mr. Richmond's hands shortly after the occurrence.

A like incident occurred more recently, when a still larger number of miners perished in the Hartley Colliery, in January, 1862. The few memoranda found with the bodies of the dead, showed that several of them, with death in view, calmly engaged in united prayer, and so passed into eternity without alarm.

OWEN. Well, but how do you apply this to your own case, or to mine?

WHITE. Both you and I, whether we shall have

to die in our beds, or by some more rapid and fearful death, will need just the same support. The mode of dying is, after all, but a small part of the question. The real subject of anxiety is, whether we are prepared to cross that Jordan without fear. Now, I should dread that passage if I had only an Unitarian faith.

OWEN. Will you explain to me the intrinsic difference?

WHITE. I have looked into various Socinian writings, and heard some Socinians talk; and so far as I can gather, their sole reliance is on "the goodness of God." Now, they argue justly that proofs of God's goodness surround us on every side, and ought to draw our hearts to him. But what I do not see in the bounties of creation, is any assurance that God *will not punish sin*. In earthly affairs we know that a ruler who never inflicted punishment for crime, would fall into contempt, and his realm would be filled with confusion and disorder. Ought we to suppose that God will be far more lenient than the most foolishly-indulgent of earthly sovereigns? Again, they speak of God as a kind and gracious Father, and he is so. But what should we think of an earthly parent who seemed not to have the least care whether his children loved him or not; and who beheld some of them breaking every injunction he had given them, trampling upon every rule, and showing the utmost disregard of his wishes, with the most entire equanimity, as if it was a matter of perfect indifference to him whether they obliged and honoured him or not? Now, God looks down upon multitudes, both in Christian and in heathen lands, upon whom he has bestowed great mercies—health, riches, power, intellect, and many other of his choicest gifts, and who spend their whole lives in abusing his gifts, breaking his laws, and showing their contempt for his known will. They indulge in debasing lusts and pleasures, they corrupt others, they are cruel, selfish, unmerciful, profane, and even blasphemous. Now, is it not a monstrous thought, that God, because he is good, will overlook all these sins, all this ingratitude, and will take these men to heaven when they die?

OWEN. Well, but I never heard any one propound such an idea; and I should think that for sinners of this class, even Rousseau and Theodore Parker will admit that some punishment must be in store.

WHITE. But do they believe in purgatory? Did you ever, in a Unitarian or Rationalistic book, see this Romish dream advocated?

OWEN. No, I cannot say that I ever did. But they must have something of the kind in their thoughts; or they would violate Abraham's principle, "That be far from thee, Lord, that the righteous should be as the wicked!" No, I am sure that they must believe that wickedness which goes unpunished in this world, will receive punishment in the next.

WHITE. And that the sinner will have to bear his own punishment?

OWEN. Yes, undoubtedly.

WHITE. This agrees, then, with the dictates of natural conscience which we find among men of every land. All over the earth (excepting, perhaps, among the Buddhists) we find men fearing a God whom they are conscious they have offended.

The old Greeks and Romans, the mediæval Northmen, the Africans, and the dwellers in the New World, all are conscious of sin, and all are afraid of an angry God. But, until they hear the Gospel, they can know nothing but a vague fear and dread of the future life. Nothing on the face of the earth, outside of God's revelation, can give them the least light as to the coming hereafter. All is darkness, dread, and alarm. And now, let me ask you, what do the Unitarians find, even in the Bible, which substantially differs from the thick darkness in which Socrates and Plato were groping?

OWEN. Oh, they find in the Bible numberless exhibitions and declarations of the goodness of God. They find parables and prophecies, and above all, the teachings of Christ himself, all assuring them that God is good, and gracious, full of compassion and tender mercy.

WHITE. Unquestionably, they do; but then they are told also that "God is angry with the wicked every day;" that "He will by no means clear the guilty;" that "the wicked are reserved unto the day of judgment, they shall be brought forth to the day of wrath" (Job xxi. 30); that at the end of the world "the Son of man shall send forth his angels," who shall "sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth" (Matt. xiii. 49, 50).

Now, they surely deceive themselves, if they insist on taking such of Christ's declarations as suit their taste, and in shutting their eyes and ears to all the rest. But the Gospel, or good news, then, which they find in the Bible, is nothing more, substantially, than what the heathen could gather from the works of creation, that "God is good." You admit, too, that they cannot exclude the idea of punishment; that they cannot deny the probability, and the moral fitness, of a retribution, in the future life, for sins committed in this. So that, after all, as I must die with the confession on my lips, that I have all my life "done the things which I ought not to have done, and left undone the things which I ought to have done," what can be the prospect before me, if I am to bear the punishment in a future state, but one of the most gloomy kind—one dark, uncertain, and full of terror? Was it such a prospect as this, you think, that made St. Paul cry out, "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness?"

OWEN. Well, but considering what St. Paul had done and suffered, is it at all surprising that he should use such language?

WHITE. Not at all surprising on Christian grounds; but quite inconceivable on Unitarian ones.

OWEN. Pray show me the distinction.

WHITE. The distinction is as great as between heaven and hell. If the Unitarian theory be the true one, then St. Paul, after his death, would have had the punishment of his sins to endure. That Christ had borne that punishment, and had "made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness," the Unitarian will not believe. Hence, St. Paul, as I said, on the Unitarian hypothesis,

must have expected to depart this life with the burden of his sins still resting upon him. What that burden was, he tells us in Romans vii., where he says, even of his best days: "The good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. I see a law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin. O wretched man that I am!" Now, if this constant sin was still unatoned for, and was to attend him into the next world, crying out for judgment, assuredly the apostle would have felt little anxiety "to depart." But he was no Unitarian; he was no hater of the doctrine of substitution; he knew that Christ had "put away sin by the sacrifice of himself," and that none, not even the accuser himself, "should lay anything to the charge of God's elect," for that "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus;" that Jesus, who "was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification."

OWEN. I see, then, that the main distinction you draw between the Unitarian scheme and the Gospel is, that on the Unitarian view sin has not been atoned for, the guilt and punishment which belong to it remain still impending over us, and hence that the old ground of alarm felt by the wisest of the heathen, "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord," still remains. But tell me, is not something to be allowed for the good works of men? Did not St. Paul look forward to a crown of righteousness, and may not other good men indulge in a similar hope?

WHITE. Yes, they may; but if they have been "accepted in the beloved," if they have offered Abel's offering, then are they "children of God;" but if they will only offer Cain's, then to their offer God will not have respect. Standing on the footing of his own performances, every enlightened man must cry out with Job: "How shall man be just with God? if he will contend (or argue) with him, he cannot answer him one of a thousand." Or with Isaiah, "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags," St. Paul tells us plainly, that "by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight." He adds, in another place, "By grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast."

OWEN. Well, I hope I understand the difference, but yet will you explain to me wherein this "grace of God," on which St. Paul relied, differs from the "goodness of God," in which the Unitarians place their trust?

WHITE. The difference is vast, and to understand it is all-important. The Unitarian, admitting that mankind generally are transgressors, sets up as a remedy, a mere vague "goodness of God," which is nothing else than a weak goodness, an indulgence, or an indifference to moral good and evil. This view is nothing else than Satan's first temptation, "Ye shall not surely die."

Now, we know that even among ourselves this weak indulgence would be ruinous. A king who never punished sin would soon have his kingdom full of disorder; a parent who winked at disobedience would have his household thrown into confusion. To attribute unto God such a "good-

ness" as this is dishonourable to him: and it disregards also a long series of threatenings and warnings which he has given, and treats them as fictions and empty threats, meaning nothing. Hence, a man who deliberately embraces this view, brings his eternal fate, I cannot but think, into the most fearful peril.

OWEN. Well, this is one side; will you now give me the other?

WHITE. The opposite view is, in short, the Gospel—the good news, the glad tidings. It reveals the greatest of all facts. It does not tell us merely that "God is good," which we might have learnt from a thoughtful consideration of the works of creation. It tells us much more. Recognising sin as the grand evil of the world, it does not tell us that God, out of mere good-nature or indulgence, will pardon all sinners; but it tells us of One, "mighty to save," who has "put away sin by the sacrifice of himself;" of One who "died to redeem us to God by his blood;" of One who "bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors." It tells of a ransom, of a redemption, of a salvation. All this speaks, you will see, of a great transaction, of a death upon the cross for us sinners, and for our salvation. A death, too, which was necessary, for Christ prayed his Father, that "if it were possible this cup might pass from him;" but it was not possible. The penalty of sin must be paid, or else man must bear it. Christ had engaged to "bear our sins"—the wrath and punishment which belonged to them. He did so; he purged away our sins, and then entered into the holy place, "having obtained eternal redemption for us."

OWEN. I will just ask, though I partly anticipate the answer, whether, if Christ "tasted death for every man," there is not a salvation wrought out for all the world; and whether this does not resemble, in effect, that universal "goodness of God," upon which Unitarians place their reliance?

WHITE. No, it differs widely. Unitarians substantially hold that God will not punish sin; that he is so good that he will forgive all sinners without any atonement. But the Bible teaches that an atonement was absolutely necessary; and that man, if that atonement had not been provided, must have perished for ever.

OWEN. Well, but the atonement having been made, is not sin put away, and are not men, all men, ransomed and saved?

WHITE. The answer to this question you will find in many types of Christ. The brazen serpent, for instance, is distinctly referred to by Christ as a type of him. Well, the brazen serpent was set upon a pole, and *those who looked upon it lived*. To look was necessary; those who did not look, perished. So, too, of the blood of the Passover. It was to be sprinkled on the door-post; and then it was added, "When he seeth the blood, the Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the destroyer to come in to smite you." Here, too, the blood must be used, as enjoined, or the destroyer would not pass over. So of all the sacrifices enjoined in Leviticus. It was not enough that there were priests and sacrifices: any one who wished his sins put away, must himself bring a sin offering. So, too, when Esther had ventured into the king's presence, and the sceptre was held

out to her, she must touch the sceptre, or she would have perished. A wedding-garment was provided for the guests at the marriage-supper; but one of them despised and neglected it, and was cast into outer darkness. All these, and a hundred other types and figures in the Bible, show us that salvation is not provided indiscriminately for all—the penitent and the impenitent, the believing and the unbelieving. It is a wilful and a fatal error, which not Unitarians only, but men in general are apt to fall into; that because God is good, he will not punish sin; that because he is merciful, he will save those who never ask his mercy: in a word, that having provided, at a great cost, a great salvation, he will not be angry if men are wholly indifferent about it. The most complete exposure of this error is given in our Lord's own parables. No one disputes, no one can dispute, his great compassion, his tenderness of heart, his yearnings over sinners; yet in his parables, as in most of his other teachings, we find, almost invariably, the two classes, the saved and the lost, contrasted and opposed to each other. That the latter are many, and that their destruction will be real, terrible, and everlasting, is asserted in every variety of language. And of those who persist in shutting their eyes and ears to these warnings, we can only say, in our Lord's own language: "Neither would they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

OWEN. I am sorry that our time has expired. I thank you for these explanations, and hope to compare them with God's Word to-morrow, that I may be indeed "grounded and settled in the faith of the Gospel."

WHITE. You can take no wiser course. But as a key-note, as a synopsis or compression of the Gospel, take this one text: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. And, if you like, you may add to it this other: "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." This is the love of God revealed to us in the Bible; and it wholly differs from the merely blind, indifferent, and apathetic love, or good-nature, by which men too often fancy that all men, good or evil, pious or impious, shall find a refuge, at last, in one eternal home.

HOW TO TRAIN THE MEMORY ARIGHT.

BY W. BOWEN ROWLANDS, ESQ., B.A.

NO. VII.

THE due regulation of our social intercourse, and particularly of our conversations with each other, will be found to be of much use in strengthening the memory. An able writer has well expressed the rule I would lay down on this head: "Take every opportunity of uttering your *best* thoughts in conversation, when the subject will admit of it; that will deeply imprint them. Hence, the tales which common story-tellers relate they never forget, though ever so silly." There is, perhaps, more positive harm done to our memorial faculties by idle, slipshod conversation, than by any injurious practice of a like nature. Of the gigantic moral evils which arise from the abuse of our powers of speech I shall not here speak, further

than to quote an admirable passage from the writings of Dr. Goulburn: "Would you take anything which represents Christ," he asks, "and was intended to remind us of Christ, and make it the instrument and minister of sin? And shall any child of man take this faculty of speech, and degrade it to vain, or profane, or unclean communications, making it the instrument of morally corrupting others, and of being morally corrupted himself?" This is a solemn question; and we shall do well to answer it manfully in the negative.

The main advantage of the rule I have mentioned above, as considered in relation to memory, is, that it begets in us the habit of calling up our mental powers for every-day service. If we have been accustomed to unlock the treasure-house of our minds for our friends' familiar use, we shall not be at a loss whence to draw forth stores for the entertainment of strangers. By repeating over and over what we know, we cause it to sink deeper into our minds, while at the same time it is more at our immediate command.

It is believed by some of our most eminent physiologists that no single impression, which has once been fairly registered in the seat of memory, is ever entirely lost; excepting in cases where disease has partially or altogether blotted out the traces of facts or words. This registration of impressions made on the organs of sense is entered, so to speak, in the cerebral hemispheres; that is to say, in that part of the nervous centres there situate. We may well believe, then, how necessary it is to keep the bodily functions in good working order, that the brain may have fair play, and be in a fit state to perform its several duties.

I have, in a former paper, given several examples of the absurd extent to which bodily recipes for the memory have been carried. It may, perhaps, amuse my readers if I subjoin another. It is contained in an old work on the subject, published in the sixteenth century, and runs as follows:—

"Let them also forbear marrow (which is in bones), cranes' fleshe, fishe, especially if it be clammy and nourished in ditches or holes, colde pot herbs, milke, cheese, especially much, or naughty; frutes moist and not ripe, but sometimes they may eat sharp or tarter meates, chiefly in the winter, as garlike, pennyroyall, or calamint, capers, being watered. Mustard is praised of Pythagoras, they must eate little, and specialllye at supper. They must drink no water except it be sod with honey, or cinnamon, or some other pleasant spices. They must abstain from over much sleepe, and not to sleepe in the day time, nor upon the noddle of the head, nor upon too much fullness of meate. Let them also beware of over great watchings, for it weakeneth the spirits, and resolveth them, and stuffeth the head."

The graces and powers both of body and mind would seem to have been united in the person of Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, who died in the year 1765. "She had," said the Bishop of Carlisle, in preaching her funeral sermon, "a clear soul, shining through a vivid body. Her body was durable and healthful, her soul sprightly; of good understanding and judgment, faithful memory, and ready wit." She tells us also herself, in an account written when

more than sixty-three years of age, that the perfections of her mind were even greater than those of her body; and foremost among these mental excellencies she mentions the possession of "a strong and copious memory." Her judicious use of conversation would appear to have been instrumental in quickening her memorial faculties, as we learn from the same Bishop of Carlisle that in early life she had gained an ability to discourse of all commendable arts and sciences; so much so as to "discourse with virtuosi, travellers, scholars, merchants, divines, statesmen, and with good housewives, in any kind." But there is a still nobler feature in her character recorded by this authority. Had she sought mere fame, he is of opinion that she might have ranked with learned men of any age; "but she affected rather to study with those noble Bereans and those honourable women, who searched the Scriptures daily; and, with Mary, she chose the better part of learning the doctrines of Christ—that part which shall not be taken away."

As I have quoted or alluded to Lord Bacon, it may be worth while to set down here the place he assigns to memory in his "Advancement of Learning." He divides what he terms "Logical Arts" into four, distinguishing them according to the ends which they lead to. In rational knowledge, he says, man endeavours either—1, to find what he is seeking for; 2, to judge of what he finds; 3, to retain what he has approved; or, 4, to bring forth, or deliver, what he has retained. Whence he concludes that there are four rational arts—1, the art of inquiry, or invention; 2, the art of judging, or examination; 3, the art of custody or memory; and, 4, the art of delivery, or elocution. And it is in this light I have endeavoured to consider memory and its training; viz.: as the art of custody, the retaining knowledge already gained, with a view to its practical use and application; as the means of laying up a treasure, so as to be able to bring it forth in general life, or on particular emergencies. And I persuade myself that rationally considering its education in this point of view will not be altogether valueless to students and earnest seekers after knowledge; who inquire after truth as "a man seeketh for hid treasure;" not to lay it by in a napkin, but to put it out to the noblest interest, that the great Giver of all human talents may, when he cometh, receive his own with usury.

There is one reflection which, obvious as it may appear, I think it right to introduce here; for, although all may be ready enough to acquiesce in its truth, the great majority are disposed to act without considering it. It is, indeed, sufficiently simple, that no amount of rules for the proper conduct and due training of the memorial powers is of any sort of use without a settled determination and fixed resolve on the part of the student himself to persevere to the utmost of his power. An appropriate instance of the value of such resolution was recently furnished by an inhabitant of one of our cathedral towns, and fell under my own observation. A man in the humbler walks of life was suddenly deprived by an accident of the sight of both his eyes. He had been prudent and upright in his life, and regular in his attendance on the services of the Church. But though he had been thus constant in his outward duties, he had

regarded them too much as mere forms, and neglected joining heart and soul in the responses and Psalms. His affliction, however, stirred the depths of his inner life, and he woke to a full consciousness of the beauty of holiness. He now felt inexpressibly grieved at being unable to repeat the alternate verses of the daily Psalms; and deeply lamented that he had not imprinted them more firmly on his memory while the possession of eyesight gave him the power. There was, however, a way to effect this still open to him; and of this he eagerly availed himself. Years had already begun to thicken upon him; a daughter of some fourteen years was his sole and constant companion. Fortunately, he had been careful to procure this child as good an education as his means would allow; and she now proved his greatest solace. The girl, tenderly attached to her father, lived but in his life, and tenderly soothed his sorrows. She read over and over again to him the majestic poetry of the Psalms; never wearying of her labour of love until her father could repeat the entire Psalter. It would be impossible to relate the joy that the poor man felt when he was able to perform once more his portion of the public services, and to repeat, at first with some few mistakes, but finally, quite correctly, those verses of the Psalms which fall to the congregation's share. His memory became the means of bestowing on him unequalled delight; and it was a blissful sight to mark the pleasure that glowed upon the young girl's upturned face as she heard her father thus uniting in the prayers and praises of the Church.

Here, then, is an example of what diligence and resolution may achieve. Dare we suffer golden opportunities to glide by us unimproved? or idly waste the precious hours entrusted to us for improvement? "A quarter of an hour!" said Bishop Sanderson; "is not that much to a man that has not many hours to live?" And yet so little value seems to be attached to hours or days in general, that men can even talk of "killing time." Surely, a costly sacrifice for any of us to offer up on the altar of idleness and sin.

Our memories are fair and beautiful tablets, and the pen is in our hand with which to engrave on them the stores of bygone days, and the glorious thoughts of bygone men. But the hand that would inscribe on them the records of the past must be firm and active, neither palsied by intemperance, nor dulled by careless neglect. The eye must be swift to mark the most important conceptions and events, and its vision may not be distempered by excess. The fresh breath of the morning must play upon unheated temples, and the jewels of the mind be locked in as healthful a casket as may be. Nor may despair or easy negligence be suffered to encrust the faculties with rust; but labour, which, as the old proverb well says, conquers everything, must hew down all opposing foes.

Thus much, then, for the general training and conduct of the memory. In the concluding papers of this series I shall touch briefly on technical, or artificial memories, as they are called; and endeavour to assign them a becoming place in the system. With this, and some observations on the moral use of memory, perhaps the most important light in which it can be viewed, I shall bring this subject to a close.

(To be continued.)

THE BELFRY OF GHENT.

I.

HAST thou ever known the feeling
I have felt, when I have seen
Mid the tombs of aged heroes—
Memories of what hath been—
What it is to view the present
In the light of by-gone days?
From an eminence to ponder
Human histories and ways?

II.

Once I stood with soul enchanted,
Lost in deep astonishment,
On the lofty, dark old belfry
Of the ancient town of Ghent.
From the height I look'd below me,
Saw the quaint old city lie,
Full of glorious recollections,
Climbing up to memory.

III.

Toilsome was the steep ascending
By that broken flight of stairs;
But the end was like the pleasure
Of deriv'd from weary cares:
Like the steps that lift us upward
To the aim we have design'd;
Like the stages leading onward
To the things we seek to find.

IV.

From that noble height of vision,
To that distant azure sky,
Thrill, my harp, thy swelling anthem,
Taught and tuned by memory.
Celebrate the deeds of glory;
Sing the hearts that throbb'd and beat;
Sing the hands that stayed the throbbing;
Songs like these, my harp, repeat!

V.

Tell the days of ancient heroes,
On a nobler errand sent;
Old Saint Bavon, once a soldier,
Now the patron saint of Ghent.
Show the tomb of Saint Columba,
Erin's and Iona's pride;
Let me gather leaves and flowers
From its green and mossy side.

VI.

Chime, ye merry ringing changes,
Booming through the liquid air;
Though ye tell that Time is passing,
Ye are what ye ever were.
Yes, the same sad midnight chiming,
Yes, the self-same peals by day;
Have ye not a voice that speaketh?
Tell me, therefore, what ye say?

VII.—THE CHIMES.

"We speak of days long, long ago;
We speak of Time now given;
We speak of Time that's yet to come,
And say—Prepare for heaven.
Twice we tell the hours in passing—
First by due advertisement;*
Then we tell the hour's departure—
We, the bells of ancient Ghent.

* The clocks in Belgium usually strike the hour twice—at the half-hour and the hour.

"We have told the birth of princes;
Sounded forth the marriage bell;
We have sung the *Miserere*;
We have rung the last farewell.
Varied still, but true the tidings,
Sounding from our belfry floor;
Yet the time is coming, coming,
When our bells shall chime no more."

VIII.

Yes, the day is hast'ning onward,
When all earthly tongues shall cease;
And the chimes that sung their praises,
Shall be still'd when all is peace.
Till that day sound forth your measures,
Ring your changes to the last;
And amid the tomb of ages
Tell the virtues of the past.

IX.

Still I saw the waking vision,
Read the memories of old,
Till the changes chimed the vesper,
And the hour of evening toll'd.
Thus I mused, and thought, and pondered,
Lost in deep astonishment,
On the well-remember'd belfry
Of the ancient town of Ghent.

Department for Young People.

REPORT OF THE JUVENILE LECTURES ON ELECTRICITY AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

LECTURE IV.

RESUMING our agreeable task of presenting our readers with a working abstract of Professor Tyndall's lectures, let us state now—what we have not felt necessary to state before—that each of the audience on entering was presented with a printed memorandum of the chief points to be treated of by the lecturer, as well as a notification of experiments most easy of performance by young people at home.

The reader will be good enough to remember that, in the course of the last lecture, Professor Tyndall just introduced a certain electrical arrangement of parts of glass and tin-foil—to be more precise—that under a modification of form, though not of principle, as we explained, becomes the celebrated *Leyden jar*. Having taken their places, and looking round to see the lecturer's "armoury," as we may call it, Professor Tyndall's audience might readily perceive that he intended to perform some brilliant experiments. The lecture-table—the whole area, we may say—was filled with electrical machines, big, middling, small; and instruments pertaining to electrical machines. Not to dishearten his audience, he explained to them that, although lecturers usually worked on the large scale, using large and expensive instruments for the sake of better display, yet smaller instruments would amply suffice for home purposes. Still, some sort of electrical machine is necessary for the performance of most experiments to be described during this lecture: inasmuch as the Professor had upon his table, however, small

electrical machines, that he said could be purchased new for thirty shillings, and inasmuch as we personally have seen frequently second-hand electrical machines in good order, and with chest and fittings, to be got for ten shillings—a bargain susceptible of improvement by discreet conversation—why, we fancy that many of our readers will not debar themselves the pleasure of performing the experiments we shall indicate because of the expense of procuring an electrical machine.

Unquestionably, the Leyden jar is the most powerful instrument known to electricians for making evident and taking advantage of the quality of induction. No very brilliant experiment can be performed by, or very powerful effect produced from, an electrical machine, unaided by the concentrative faculty of a Leyden jar. It is necessary, then, that we fully understand the principle and practice of this important instrument, to which end we cannot do better than follow the lecturer in his description of the primitive Leyden jar, an instrument discovered by accident. The lecturer displayed to his young friends one of these primitive electrical or Leyden jars, and a very primitive instrument it seemed to be. If, now-a-days, any young electrician should go to an electrical instrument-maker and purchase a Leyden jar, he would obtain an instrument as different in appearance from the primitive Leyden jar brought before his audience by Professor Tyndall as well can be. The modern Leyden jar is a glittering, elegant piece of apparatus, consisting of a wide-mouthed glass bottle, lined with tin-foil inside and out. The wide-mouthed bottle is usually stoppered in an elegant fashion, with a turned disc of mahogany perforated in the middle with a hole, through which passes a polished brass rod terminating in a chain within, and a brass ball without. The primitive Leyden jar, as displayed by the lecturer, was a very different sort of affair to look at; though—as eventually we shall discover—the functional quality, the *mode of action of it*, is identical. The primitive instrument was explained to consist of a glass jar holding water, into which water a metallic stem, say a nail, was thrust, in such wise, as to be in part covered by the water, and in part projecting from the water, extending outwards through the mouth of the bottle.

Perhaps we had best here pause, to explain to the reader how and in what manner such an arrangement of parts came to be devised. The electricians who filled up the first Leyden jar had not the remotest notion about any such quality as electric induction. They lived in a sort of material epoch, one that, as we already explained, whilst reporting a previous lecture, succeeded a sort of spiritual epoch. The idea of spirits as affecting and influencing matter had been discarded, and philosophers had not yet acquired the modern idea of force. From spiritualism they rushed to the opposite extreme of feigning a host of material agents of great attenuation, to which they gave the name of fluids. Professor Tyndall, as we need hardly remind our readers just now, adopts the theory of *two electrical fluids*, a positive and a negative fluid; adopts the theory for the sake of convenience of illustration—no more. Now, the inventors of the Leyden jar, believing in the existence of only one electric fluid, and having made out the fact that material

bodies admitted of division into conductors and non-conductors of electricity, imagined that they might be able to catch and hold the electric fluid, just as they might water, or any other fluid, by transferring it to a bottle. So they took a bottle, and poured water into it, (water, remember, being a conducting body, through which the electric fluid readily passed), and they plunged a metallic stem into the water, leaving the other end exposed to the air by passing through the bottle's neck, exactly as we have already set forth. Through this arrangement the experimenters imagined that electrical fluid might be conveyed from the prime conductor of an electrical machine, down the metallic stem into the water, there to be retained—stored up, because of the non-conducting glass, which everywhere would be made to surround it. Casually, the experimenters made another arrangement, of which they took no cognisance—viz., they supplemented the internal conducting water with an external conductor, equivalent in function to the external tin-foil we see on a modern Leyden jar. What, then, was the outside conductor made of in the original Leyden jar? *Why, the hand of the operator that grasped the bottle.* This conducting element in the arrangement, those who discovered the Leyden jar knew nothing about. Reflecting, now, on the particulars of the case, we shall presently discover an absolute identity of functional arrangement between the ancient Leyden jar—in the construction of which there was no tin-foil whatever—and the modern tin-foil jar; further, an absolute identity of functional arrangement between these two, and the flat inductive apparatus composed of two sheets of tin-foil with glass interposed, shown by Professor Tyndall in the course of his last lecture. Let us investigate the mode of action of an ordinary Leyden jar. First, the interior coating of tin-foil being put in connection with the prime conductor of an electrical machine positively charged, it also becomes charged positively. But it can only be charged thus positively under the condition that some object in its neighbourhood is charged negatively; and the more conveniently a body is placed, in respect to it, the more powerful will be the charge. Well, is the exterior coating of tin-foil not conveniently placed? Eminently so; nothing can be better. Thus it happens, then: As the interior coating acquires positive electricity, so does the exterior coating acquire negative electricity, and so the operation of charging goes on, until each of the two surfaces of tin-foil is electrified to the extent of its capability. Meanwhile, a great strain is put upon the intervening glass, which tends to break; and break it will, if thin beyond the power of endurance. Such is the structure and operation of the modern Leyden jar; and if we closely examine the parts of the original Leyden jar, we shall find a close similarity, nay, functionally speaking, even an identity between the two. In place of the interior coating of tin-foil, we have water, a conductor; and a conductor is all we want in order to produce the necessary effect. Outside, we have another conductor in the operator's hand, which charges the bottle whilst holding it, and thus are the electrical conditions necessary to the construction of a Leyden jar completed.

That the march of operations during the act of charging an electrical or Leyden jar is such as we have described, is demonstrated in many ways; in

none more completely than by the following experiment performed by the lecturer:—Having placed a Leyden jar upon a stool with glass legs—and here let us observe that a dry board placed to stand upon four dry tumblers answers perfectly well—he endeavoured to charge the Leyden jar in the ordinary manner. But the jar would not charge—could not be charged. And wherefore? Let our readers think out the electrical conditions in their own mind, and they will immediately find the answer.

The internal tin-foil coating can only acquire positive electricity on condition that the exterior coating of the same metal acquires negative electricity, and the latter can only acquire negative electricity by repelling—driving away, getting rid of into the earth—the positive electricity with which it is naturally endowed. Now, if the jar were held in the operator's own hand, or if it were placed to stand on a stool provided with wooden or other conducting legs, the disposal of its positive electricity would be effected easily enough; the electricity would be dispersed into the earth through the wooden legs, the hand, or other conductor.

Professor Tyndall having minutely explained—as its importance demands—the construction and mode of action of a Leyden jar, proceeded to show some of the effects an instrument of this kind, or a combination of such instruments known as “the Leyden battery,” was capable of producing. He first showed that by connecting the interior of a Leyden jar with the exterior by means of an electrically-conducting body, an electric conflict occurred within that body, and immediately the jar would be found to have become discharged. He told his audience—and explained that after the lecture they might verify his assurance by their own feelings—that if connection was made between the exterior and the interior of a charged Leyden jar by a living animal, the result was a shock to that animal. He demonstrated this in his own person by receiving a shock from the ancient Leyden jar, the primitive instrument that we have already so fully described.

Using a Leyden jar as the instrument of demonstration, Professor Tyndall next showed that when in place of actual metallic or other conducting contact between the interior and the exterior coat of a Leyden jar, a short space of air was allowed to intervene, then a spark as of fire darted across this space, accompanied by a snapping sound. He explained that an electrical spark of this kind was nothing else than a miniature flash of lightning, and that the cracking explosion was strictly comparable to thunder. “Of course,” remarked the lecturer, the effects of a Leyden jar “are vastly inferior to what we see in a thunder-storm; but they are, nevertheless, of the same character. Were it desired to obtain strong effects by means of the electrical arrangement furnished by the Leyden jar, then we must by some means increase the metallic surface of such arrangement. The most obvious means of accomplishing this would seem to consist in enlarging the size of the jar to be covered. In practice, however, it is more usual to keep the jars to a moderate size, and increase the number of them: such an arrangement is called an ‘electric battery.’”

Previously to a display of the powers of such an electric battery, Professor Tyndall made a very

curious demonstration to his audience. It consisted in showing that all the charge of a Leyden jar existed in distribution over the surface of the glass, the function of the metallic coating being merely that of promoting an even and rapid distribution of electric fluid, which otherwise could not take place, seeing that glass is a non-conducting body. The instrument by means of which Professor Tyndall accomplished his demonstration was as follows:—It was to all intents and purposes a Leyden jar as to the operation of it; but instead of a jar the metallic coating was laid upon a plain water-tumbler, having a bell mouth as usual. As to this metallic coating, furthermore, it was loose—capable of removal both inside and outside;—removal by handling (if the reader will permit our Hibernicism), not with the hand, but with a stick of sealing-wax, shellac, or other non-conductor. An instrument of this sort having been charged by the lecturer in the ordinary manner, the two coatings—viz., inside and outside—were removed successively, and demonstrated to be free from any surcharge of electricity—the instrument of demonstration being, as usual, the gold-leaf electrometer. Next, the two coatings being replaced, and means of discharge provided, the occurrence of a spark, attended by report, demonstrated that the charge of electricity thus made available must have been lingering upon the surface of the glass.

The construction and function of the Leyden arrangement having been made thus clear, the lecturer glanced at the means at his disposal for the performance of experiments. He could not go through all, he said—he must make a selection; and accordingly, the first experiment performed by him was especially designed to show the main condition of safety in a lightning conductor. The fact may be plainly stated as follows, viz., that an electrical discharge of any given intensity requires a channel of competent area to take it away; failing which, the channel—in other words, the conducting wire or other extension—is destroyed. This point was illustrated by the discharge of a powerful Leyden battery along a metallic wire, very fine, extended over a surface of paper. The result of this discharge was to consume and shatter the wire (which happened to be of gold in this case), actually burning the wire, and distributing its ashes, or to speak more learnedly, "its oxide," over the surface of the paper. The evidence of this experiment teaches us that when we set up a lightning conductor, the main condition of safety lies in making the conductor of good conducting material, and of adequate sectional area, that is to say, of adequate thickness. In practice, copper is the metal usually employed for the construction of lightning rods, because of the excellent conducting power of that metal.

The Professor's next experiment consisted in demonstrating a very curious fact, namely, that if even a very powerful electric spark, resulting from the discharge of a Leyden battery, be sent through gunpowder, the latter does not ignite if the discharge have been effected by means of a conducting-wire; whereas, ignition ensues readily if instead of a conducting-wire a piece of moistened string be substituted; the explanation of this curious result being, that owing to the imperfect conduction of wet string, the passing electricity is caused to linger amidst the gunpowder for a time

competent to determine explosion. This curious result naturally led up to the statement relative to the momentary duration of every sort and variety of electric spark, from the most trivial up to the most violent flash of lightning. Owing to this circumstance it is that objects quickly moving, such as the spokes or cogs of a wheel in revolution, if seen by the light of a lightning flash, seem wholly at rest. This point the lecturer demonstrated, and finally he performed an experiment illustrative of a new department of electrical science; electro-dynamics as philosophers usually call it, meaning the science of electricity in motion. He passed electricity from an ordinary frictional source—machine electricity, that is to say—along the wires of a galvanometer; and called the attention of his audience to the fact, that in consequence of this electric current thus made to pass, the magnetic needle of the galvanometer changed its original position. Now we do not forget any more than our readers that not one word of explanation as to the galvanometer has yet been furnished by us, and this for the simple reason that, in the course of the lecture immediately forthcoming, our readers will be made to understand the nature and construction of the galvanometer by making it in imagination each on his own behalf.

"I'M GOING TO DO IT."

"Now, mother, isn't Hal too provoking? He promised to take me strawberrying with him, and now he's gone and left me," cried Jessie, trying to keep back her tears.

"Our Hal broken his promise?" Her mother could hardly believe it.

"Why, no, mother, I suppose not, exactly. You see, he said I might go if I would be ready at two o'clock, and I was just going to put on my things, when he started off as hard as he could run. There he is now, away down the other side of the common!" she added, with a little sob.

"And it is a quarter past two. Why didn't you get ready in time?"

"I didn't think it was so late. Besides, I was going as soon as I had finished Dolly's apron. But Hal said the rest were waiting, and he could not stay another minute."

"And you don't blame him, Jessie? He had no right to keep the other children waiting, any more than you had to keep him. I am sorry you have lost your afternoon's pleasure, just because you were behind the time; but you can do nothing now but make the best of it, and learn that while you are 'just going,' your chance may be just gone."

Jessie, who had early learned that "it is of no use to cry for spilt milk," drew a deep sigh, and sat down to console herself with a book.

By-and-by her mother put down her work-basket, and went out of the room, saying—

"Jessie dear, look after the baby, and don't let him get out of your sight."

"Yes, mother, I'll watch him. Here, Birdie, come see what Jessie has got!"

Baby took the china doll she gave him, tasted of its head, pounded the floor with it, shook it as a cat would a mouse, and then crept off on an exploring expedition. Presently, Jessie heard a

crash and a cry that made her heart stand still. She rushed into the next room, and there sat baby Dick on the floor, covered with bits of broken glass, and a little stream of blood running down his white forehead. He had pulled over and broken a vase on his own head. His screams soon brought their mother, and while she was bathing the wound, Jessie stood by, saying—

"I had missed him, and was just going after him, when I heard him cry. Poor little Dick!"

"If you had only gone, my daughter, instead of meaning to go," was the sober answer, "he would have been saved this sad wound."

When Jessie's mother went up to bed with her that night, she asked her, "Has this been a pleasant day to my little girl?"

"No, mother, it has been the worst kind of day. In the first place, I was late at school this morning, and that put me out of humour for the whole forenoon. Then I couldn't go with Hal; and, worst of all, poor baby got hurt. It has been a day of misfortunes."

"And every one of them has happened because you were 'just going to do all those things,' instead of doing."

Jessie unlaced her boots in sober silence. At last she said, "But I never mean to be late."

"Of course you don't. But the mischief is, my child, that you feel as if it were all well enough as long as you are 'just going to' do your duty. This is a great mistake. 'Just going to do a thing' amounts to nothing. Do it. Don't stop to mean to do it."

And Mrs. Richmond spoke so earnestly that Jessie looked up into her face, and said—

"Why, mother, what makes you care so much about it? Do you think I'm so very bad?"

Her mother took her in her arms, and answered, "I am sick at heart, Jessie, because I am afraid 'just going to do' will spoil your whole life. It cheats you out of your pleasures, and hinders you from your duties; and sometimes, Jessie, I am dreadfully afraid that when my darling comes to heaven's gate at last, and her Father asks, 'My child, did you give your heart to me down on the earth?' my poor child will have to say, 'O Lord, I always meant to do so. I was just going to give it, when death took me away.' Then He would have to say, 'Inasmuch as you did it not, . . . depart from me!'"

The last words sank to a whisper, and Jessie felt hot tears dropping on her head. She sank down on her knees, and prayed earnestly to God.

BE PUNCTUAL.

By punctuality we do not mean the merely being in time for lectures, dinners, &c., but that spirit out of which punctuality grows—that love of accuracy, precision, and vigour which make efficient men and women—the determination that what you have to do shall be done, in spite of all petty obstacles, and finished off at once and finally. We believe there is a story told of Nelson and his coachmaker, which is worthy of being recorded. When he was on the eve of departing for one of his great expeditions, the coachmaker said to him, "The carriage shall be at the door, punctually at the door, at six o'clock." "A quarter before," said Nelson. "I have always been a quarter of an hour before my time, and it has made a man of me."

The punctuality which we recommend involves and comprehends the exact arrangement of your time. It is a matter on which much depends. Fix how much time you will spend on each object, and keep all but obstinately to your plan. "Method," says Cecil, "is like packing things in a box. A good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one." Ponder well upon these things, and call on God to help you in arraying yourself in these qualities. If you mean to be effective, you must set about it earnestly and at once. No one ever yet yawned it into being with a wish. You must make arrangements for it; you must watch it; you must notice when you fail, and you must keep some kind of journal of your failures.

Biblical Expositions.

A FEW NOTES ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW.

CHAPTER III.—Verse 6.

"Were baptized of him, confessing their sins."

The baptism by John may be regarded as an intermediate mode of instruction, designed to prepare the mind of the Jew for the coming of the Messiah. It is the clasp that unites the Old and the New Testament. It is the connecting point between the Mosaic and the Christian Dispensations.

Verse 7.

"But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism."

Imitation and counteraction are Satan's devices to oppose the work of God. God works by means, and he causes one man to embrace the Gospel of Christ through the exertions of some fellow-man. Satan works also by means, and causes men to reject the Gospel through the conduct of their fellow-men. When truth is stated, it is to be perverted or it is to be denied. At the time of our Lord's appearance, the Pharisees were ready with their perversions, and the Sadducees were forthcoming with their bold denials. The Pharisee admitted much that was Scriptural, but rendered his belief profitless by clinging to traditions. The Sadducees denied the immortality of the soul, and the future responsibility of man. They were the sceptics of the day, and denied the truth. We must not, however, regard these as two distinct sects, but rather as the two leading opinions which prevailed among the Jewish people. The Pharisee, though cased in pride, was often brought to renounce his errors and to embrace the humbling doctrines of Christ's Gospel; but no such change of heart is recorded of a Sadducee. Therefore, let every man of a sceptical tendency tremble lest, by resisting the admonitions of conscience, he may be given up to the direful consequences of judicial blindness—when, though seeing, men do not see, and hearing they do not hear, and neither by seeing nor by hearing will they understand the things that relate to their welfare. In the Jews we behold a fearful example. They were given up to hardness of heart and to a contempt of God's Word and commandments; and in consequence of this judicial blindness, they rejected the Messiah, whom John proclaimed.

Verse 11.

"Whose shoes I am not worthy to bear."

A man of station in the East never goes forth from his house without an attendant, to whom he can give his commands, and whose office it is to bear the sandals; for when the ground is pleasant to the feet, or where there is soft grass, the sandals are taken off, and the servant carries them in his hand. Although the office was regarded by Orientals as a very subordinate employment, yet John, when looking at the dignity of Christ, did not deem himself deserving the distinction of thus waiting upon his Divine Master.

Verse 11.

"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire."

Is the ordinary mode of explaining this passage satisfactory? Is not the mind allowed to dwell upon the former clause, and induced to ignore the latter portion? If we refer the prophetic words of the Baptist to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and the appearance of the cloven tongues, like as of fire, which took place about four years after the promise and the prediction were uttered, still, this mighty event does not appear to exhaust the subject. It answers one portion of the words—that which relates to the Holy Spirit—but not that which refers to fire. Therefore we think there may be a meaning in the Baptist's announcement beyond that which was accomplished on the day of Pentecost.

The Holy Spirit descended upon the apostles, and upon all the followers of Christ that were assembled in the house (Acts ii. 2); but the prophetic words were announced by John to the vast multitudes that flocked to him "from Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan." The Baptist's words were, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." Now, on the day of Pentecost, the far larger portion of those hearers were neither influenced by the Holy Spirit, nor by the fire. The appearance of the "cloven tongues, as of fire," rendered an invisible blessing visible, as did the dove-like mode of descent of the Holy Spirit upon our Lord. At the time of Christ's inauguration to the office of High Priest of his Church, the Holy Spirit, with a visible act, descended upon him. So also when the members of the infant Church were gathered together, the Holy Spirit, with a visible act, descended upon them; and these acts, while they rendered men conscious of that which was unseen, were also beautifully emblematical of Divine truths.

If the "fire" is to be regarded as operative and not emblematical, then we ask, What is there to be effected by the fire which the Holy Ghost cannot accomplish? If, by the mighty power of the Holy Ghost, all that is erroneous in man can be expelled, and purity of mind produced, what is left for the fire to purify or to consume? May not the Baptist's words be a prophecy, both "for weal and for woe"—a blessing to comfort the children of God, and a denunciation to alarm the hardened and the impenitent sinner? A portion of his hearers he addresses as "a generation of vipers," and he eagerly asks, "who hath warned them to flee from the wrath to come?" He declares to them that "the un-

fruitful tree shall be cut down and cast into the fire."

He assures them that "Christ will thoroughly purge his floor," that is, his Church; that "he will gather his wheat into his garner," and he will also "burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." All who yield themselves to the Holy Spirit's influence are made fruitful, and as wheat they are gathered into the garner. On the other hand, all who resist the messages of God and the strivings of his Spirit, are, at best, unfruitful, and as such are regarded as chaff, which is to be burnt up by a fire which is never to be quenched.

If the words of the Baptist will admit this exposition, then the announcement made by the Baptist extended to the whole of his hearers, and a vivid connection exists between verses which, without this mode of interpretation, have no connection with each other.

(To be continued.)

THE WORLD OF SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR,

AUTHOR OF "ERIC; OR, LITTLE BY LITTLE."

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

PENITENCE.

If hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

I tender it here; I do as truly suffer

As e'er I did commit.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.—*Act v. sc. 4.*

NEXT morning Walter was re-conducted to the private room, and there, with a kind of dull pain in head and heart, awaited the sentence which was to decide his fate. His fancy had left St. Winifred's altogether; it was solely occupied with Semlyn, and the dear society of home. Walter was rehearsing again and again in his mind the scene of his return; what he should say to his father; how he should dry his mother's tears; and how he should bear himself, on his return, towards his little brothers and sisters. Would he, expelled from St. Winifred's, ever be able to look any one in the face again at home?

While he was brooding over these fancies, some one, breathless with haste, ran up to his room, and again a note was thrust underneath the door. He seized it quickly, and read—

DEAR WALTER,—I am so glad to be the first to tell you that you are NOT to be expelled. Paton has begged you off. No time for more. I have slipped away before morning school to leave you this news, and can't stay lest I should be caught. Good-bye, from your ever affectionate friend,

H. K.

The boy's heart gave one bound of joy as he read this. If he were not expelled, he was ready to bear meekly any other punishment appointed to his offence. But his banishment from the school would cause deep affliction to others besides himself, and this was why he had dreaded it with such a feeling of despair.

Alone as he was in the little room, he fell on his knees, and heartily and humbly thanked God for this answer to his earnest, passionate, reiterated prayer; and then he read Kenrick's note again.

"Paton has begged you off." He repeated this sentence over and over again, aloud and to himself,

and seemed as if he could never realise it. Paton—Paton, the very man whom he had so deeply and irreparably injured—had begged him off, and shielded him from a punishment which no one could have considered too severe for his fault. Young and inexperienced as Walter Evson was, he could not of course fully understand and appreciate the amount of the loss, the nature and degree of the injury which he had inflicted; but yet he *could* understand that he had done something which had caused greater pain to his master than even the breaking of a limb, or falling ill of a severe sickness. And he never prayed for himself without praying also that Mr. Paton's misfortune might in some way be alleviated; and even, impossible as the prayer might seem, that he, Walter, might himself have some share in rendering it more endurable.

It may seem strange that Walter should be apparently excessive in his own self-condemnation. A generous mind usually is; but Walter, it may be urged, never intended to do the harm he had done. If he mistook the packet for a number of exercises, the fault was comparatively venial. Comparatively—yes; for though it will be admitted that to break open a private desk and throw its contents into the fire is bad enough in a schoolboy under any circumstances, still it would be a far less aggravated sin than the wilful infliction of a heavy damage out of a spirit of revenge. But here lay the gravamen of Walter's fault; he knew—though he had not said so—in his inmost heart he *knew* that the packet did not, and could not, consist merely of old exercises, like the outer sheets, which were put to keep it clean. When he threw it into the fire and thrust it down until it blazed away, he felt sure—and at that wicked moment of indulged passion he rejoiced to feel sure—that what he was consuming was of real value. Henderson's voice awoke in a moment his dormant conscience; but then, however keen were the stings of remorse, what had been done could never be undone. And "Paton had begged him off." It was all the more wonderful to him, and he was all the more deeply grateful for it, because he knew that, in Mr. Paton's views, the law of punishment for every offence was a law of iron and adamant—a law as undeviating and beneficial as the law of gravitation itself.

A slow and hesitating footstep—the sound of the key turning in the door—a nervous hand resting on the handle—and Mr. Paton stood before him.

In an instant Walter was on his knees beside him, his head bent over his clasped hands, "Oh! sir," he exclaimed, "please forgive me; I have been longing to see you, sir, to implore you to forgive me; for when you have forgiven me I shan't mind anything else. Oh! sir, forgive me, if you can."

"Do you know, Evson, the extent of what you have done?" said Mr. Paton, in a constrained voice.

"Oh! sir, indeed I do," he exclaimed, bursting into tears; "Mr. Percival said I had destroyed years and years of hard work; and that I can never, never, never make up for it, or repair it again. Oh! sir, indeed I didn't know how much mischief I was doing; I was in a wicked passion then, but I would give my right hand not to have done it now. Oh! sir, can you ever forgive me?" he asked, in a tone of pitiable despair.

"Have you asked God's forgiveness for your passionate and revengeful spirit, Evson?" said the same constrained voice.

"Oh! sir, I have, and I know God has forgiven me. Indeed, I never knew, I never thought before, that I could grow so wicked in a day. Oh! sir, what shall I do to gain your forgiveness? I would do anything, sir," he said, in a voice thick with sobs; "and if you forgive me, I could be almost happy."

All this while Walter had not dared to look up in Mr. Paton's face. Abashed as he was, he could not bear to meet the only look which he expected to find there, the old cold unpitiful look of condemnation and reproach. Even at that moment he could not help thinking that if Mr. Paton had understood him better, he would not have seemed to him so utterly bad as then he must seem, with so recent an act of sin and folly to bear witness against him.

He dared not look up through his eyes swimming with tears; but he had not expected the kind and gentle touch of the trembling hand that rested on his head as though it blessed him, and that smoothed again and again his dark hair, and wiped the big drops away from his cheeks. He had not expected the arm that raised him up from his kneeling position, and the fingers that pushed back his hair from his forehead, and gently bent back his head; or the pitying eyes, themselves dim, as though they were about to well over with compassion—that looked so sorrowfully, yet so kindly, into his own. He could not bear this. If Mr. Paton had struck him, as he did in the first moment of overwhelming anger; if he had spurned him away, and ordered him any amount of punishment, it would have been far easier to bear than this Christian gentleness; this ready burying in pity and oblivion of the heaviest and most undeserved calamity which the master had ever undergone at the hands of man. Walter could not bear it; he flung himself on his knees again in a passion of weeping, and clasped Mr. Paton's knees, uttering in broken sentences, "I can never make up for it, never repair it so long as I live."

For a moment more the kind hand again rested on the boy's head, and gently smoothed his dark hair; and then Mr. Paton found voice to speak, and lifting him up, and seating him upon his knees, said to him—

"I forgive you, Walter; forgive you freely and gladly. It was hard, I own, at first to do so, for I will not disguise from you that this loss is a very bitter thing to bear. I have been sleepless, and have never once been able to banish the distress of mind which it has caused since it occurred. And yet it is a loss which I shall *not* feel fully all at once, but most and for many a long day when I sit down again, if God gives me strength to do so, to recover the lost stores and re-arrange the interrupted thoughts. But I have learnt a lesson, Walter; and when you have reached my age, my boy, you too, I trust, will have learnt to control all evil passions with a strong will, and to bear meekly and patiently *whatever* God sends. And, Walter, learn another lesson. You have said that you would give anything, do anything, to undo this wrong, or to repair it; but you can do nothing, my child, give nothing, for it cannot be undone. Wrong rarely can be mended. Let this very helplessness teach you a truth that may remain with you through life. Let it check you in wilful impetuous moments; for what has once been done remains irrevocable. You may rue for years and years the work of days or of

moments, and you may *never* be able to avoid the consequences, even if the deed itself has been forgotten by the generous and forgiven by the just."

And all this so kindly, so gently, so quietly spoken; every word of it sank into Walter's heart never to be forgotten, as his tears flowed still, but with more quiet sadness now.

"Yes, Walter, this occurrence," continued Mr. Paton, in a calm, low voice, "may do us both good, miserable as it is. I will say no more about it now, only that I have quite forgiven it. Man is far too mean a creature to be justified in withholding forgiveness for any personal wrong. It is far more hard to forgive one's self when one has done wrong. I have determined to bury the whole matter in oblivion, and to inflict no punishment either on you or on any of the other boys who were concerned in this folly and sin. I will not forgive by halves. But, Walter, I will not wrong you by doubting that from this time forward you will advance with a marked improvement. You will have something to bear, no doubt, but do not let it weigh on you too heavily; and as for me, I will try henceforth to be your friend."

What could Walter do but seize his hand and clasp it earnestly, and sob out the broken incoherent thanks which were more eloquent than connected words?

"And now, Walter, you are free," said Mr. Paton. "From us you will hear no more of this offence. It is nearly dinner time. Come; I will walk with you to hall."

He laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and then walked down stairs and across the court. Walter was deeply grateful that he did so, for he had heard rumours of the scorn and indignation with which the news of his conduct had been received by the elder and more influential portions of the school. He had dreaded unspeakably the first occasion when it would be necessary to meet them again, but he felt that Mr. Paton's countenance and kindness had paved the way for him, and smoothed his most formidable trial. It had been beyond his warmest hopes that he should be able to face them so. He had never dared to expect this open proof, that the person who had suffered chiefly from his act would also be the first to show that he had not cast him off as hopeless or worthless, but was ready to receive him into favour once again.

The corridor was full of boys waiting for the dinner bell, and they divided respectfully to leave a passage for Mr. Paton, and touched their hats as he passed them with his hand still on Walter's shoulder, while Walter walked with downcast eyes beside him, not once daring to look up. And as the boy passed them, humbled and penitent, with Mr. Paton's hand resting upon him, there was not one of those who saw it that did not learn from that sight a lesson of calm forgiveness, as noble and as forcible as any lesson which they could learn at St. Wilmfred's School.

Walter sat at dinner pale and crying, but unrepined. "Alas! for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun!" The worst construction had assiduously been put upon what he had done, and nearly all the boys hastily condemned it, not only as an ungentlemanly, but also as an inexcusable and unpardonable act. One after another, as they passed him after dinner, they cut him dead. Several of the masters, including Mr. Percival, whom

Walter had hitherto loved and respected more than any of them, because he had been treated by him with marked kindness, did the same. Walter met Mr. Percival in the playground, and touched his cap; Mr. Percival glanced at him contemptuously for a moment, and then turned his head aside without noticing the salute. It may seem strange, but we must remember that to all who hear of any wrong act by report only, it presents itself as a mere naked fact—a bare result without preface or palliation. The subtle grades of temptation which led to it, the violent outburst of passion long pent up, which thus found its consummation, are unknown or forgotten; and the deed itself, isolated from all that rendered it possible, receives unmitigated condemnation. All that any one took the trouble to know or to believe about Walter's scrape was, that he had broken open a master's private desk, and in revenge had purposely burnt a most valuable manuscript; and for this, sentence was passed upon him broadly and in the gross.

Poor Walter! those were dark days for him; but Henderson and Kenrick stuck fast by him, and little Arthur Eden still looked up to him with unbounded gratitude and affection, and he felt that the case was not hopeless. Kenrick indeed seemed to waver once or twice. He sought Walter and shook hands with him at once, but still he was not with him, Walter fancied, so much as he had been or might have been, till, after a short struggle, his natural impulse of generosity won the day. As for Henderson, Walter thought he could have died for him, so much he loved him for his kindness in this hour of need; and Eden never left his side when he could creep there to console him by merry playfulness, or to be his companion when he would otherwise have been alone.

The boys had been truly sorry to hear of Mr. Paton's loss; it roused all their most generous feelings. That evening, as they came out of chapel, they all gathered round the iron gates. The intention had been to groan at poor Walter. He knew of it perfectly well, for Henderson had prepared him for it, and expressed his determination to walk by his side. It was for him a moment of keen anguish, and that anguish betrayed itself in his scared and agitated look. But he was spared this last drop in the cup of punishment. The mere sight of him showed the boys that he had suffered bitterly enough already. When they looked at him, they had not the heart to hurt and shame him any more. Mr. Paton's open forgiveness of that which had fallen most severely on himself changed the current of their feelings. Instead of groaning Walter, they let him pass by, and waited till Mr. Paton came out of the chapel door, and as he walked across the court the boys all followed him with hearty cheers.

Mr. Paton did not like the demonstration, although he appreciated the kindly and honourable motives which had given rise to it. He was not a man who courted popularity, and this external sign of it was, as he well knew, the irregular expression of an evanescent feeling. So he took no further notice of the boys' cheers than by slightly raising his cap, and by one stately inclination of the head, and then he walked on with his usual quiet dignity of manner to his own rooms. But after this he every now and then took an opportunity to walk with Walter; and almost every Sunday he might have been seen with him, pacing, after morning chapel, up and down the

broad walk of the masters' garden, while Walter walked unevenly beside him, in vain endeavours to keep step with his long, slow stride.

A letter from Dr. Lane brought Walter's father to St. Winifred's the next day. Why dwell on their sad and painful meeting? But the pain of it soon wore off, as they interchanged that sweet and frank communion of thoughts and sympathies that still existed as it had ever done between them. They had a long, long walk upon the shore, and at every step Walter seemed to inbreathe fresh strength, and hope, and consolation, and Mr. Eyson seemed to acquire new love for, and confidence in, his unhappy little son, so that when in the evening he kissed him and said "Good-bye," at the top of the same little hill where they had parted before, Mr. Eyson felt more happily and gratefully secure of his radical integrity, now that the boy had acquired the strength which comes through trial, through failure, and through suffering, than he had done before when he left him only with the strength of early principle and untested innocence of heart.

But long years after, when Walter was a man, and when he had been separated for years from all intelligence of Mr. Paton, there emanated from a quiet country vicarage a now celebrated edition of the "Major Prophets," an edition which made the author a high reputation, and secured for him in the following year the Deanery of —. And in the preface to that edition the reader may still find the following passage, which even then, those long years after, Walter could not read without a thrill of happy, yet penitent emotion. It ran thus—

This edition of the "Major Prophets" has been the chosen work of the author's leisure, and he is almost afraid to say how many of the best years of his life have been spent upon it. A strange fortune has happened to it. Years ago it was finished, it was written out, and ready for the press. At that time it was burnt—no matter under what circumstances—by a boy's hand. At first, the author never hoped to have the courage or power to resume and finish the task again. But it pleased God, who sent him this trial, to provide him also with leisure, and opportunity, and resolution, so that the old misfortune is now at last repaired. It is for the sake of one person, and one person only, that these private matters are intruded on the reader's notice; but that person, if his eye should ever fall on these lines, will know also why the word 'repaired' has been printed in large letters. And I would also tell him with all kindness, that it has pleased God to bring out of the rash act of his boyhood nothing but good. The following commentary is, I humbly trust, far more worthy of its high subject, now that it has received the maturer consideration of my advancing years, than it would have been had it seen the light at St. Winifred's long ago. I write this for the sake of the boy who then wept for what seemed an irreparable fault; and I add thankfully, that never for a moment have I retracted my then forgiveness; that I think of his after efforts with kindness and affection; and that he has, and always will have, my best prayers for his interest and welfare. H. PATON.

CHAPTER THE TENTH. UPHILLWARDS.

"But that Conscience makes me firm,
The boon companion, who her strong breastplate
Buckles on him that feels no guilt within,
And bids him on and fear not."—DANTE, c. xxviii.

"EXCUSE is self-condemnation." "If a character can't defend itself, it's not worth defending."
"No one was ever written down, except by himself." These, and proverbs like these, express

the common and almost instinctive feeling, that self-defence under calumny is generally unsuccessful, and almost always involves a loss of dignity. Partly from this cause, and partly from penitence for his real errors, and partly from scorn at the malice that misrepresented him, and the Pharisaism of far worse offenders that held aloof from his misfortune, Walter said nothing to exculpate his conduct, or to shield himself from the silent indignation, half real and half affected, which weighed heavily against him.

The usual consequences followed; the story of his misdoing was repeated and believed in the least mitigated form, and this version gained credence and currency because it was uncontradicted. The school society bound his sin upon him; they retained it, and it was retained. It burdened his conscience with a galling weight, because by his fellows it remained long unforgiven. At the best, those were days of fiery trial to that overcharged young heart. He had not only lost all immediate influence, but as he looked forward through the vista of his school life, he feared that he should never entirely regain it. Even if he should in time become a mentor, he felt as if half his authority must be lost while this stigma was branded so deeply on his name.

Yet it was a beautiful sight to see how bravely and manfully this young boy set himself to re-establish the reputation he had destroyed, and since he could not "build upon the foundations of yesterday," to build upon its ruins; to see with what touching humility he accepted undeserved scorn, and with what touching gratitude he hailed the scantiest kindness; to see how he bore up unflinchingly under every difficulty, accepted his hard position among unsympathising schoolfellows, and made the most of it, without anger and without complaint. He could see in after years that those days were to him a time of unmitigated blessing. They taught him lessons of manliness, of endurance, of humility. The necessity of repairing an error and recovering a failure became to him a more powerful stimulus than the hope of avoiding it altogether. The hour of punishment, which was bitter as absinth to his taste, became sweet as honey in his memory. Above all, these days taught him, in a manner never to be forgotten, the invaluable lesson that the sense of having done an ill deed is the very heaviest calamity that an ill deed ensures, and that in life there is no single secret of happiness comparable to the certain blessing brought with it by a conscience void of all offence.

Perhaps the strain would have been too great for his youthful spirits, and might have left on his character an impress of permanent melancholy, derived from thus perpetually being reminded that he had gone wrong, but for a school sermon which Mr. Paton preached about this time, and which Walter felt was meant in part for him. It was on the danger and unwisdom of brooding continually on what is over; and it was preached upon the text, "I will restore to you the years which the locust hath eaten, the cankerworm, the caterpillar, and the palmerworm, my great army." "The past is past," said the preacher; "its sins and sorrows are irrevocably over; why dwell upon it now? Do not waste the present, with all its opportunities, in a hopeless and helpless retrospect.

The worst of us need not despair, much less those who may have been betrayed into sudden error by some moment of unguarded passion. There lies the future before you;—onwards then, and forwards! it is yet an innocent, it may be a happy future. Take it with prayerful thankfulness, and fling the withered part aside. Thus, although thus only, can you recover your neglected opportunities. Do this in hope and meekness, and God will make up to you for the lost past; He who inhabiteth eternity will stretch forth out of His eternity a forgiving hand, and touch into green leaf again the years which the locust hath eaten." How eagerly Walter Eyson drank in those words! That day at least he felt that man "doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

If Walter had been old enough to be an observer of character, he might have gathered out of his difficulties the materials for some curious observation on the manner in which he was treated by different boys. Many, like Harpour and Craddock, made, of course, no sort of difference in their behaviour towards him, because they set up no pretence of condemnation; others, like Anthony and Franklin, had been nearly as bad as himself in the matter, and therefore their relations to him remained quite unaltered. But there were many boys who, like Jones, either cut him or were cold to him, not because they really felt any moral anger at a fault which was much less heinous in reality than many which they daily committed, but because he was, for the time, unpopular, and they did not care to be seen with an unpopular boy. On the other hand, through a feeling which at the time they could not understand, a few of the very best boys, some of the wisest, the steadiest, and noblest, seemed drawn to him by some new tie; and in a very short time he began to know friends among them in whose way he might not otherwise have been thrown. Daubeny, for instance, than whom, although the boys chose to make him something of a butt, there was no more conscientious fellow at St. Winifred's, sought Walter out on every possible occasion, and when they were alone spoke to him, in his gentle and honest way, many a cheering and kindly word. Another friend of this sort (whom Walter already knew slightly through Kenrick, who was in the form below him), was a boy named Power. There was something in Power most attractive; his clear eyes, and innocent expression of face, his unvarying success in all school competitions, his quiet and graceful manners, and even the coldness and reserve which made him stand somewhat aloof from the herd of boys, mixing with very few of them, firmly and unobtrusively assuming an altogether higher tone than theirs, and bestowing his confidence and friendship on hardly any—all tended to make him a marked character, and to confer on his intimacy an unusual value. Walter, to whom as yet he had hardly spoken, thought him self-centered and reserved, and yet saw something beautiful and fascinating even in his exclusiveness; he felt that he could have liked him much, but, as he was several forms lower than Power, never expected to become one of his few associates. But during his troubles Power so openly showed that he regarded him with respect and kindness, and was so clearly the first to make advances, that Walter gladly and gratefully accepted the proffered friendship.

It happened thus. One day, about a fortnight after his last escapade, Walter was amusing himself alone, as he often did, upon the shore. The shore was very dear to him. I almost pity a boy whose school is not by the sea-side. He found on the shore both companionship and occupation. He never felt lonely there. He could sit there by the hour, either in calm or storm, watching the sea-birds dip their wings which flashed in the sunlight, as they pounced down on some unwary fish; or listening to the silken rustle and sweet monotony of the waves plashing musically upon the yellow sands on some fine day. On this evening the tide was coming in, and Walter had amused himself by standing on some of the lumps of granite tossed about the shore, until the advancing waves encroached upon and surrounded his little island, and gave him just room to jump to land. He was standing on one of these great stones watching the sunset, and laughing to himself at the odd gambols of two or three porpoises that kept rolling about in a futile manner across the little bay, when he heard a pleasant voice say to him—

"I say, Eyson, are you going to practise the old style of martyrdom—tie yourself to a stake, and let the tide gradually drown you?"

Looking round, he was surprised to see Power standing alone on the sands, and to see also that his little island was so far surrounded that he could not get to shore without being wet up to the knees.

"Hallo!" he said; "I see I must take off my shoes and stockings, and wade."

But on the slippery piece of rock upon which he was standing he had no room to do this without losing his balance and tumbling over; so Power had in a moment taken off his own shoes and stockings, turned up his trousers above the knees, and waded up to him.

"Now," he said, "get on my back, and I'll carry you in unwetted."

"Thanks, Power," he said, as Power deposited him on the sand; "I'm much obliged."

Not knowing whether Power would like to be seen with him or not, he looked at him shyly, and was walking off in another direction, when Power, who was putting on his stockings again, said to him playfully—

"What, Walter! haven't you the grace to wait for me, after my having delivered you from such a wetting? Excuse my calling you Walter; I hear Kenrick and Henderson do it, and somehow you're one of those fellows whom one meets now and then, whose Christian name seems to suit them more naturally than the other."

"By all means call me Walter, Power; and I'll wait for you gladly, if you like," said Walter, blushing as he added, "I thought you might not like to walk with me."

"Not like? Nonsense. I should like it particularly. Let's take a turn along the shore; we shall just have time before roll-call."

Walter pointed out to him the droll porpoises which had absorbed his attention, and while they stood looking and laughing at them, Henderson came up unobserved, and patting Walter on the back, observed poetically—

"Why are your young hearts sad, oh, beautiful children of morning?"

Why do your young eyes gaze timidly over the sea?"

"Where did you crib that quotation from, Flip?"

asked Power, laughing; "your mind's like a shallow brook, and the colour of it always shows the stratum through which you have been flowing last."

"Shallow brook, quotha?" said Henderson; "a deep and mighty river, sir, you mean; irresistible by any Power."

"Oh, do shut up. Why was I born with a name that could be punned on? No more puns, Flip, if you love me," said Power; and they all three walked under the noble Norman archway that formed the entrance to the school.

"By the powers," said Henderson to Walter, as the other left them, "you have got a new friend worth having, Walter. He doesn't make himself at home with every one, I can tell you; and if he and Dubbs cultivate you, I should think it's about time for any one else to be ashamed of cutting you, my boy."

"I'm quite happy now," said Walter; "with you and Kenrick and him for friends. I don't care so much for the rest. I wonder why he likes me?"

"Well, because he thinks the fellows a great deal too hard on you, for one thing. How very good and patient you've been, Walter, under it all!"

"It is hard sometimes, Flip, but I deserve it. Only now and then I'm afraid that you and Ken will get quite tired of me, I've so few to speak to. Harpourt and that lot would be glad enough that I should join them, I know, and but for you and Ken I should have been driven to do it."

"Never mind, Walter, my boy; the fellows 'll come round in time."

(To be continued.)

INSIDE THE GATE.

No lordly dome, no marble hall,
No pomp, nor show, nor state—
Nought that the world would grandeur call,
Is here, inside the gate.

A lilac hedge, a velvet lawn,
With poplars tall and straight,
The robin's note at early dawn—
Our home—inside the gate.

The early lilies of the vale,
The sweet day lilies, late,
With all the lilies, pure and pale,
Bloom here, inside the gate.

And violets, in gloom or glow,
So bright and delicate,
The first to come, the last to go—
Loved guests! inside the gate.

And all the flowers of the sun,
The early and the late,
Bloom in their season, one by one,
Just here, inside the gate.

And then the days of autumn bring
The apples, small and great:
The lovely promise of the spring
Is kept inside the gate.

For us, who in the cottage fair,
Where all joys concentrate,
Apart from strife and worldly care,
Bless God, inside the gate—

Bless God for this sweet home below,
And for the hope so great,
That when we leave it, we may go
Inside His golden gate,

Where we shall "nevermore go out,"
But may perpetuate
Joys here begun; and gladlier shout
Than now, inside the gate!

Literary Notices.

Memoirs of the Life and Philanthropic Labours of
ANDREW REED, D.D. Edited by his sons, ANDREW
REED, B.A., and CHARLES REED, F.S.A. London:
Strahan and Co.

THESE memoirs consist of extracts from Dr. Reed's private journals, from which we learn something of his inner life; and a connecting narrative by the editors, which informs us fully concerning his public labours. We have here an account of a simple minister of the Gospel, preaching to an average congregation at the East-end of London, and possessing no influence beyond the circle of his own hearers, yet, stepping without that circle, gathering around him the wealthy and the titled of the land, and banding them together in benevolent enterprises on a very large scale. Dr. Reed was the means, in the hand of God, of founding six great charitable institutions, viz., the London Orphan Asylum, the Infant Orphan Asylum, the Asylum for Fatherless Children, the Asylum for Idiots, the Royal Hospital for Incurables, and the Eastern Counties Idiot Asylum. To these he gave his gratuitous services for many years, and also money contributions, amounting to £4,540.

In the midst of the engrossing cares and labours which he thus assumed, his ministerial duties were not neglected. The world knew him as an active philanthropist, but in his own neighbourhood he was known also as an able minister of the New Testament. His congregation have recorded on his monument that "he preached Christ crucified," and during his ministry about 800 souls were added to his church.

It may be useful to note, in passing, how free this active and successful minister was from the pernicious tendency, traceable now in so many quarters, to import some degree of merit into human works. During an illness which attacked him in his forty-fifth year, he wrote, "Whether I live or die, I desire to throw myself, as a creature ready to perish, into the arms of boundless mercy, through the infinite atonement of Christ Jesus the Lord." He had the true humbleness of spirit, as well as the faith and zeal, of the enlightened Christian. But what was the secret of his success? Other men, not less able, and perhaps not less earnest than he, are permitted to see little visible fruit of their labours. It may be that in many cases they have not because they ask not. Many men do not venture even to ask for great things, much less steadily to pursue and expect them. In their unbelief they "limit the Holy One of Israel," and the result is unfruitfulness. Other men ask strength from God, and yet straggle on feebly and despondingly in their own weakness. Dr. Reed was not one of these. He began his college life with the earnest petition, "Lord, make me eminently useful;" and this was his prayer through life. Active even to a fault in the pursuit of every kind of means to attain his object, he did not rely on these. He knew that to engage in the Lord's work would be useless unless he did so in the Lord's strength. He was not only a labourer for God, but a labourer "together with God," and God was pleased in his case to give to the world one more example of great good accomplished by an humble instrument.

Andrew Reed came of a family of yeomen, of Maiden Newton, in Dorsetshire, who, in the midst of the surrounding spiritual darkness, had long been noted for their piety. His father, also named Andrew, one of six brothers, was put to the trade of a watchmaker at Weymouth, and after a time, desiring to settle in London, he made his way thither on foot, and set up a business in a very humble way in Cloth Fair. He made some Christian acquaintances, and found time to visit the sick poor in the lanes and alleys of the neighbourhood. During one of these visits he met with a young girl, who was engaged on a similar errand, and whom he first saw in the act of prayer at the bed-side of a sick woman. She had lost both her parents, and supported herself by keeping a little dames' school. He made her acquaintance, and soon afterwards married her, and the future founder of the Orphan Asylum was the child of this orphan girl. The young couple removed to Butcher Row, St. Clement Danes, where they occupied part of a house, the husband making his watches in the garret, and the wife keeping school on the floor below. They entered their new abode with an act of dedication to God, holding a solemn meeting for prayer and praise. Here was born Andrew Reed, the subject of the memoirs, on the 27th of November, 1787, and subsequently a daughter, named Martha. Other children were also born, who died in infancy. The parents resolved to give their boy the best education they could get, although money was not then over abundant with them, and bread was 1s. 4d. the quartern loaf. They sent him to school, first at Islington, and afterwards at Hayes; but the instruction he received was not of a satisfactory kind, and his parents decided to put him to his father's trade. Watches made by him, of good workmanship, are still preserved by his children.

Some of the incidents of his life at home were calculated to produce a strong impression upon his mind. In 1795, he heard Mr. Eyre, one of the founders of the London Missionary Society, read a paper in his father's parlour, "proposing to send out Christian men to preach the Gospel to the heathen;" and in 1799, he was present at the establishment of the Religious Tract Society. In the same year he had the privilege of visiting the death-bed of Mr. Richard Winter, a devoted servant of God, and heard his dying words of faith and hope.

Andrew Reed was the child of many prayers. His mother had dedicated him in her heart to Christ, and was accustomed to take him to missionary meetings, in order that he might become interested in the mission work. One Sunday morning, the day after they had witnessed the departure of two young missionaries, the mother prayed specially for her son.

That prayer was not in vain. At Carey Street that day, instead of the minister expected, a stranger was in the pulpit, whose warm address roused the conscience of the youth. The preacher was a Mr. Lyndall, of York, who, it was hoped by many of the hearers, might be a successful candidate for the vacant pulpit; "but," says Mrs. Reed, "the people soon began to rage at his faithfulness, for he preached the plain Gospel, instead of delivering, as so many do, a lifeless essay on Divine things."

Mr. Lyndall became minister of a congregation at the New Road, St. George's-in-the-East, whither the Reeds followed him. Notwithstanding the good influences

which surrounded the boy, he left home at the age of fifteen to be apprenticed to his trade, without having made any profession of religion. He now fell among worldly associates.

"By the wicked advice of my master's son," he states, "I was led astray, and this year (1802) I went twice or thrice to the accursed play-houses; but restrained by my conscience, and many admonitions from home, I was constrained to pray against my temptations. One Sunday I heard a sermon, by Mr. Lyndall, on these words, 'And the door was shut' (Matt. xiv. 10) which made a great impression on my mind, and forced me to pray. But Monday came, and with it worldly scenes; and I partly stifled my convictions. Providentially, going home that night to my father's house, I saw a pamphlet, Dr. Watts' 'Advice to Young Men,' which my mother was going to send to me. I read it; conviction of my sins took fast hold upon me, and I spent the night in prayer. I resolved to read Mr. Alleine's 'Alarm to Unconverted Sinners,' which led me to make this covenant."

The covenant referred to was an act of solemn dedication to God, written out and signed—a practice suggested in Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," and which has much to recommend it.

The turning point in Andrew Reed's life was thus reached at the age of sixteen, and he immediately gave evidence of the soundness and thoroughness of his religious principles. In order to free himself from ungodly associates, he forfeited his indentures and returned to his parents, who "were secretly grateful for his decision." He now resumed work with his father, but much of his time was spent in reading; and events soon took place at home which were calculated to divert his mind from secular pursuits. Mrs. Reed, not satisfied with giving pecuniary aid to the mission work, was anxious that her husband should personally engage in itinerant preaching to the ignorant around them; and, in order that he might have full leisure to do so, she opened a china-shop in Chiswell Street, for the support of the family. Mr. Reed's means having been otherwise increased, he gave up his whole time to the work; and, notwithstanding his advanced years, commenced a course of theological reading, including the study of the Hebrew and Greek languages. Andrew became his father's fellow-student, and on Sundays accompanied him to the villages round London, where he went to preach the Gospel to the poor. The youth himself became engaged as a Sunday-school teacher; an employment which opened his eyes to his own ignorance, and increased his diligence as a learner. It soon became understood at home that he was to give up all idea of business, and the stock in trade was sold—a portion of the proceeds being employed in the purchase of books. At the age of eighteen he was received into church fellowship at the New Road; and shortly afterwards joined a society of young men who met at the house of the Rev. Matthew Wilks, minister of the Tabernacle in Moorfields. Encouraged by Mr. Wilks, he finally resolved to enter the ministry, and became a student of Hackney College. At this time his mind was disturbed by many doubts as to his fitness for the work.

"I felt so much inability," he writes, "that I almost despaired of being acceptable, even to the weakest of God's flock. And here I would record it, that if I should find liberty and strength communicated, it will be a most marvellous display of Divine goodness. O Lord, make me eminently useful."

These doubts were gradually dissipated as he became practically engaged in ministerial work, and was cheered by the approval of his hearers, and by tokens of God's blessing. In nearly every place where he preached, he received an invitation to accept the pastorate. This was the case at Selby, Bristol, Lancaster, Cheltenham, Dublin, Plymouth, the Tabernacle, and Jewin Street—where, at least, it is evident faithful preaching was appreciated and earnestly desired. But he withheld his decision, and on the resignation of Mr. Lyndall, Mr. Reed was selected, by a large majority, as the pastor of the New Road congregation, of which he was originally a member. He accepted the invitation, and was ordained, according to the usages of the Congregational body, on November 27th, 1811. The feelings with which at his ordination he contemplated the work before him, are thus expressed:—

"Nothing but Almighty power, infinite wisdom, and boundless mercy are sufficient for my exigencies. I am desirous not merely of *beginning* well, but of *running* well. *Setting out* is something, *holding out* is more. Jesus is sufficient for all things."

Mr. Reed had formed no low views of the Christian life and the ministerial office.

"Oh! it is possible," he exclaims, "to lose the spirit of religion, even in the services of religion. There is nothing I dread so much, and therefore I hope the Lord will give commandment to save me. How I pant for Whitfield's ardour, talents, and success! But, alas! I often seem his perfect contrast."

"Had I a thousand lives, I would devote them all to my Lord. But I have only one, and that a frail one. Blessed Saviour, receive what I have. Give strength to my body, and exaltation to my mind. Let my bosom be purged from every debasing feeling. Let it become the temple of the Holy Ghost, and let me preach, and act, and think, and live beneath his inspiration."

For the long period of fifty years he ministered to the same people, and had the happiness of seeing his church prospering and largely increased in numbers. For the narrative of these busy years—the account of Dr. Reed's ministerial, political, and literary labours—the latter by no means inconsiderable; his visit to America as a member of a delegation from the Congregational Union; his missionary tour in Holland and Prussia, and his various efforts in the cause of religious revival at home, we must refer the reader to the volume itself. The leading points of interest in his life are the establishment of the Orphan Asylums and other charities with which his name is associated. Mr. Reed thus alludes to his efforts in this direction:—

"Some mystery is made about my interest in orphans. It has been said that a poor child had been left at our door, and that we gave it shelter. That is not true. My mother was an orphan, and she found a home; and in her turn, she gave a home to more than one; and being called to visit a dying man, whose great sorrow in death was leaving his motherless children, we gave him a promise to befriend them. This led me to contemplate the need of an institution for orphan children; the Working School (now the Orphan Working School), which had been in existence for many years, and some other charities, not being at that time what their best friends desired."

In June, 1813, Mr. Reed called a few friends together at his own house, to consider the propriety of establishing a new asylum for orphans, to be entirely supported by voluntary contributions. Some difference of opinion prevailed as to the latter part of the scheme, but Mr. Reed adhered to his own views. At the second meeting,

held at a friend's house, three persons only were present, but they settled the main features of the scheme, and adopted an address for circulation. A general meeting was convened at an hotel in Wellclose Square, on July 27th, when only about sixty or seventy persons attended, chiefly of Mr. Reed's own congregation, and the collection amounted to £66. Notwithstanding the smallness of this beginning, he pushed the work actively forward. Anxious that the institution should be put on a catholic basis, he associated with himself, as joint-secretary to the committee, a clergyman of the Church of England, and consented that the orphan children should be brought up in accordance with Church principles. Difficulties of various kinds having been overcome, a house in Clarke's Terrace, Cannon Street Road, was taken on April 4th, 1814, for the uses of the charity, at a yearly rent of £40, with £80 premium, and £70 7s. 6d. paid for fixtures. To stock the larder Mr. Reed lent £20, and contributed also towards furnishing the house. Two girls were at once admitted, and in July following, by election, four more, the highest number of votes polled being seventeen. Such was the origin of the London Orphan Asylum—a charity which has afforded a home to 2,850 orphans, and now has 435 within its walls.

Mr. Reed devoted all his spare time to the new institution. He secured the patronage of the Duke of Kent and other royal personages, and urged its claims upon the leading bankers and traders of the City. His appeals were liberally responded to; boys began to be received as well as girls, and houses were opened for the former in Hackney Road, and for the latter in Bethnal Green. All London was canvassed for subscriptions; and at length eight acres of land were purchased between Clapton and Homerton, and the present building erected, the day of the opening being the 16th January, 1825.

The London Orphan Asylum admitting only children of seven years old and upwards, Mr. Reed felt the need of a home for infants, and the result was the establishment of the Infant Asylum at Wanstead. The Church catechism being adopted here, also, for the instruction of the children, Mr. Reed resolved to found a third institution, which should receive children of any age, irrespective of denomination or party. This proposal met with considerable sympathy, and the Asylum for Fatherless Children at Reedham, near Croydon, came into existence. Institutions for idiots and incurables followed; and, in fact, Mr. Reed's philanthropic efforts ceased only with the failure of his physical powers. The particulars of the founding of these institutions are full of interest.

In the fiftieth year of his ministry Dr. Reed's health rapidly declined, and he was unable to be present at the celebration of his jubilee, November 27, 1861, when many of his friends, belonging to various branches of the Church of Christ, assembled to do him honour. His end was drawing near, and he awaited it with assured hope. When asked if he had peace in the prospect of death, he answered, "Yes; but I have always taught that a man's life, and not his death, was the evidence of safety, and the precursor of peace." His last words were, "Now we'll sleep;" and so he passed tranquilly away.

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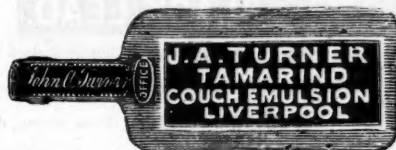
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